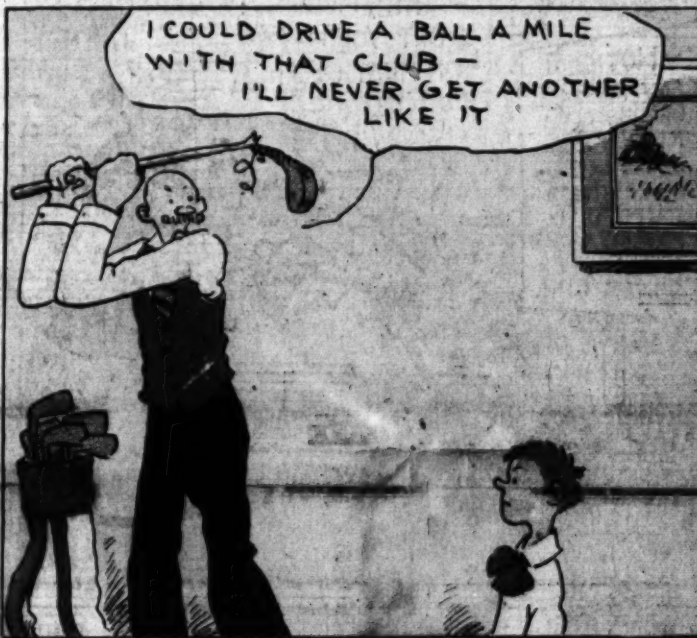
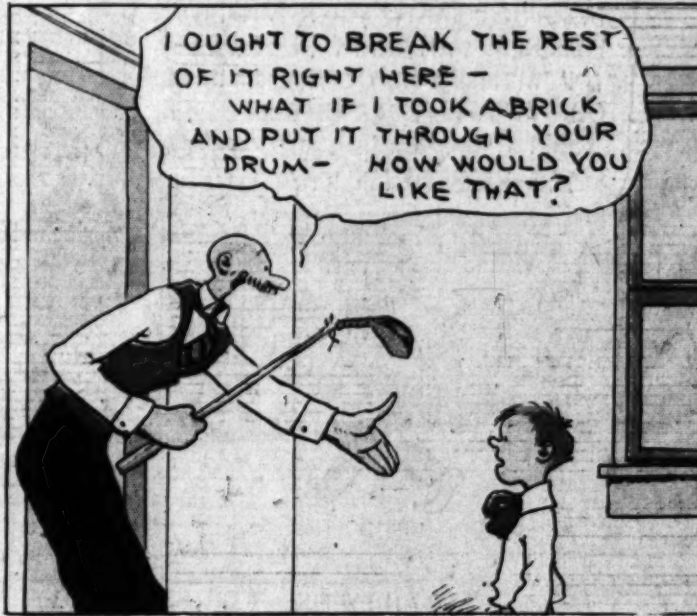
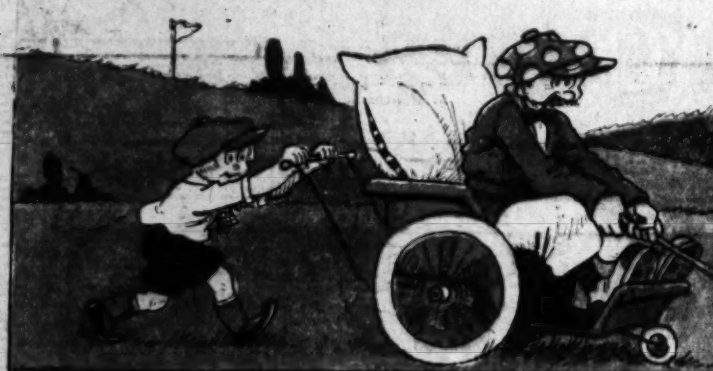


SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1927.

**HUMOR** Fun for the Young  
Smiles for Their Elders







# Winnie Winkle

## The Breadwinner.



THIS IS THE FIRST OF  
SECOND SERIES OF RINKER  
STAMPS - THE BASEBALL  
R.U. SAVING THEM



OH BOY! FIVE O'CLOCK IN TH' MORNING! THAT'S WHEN A LOT OF BUSINESS MEN START PLAYIN' GOLF AN' THEM BABIES CERTAINLY HANDS OUT TH' TIPS TO CADDIES!! I HOPE I GET A CHANCE TO CADDY FOR A BIG-HEARTED MILLIONAIRE!



HEY, MISTER, WANT A CADDY?

YES, I DON'T MIND IF I DO! I'M A BRAN' NEW MEMBER OF THIS CLUB AN' I NEVER PLAYED GOLF IN MY LIFE BEFORE, BUT MY DOCTOR ORDERED ME TO!



MY DOCTOR SAYS TH' IDEAR OF TH' GAME IS TO HIT TH' BALL TILL IT FALLS IN A HOLE AN' THEN HIT IT AGAIN TILL IT FALLS IN TH' NEXT HOLE AN' SO ON!

THAT'S TH' IDEAR, MISTER! IT'S A CINCH! I BET YOU'LL SURPRISE YERSELF!!



- NOTICE - ANY MEMBER OF THIS CLUB MAKING NINE HOLES IN 36 OR BETTER IS ENTITLED TO COMPETE FOR COLONEL FRY'S SILVER CUP.

GET AN EYEFUL OF THIS, MISTER! I BET YOU'LL WIN THAT OL' CUP BEFORE Y'KNOW IT!!

OH, HEAVENS!! I WONDER WHAT MY DOCTOR WOULD SAY TO THAT!



G'WAN - YOU'RE BUILT JES' RIGHT FOR A GOLF PLAYER!!

I GOT LOW BLOOD PRESSURE AN' BAD CIRCULATION, SO WHEN MY DOCTOR TOLD ME TO PLAY GOLF, I GOT THIS UNIFORM AND JOINED THIS CLUB AN' HERE I AM!



GOSH, I HIT IT, DIDN'T I? Y'SEE, MY DOCTOR SAID THIS GAME WOULD KEEP ME OUT IN TH' OPEN!!

FINE! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO SOCK IT HARDER THAN THAT Y'WANNA WIN THAT CUP!!



MY WORK KEEPS ME SITTING AT A DESK ALL DAY, SO MY DOCTOR TOLD ME TO GET OUTDOOR EXERCISE, AN' HE RECOMMENDED GOLF!!

YOU'LL HAVE TO LOOK WHERE YER HITTING IF Y'WANNA EVER PLAY THIS GAME!



WHEN! WELL, WE FINALLY FINISHED TH' NINE HOLES!! I THINK I'LL GO RIGHT TO MY DOCTOR - MY BACK ACHES FEARFULLY!!

YOU'LL GET USED TO THAT, MISTER!!



YOU'RE MISTER TISH, THE NEW MEMBER, AREN'T YOU? HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT TODAY?

WELL - ER - NOT SO GOOD - UM - Y'SEE, I'M ONLY A NOVICE, Y'KNOW SAY! I PLAYED NINE HOLES IN SIXTEEN!!



WHAT?? YOU MADE NINE HOLES IN SIXTEEN?? OH MAN - COME RIGHT IN THE CLUBHOUSE - !!!

WELL - ER - I'LL TRY TO - D-DO B-BETTER NEXT TIME - ER - ER -



GIVE MR. TISH THE FRY CUP BOYS! HE SHOT NINE HOLES IN SIXTEEN! TELL TH' COMMITTEE ABOUT IT, TISH!

THAT'S RIGHT! I WAS HIS CADDY! HE PLAYED NINE HOLES IN EXACTLY SIXTEEN HOURS!!

???



PERHAPS I'D BETTER TAKE UP CROQUET!! GOLF IS TOO STRENUOUS, I'M AFRAID!

DON'T Y' THINK Y' BETTER SEE YER DOCTOR FIRST?





# ELLA CINDERS

BILL CONSELMAN  
and  
CHARLIE PLUMB

Ella's still working as personal  
maid to the opulent Mrs.  
Spoopendyke .....

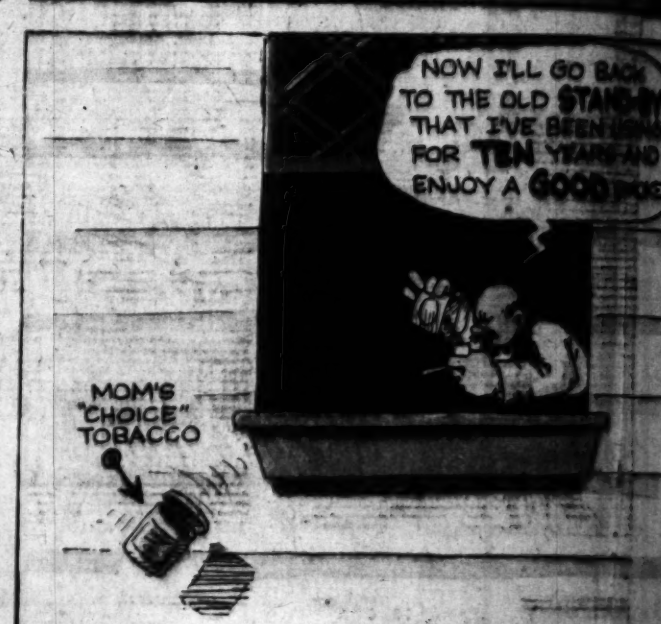






# Regular Fellers

by Gene Byrnes

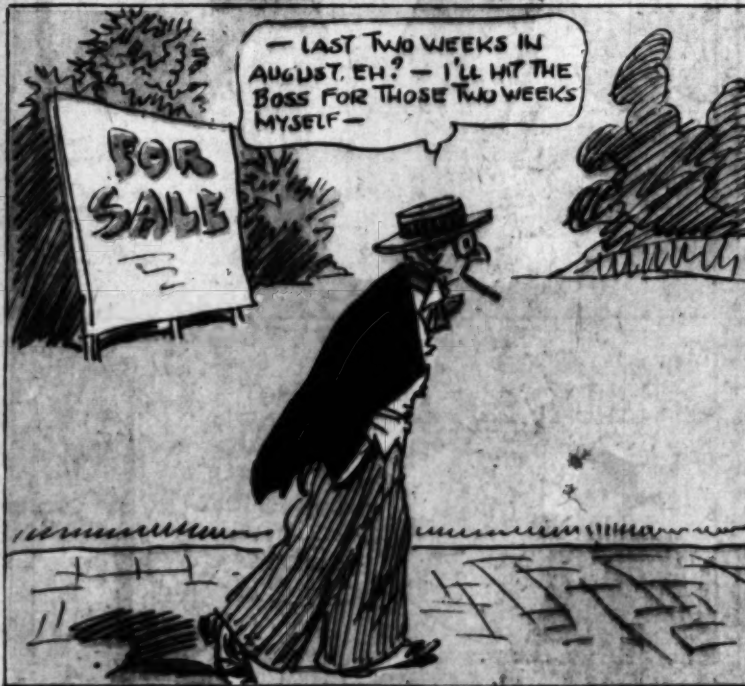




# BETTY

© 1937 N.Y. TRIBUNE, INC.

By C.A. Voight







# Harold Teen



HOW Y'GETTIN' ALONG BUDDY?

GREAT! SLATS! IVE BEEN PICKED AS PERSONAL GUARD FOR MAJ. BARRY!

LET NO ONE DISTURB ME FOR THE NEXT HOUR - DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES SIR! VERY GOOD, SIR!

WE WISH TO SEE MAJOR BARRY!

SORRY LADIES! HE CANT BE DISTURBED

BUT-WE ARE THE BARRYS!!

I DONT CARE IF YOU'RE THE TADPOLES- TEDDIES- Y'CAN'T PASS!

THEY WALKED RIGHT BY- HUH?

DADDY-THAT STUPID GUARD THOUGHT I SAID "BERRIES" WHEN I TOLD HIM WE WERE THE "BARRYS"

? ! ?

IDIOT! GET ME THE SERGEANT, AT ONCE!

WHAT'S TH RUSH, HAY FOOT?

MAJ. BARRY SENT ME AFTER TH "TOP"!

SERGEANT! SEND ME A NEW GUARD WITH "AT LEAST ONE HALF OUNCE OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE!"

THE NEXT AM.

??

YOUNG MAN! WHY DIDNT YOU SALUTE ME?

ER-ER- I-IF Y-YOU PLEASE SIR-

I-I THOUGHT YOU WUZ STILL MAD AT ME!

DAD! I DONT UNDERSTAND THIS LAST LINE OF HAROLD'S LETTER- HE SAYS "AT THIS WRITING I AM IN THE "BRIG". I DIDNT KNOW THEY HAD A NAVAL DIVISION IN TH' ARMY."





OH, MA, WE'RE GOING TO PAINT THAT FLOOR.

# MR. STRAPHANGER

by Thomas

## STEVE AND THE MAGIC CARPET







F E  
HOSP  
-THAT  
MIDD

ROCK GARDEN  
DEVELOPED  
FROM THE  
STORM-DRAIN  
STICKER  
ESTATE

DINING TABLE  
BUILT AROUND

By

THERE was a certain place and typical quality, a live sort of charm, marked the hospitality hosts in the days when the was young. The guest was welcomed with cordiality, unmarred by flattery, but blessed with that courtesy that was, perhaps, an unconscious reflection of lingering Spanish influence. Long after the traveler of the favor of his entertainment was gone, in many instances, the tradition in good and story. California became as famous, in its part of the South.

A period followed when the people of the State began to increase with rapidity, especially here in California. Strangers descended upon the country and adopted it as their own. What bewildered the "old timers" about their social lines in self-defense, the passing of the days, knew who was who. A more formal, stereotyped mode of social life came to be as an inevitable result and she lost something of her proper character.

It is with delight that we may witness a change back to the old-fashioned manner. Formality will have a certain function to perform, but it will be on the face of the earth. Southern California is the place where the change is coming about. In the pleasant ways, through the increasing opportunities for out-of-doors life, the climate affords. They are, in this line in mind, and incorporate their garden plans, features which are of outdoor living and entertainment. No more concrete evidence of the change could be had than the fact that many gardens which are being developed in the fine hill-sites of the vicinity of Los Angeles, garden will be well established before long.



## HOSPITALITY -THAT'S OUR MIDDLE NAME



By Helen W. King

There was a certain picturesque and typical quality, a distinctive sort of charm, which marked the hospitality of California in the days when this State was a new land, unmarked by any formalities, with that gracious hospitality that was perhaps an unconscious inheritance of the Spanish influence. Long after the traveler departed, the memory of his visit remained in his mind, in many instances, found expression in the form of a letter, or a poem, or a story. California hospitality became a legend, in its way, as the story of the South.

A hotel followed when the population began to increase with amazing rapidity, especially here in Southern California. Strangers descended upon the land and adopted it as their own. Some of the "old timers" tightened their social lines in self-defense and the passing of the days when one was a stranger. A more formal and more social life came into the state as a result, and California became a more proper hermitage.

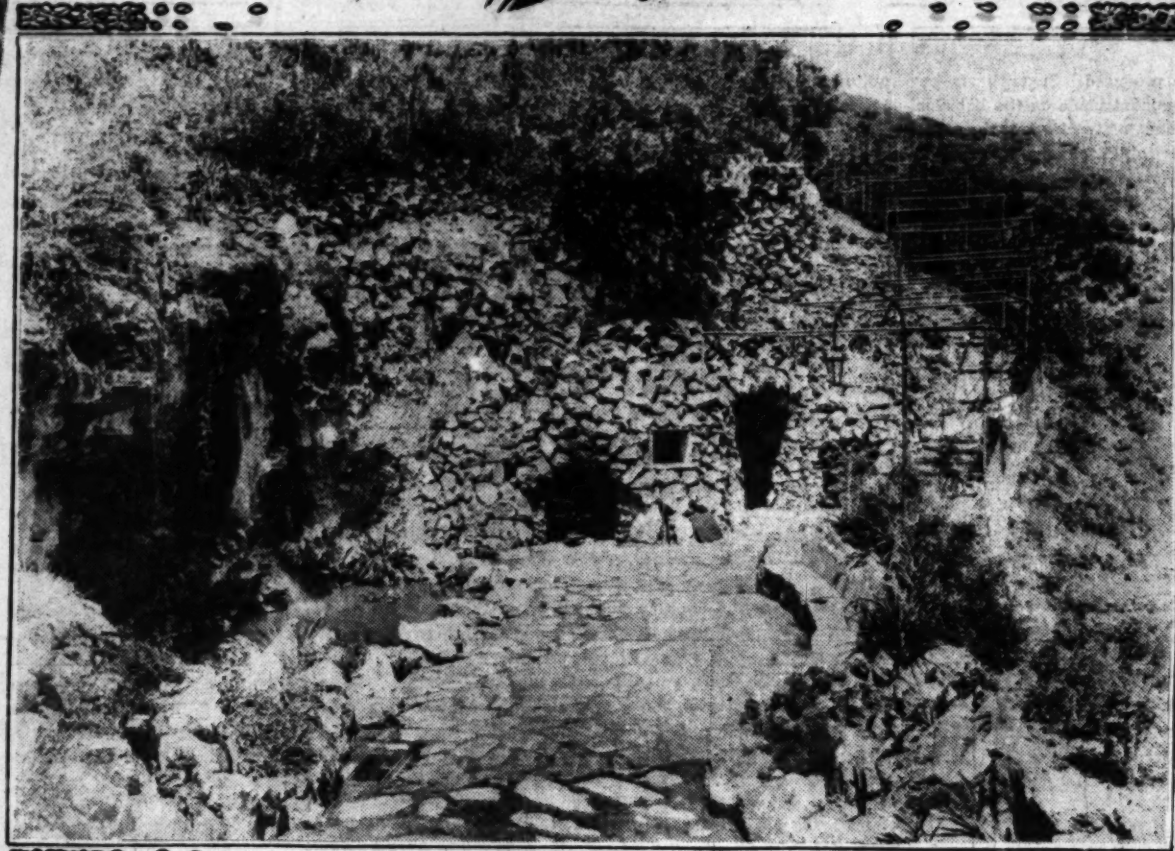
of the owner is built. These gardens are not solely to furnish a beautiful setting for the house. They are to be enjoyed, to be lived in, used. And some of these are gardens are being used, even though the houses of the owners have not been begun.

Even the most biased Californian would probably admit that our hills are far from beautiful, except for contour, and the transient loveliness of the Spring. It is all the more gratifying to the eye to see these same hills set out with trees, grass, creeping vines, and all manner of flowering shrubs and plants. It has taken vision and a high type of artistry to accomplish, as has been done in many instances, the effect of luxuriant vegetation without making the whole seem extremely artificial, and to create a scene that is typical of this country. The places which please me the most are those which preserve the original contour, as much as possible, and are developed harmoniously about the live-oaks, California holly bushes, and other varieties of native growth which Nature had already planted on the property.

### Outdoors

One locality where this desire for a usable, as well as beautiful, garden seems to dominate, a community which seems bent upon providing every possible delightful means of living and entertaining out of doors, is Bel-Air. This feeling seems to have pervaded the place for I went to one after another of the estates and found these ideas dominating the gardens, both in those under construction and in those completed.

Driving up the winding roads one day recently, and seeing a lot of workmen very evidently concerned with rock gardening, I stopped and asked if it would be possible to see the work they were doing. The man who was superintending the work assured me I was welcome to wander about as much as I pleased and, when he saw that I was something more



than idly curious, offered himself as a guide. I was extremely glad of the suggestion for the hillside was a maze of winding trails and I would certainly have missed many of the beauties of the place had I been left to my own resources.

Retaining walls of rock work made possible the planting of a succession of terraces. Every tree and worthy shrub which had been on the property originally, had been preserved and various types of conifers, palms and tree-like shrubs had been added so that there was plenty of shade afforded. The hillside was planted to several different ground covers such as the trailing daisy, the ornamental strawberry, lily, myrtle, spring-erle and ajuga, with beddings of violets and nasturtiums. Blooming in a fashion which seemed to indicate they had just happened there, were iris lilies, watsoni, columbines and Japanese day lilies, while from rock crevices, here and there, many varieties of ferns and the delicate moss-like helixine lent a softening effect to the walls. Among the brown tones of the rocks, and the greens of the plants, a flutter of gay color would catch the eye and prove to be a cyclamen, or perhaps, in a sunny spot, a cluster of frilled petunia blossoms.

Nothing under the California sun can be so grateful to the senses when the thermometer begins to climb as a bit of shade and the sight and sound of trickling water. By adapting a natural little ravine to the purpose, by supplementing the natural outcroppings of rocks with more rocks, and by laying skillfully concealed pipes at the top of the hill, a very charming little waterfall has been created. It falls in an irregular manner, from level to level, into tiny pools, until it reaches the base of the property and a large pool, where water lilies and ferns contribute their share of beauty.

It is about this pool that the owner of the property, Mr. Harley A. Sill, has concentrated his main efforts. Flagstones have been laid to form a wide and level platform about the pool. At one side a stone fireplace has been built, furnished with a swinging crane for an iron kettle and a grill. Into the side of the hill, a rock-work room has been built, equipped with a carefully concealed, but very practical, sink with running water. There are cupboards, and shelves on which to work, and last but not least, a telephone connection which will establish communication with the house. These things will all help to make for efficient and unobtrusive

service when there are guests present, and yet, so skillfully has it all been arranged, that there is no jarring note intruding upon the beauty of the scene. The approach to this spot is from two directions, one a gently sloping path, the other a long terraced stairway, both covered with a pergola which is flung about the side of the hill for a length of seven hundred feet. The rock-work in this part of the garden has only just been completed, and much of the planting remains to be done, but climbing fruit and flower vines will cover the pergola in time, and growing things will soon mask the rocky walls.

Around the shoulder of the hill, beneath the pergola, and built into the hillside, are storerooms where supplies and table-furnishings are kept. A little way above, built in a like manner, are thoroughly modern retiring rooms, and as was the case with the little pantry room, these conveniences are handled in such a way as to be inconspicuous as possible.

### No House

The location of the house has been determined but nothing has been done toward erecting it, as yet. When it is finished, a more formal type of garden will be created in front of it. Mr. and Mrs. Sill

are not waiting for the completion of their house to enjoy their garden. They have even shared the loveliness of their garden and proved the merit of the fireplace to more than one group of fortunate guests.

Just as I was about to leave the property, Mr. O. W. Howard, the landscape architect responsible for the planning of this garden, arrived to give some instructions to his workmen. When I told him what had so interested me about the place, he suggested that I see some of the other provisions that had been made on estates in the vicinity for enjoying the advantages of this climate to the utmost, an idea which appealed to me very strongly.

"You have spoken about the hospitality," reflected in these plans. Before you leave this place, I would like you to see something which very clearly illustrates the feeling of friendliness that exists among the people living in Bel-Air." As he spoke, Mr. Howard led me along a little path to a spot where the terrace widened, and where, under a fine live oak, a swinging seat and comfortable chairs invited one to linger. Directly off of this nook opened a garden gate, leading to a path which wound its way upward and out of sight around the shoulder of the hill. "The latch string is on both sides of this gate, and we'll just go through it and onto the property of Mr. Sill's neighbor, Mr. L. A. Brunson. You must not miss his garden and his patio."

### Nice Idea

An altogether charming idea, it seemed to me, to have the gate there, between the two gardens, and every provision made for an hour of idle conversation. And after we passed through the gate, climbed the hill and found Mr. Brunson, I feel quite certain that the gate would be frequently used.

We found the owner of the property enjoying a siesta in the glass-screened loggia which extends fully seventy-five feet along the south side of the patio, commanding a superb view of Hollywood and Los Angeles and, to the west, in the distance beyond the hills, a broad view of the Pacific.

The patio was typically Italian, to correspond with the design of the house, and achieved a far greater degree of hospitable charm most of those, I have seen. Mr. Brunson likes the patio, he says, "because when people drive in here, they are practically in my home, and I think it is a friendly sort of idea."

It became very evident, when Mrs. Brunson came out and joined us, that the owners of this property have it uppermost in mind that life is a thing to enjoy, and the farther one can get away from formality, the more possible such pleasure will become. Below the house, on one of the broad terraces, a stone-work table inset with colorful, Italian decorative tiles, has been built about a fine tree. A barbecue pit and grill, with kitchen conveniences which include electricity wired in to permit the use of percolators and such appliances, has been provided. Breakfast is frequently eaten in this spot and many an evening meal, just as the sun is dropping out of sight over the hill. Certainly no more

(Continued on Page Two)



# Coolidge Will Rest in Land of Romance War

## Rugged Beauty in Black Hills

**P**RESIDENT GRANT'S son, Frederick, was in the first military expedition that explored the Black Hills, where President Coolidge is to spend his annual vacation this summer. The hills were Theodore Roosevelt's favorite hunting and fishing grounds before his Presidency. Now this picturesque and historical group of mountains is to become the summer home of our President Coolidge.

The Black Hills lie chiefly in the southwest corner of South Dakota, the fringes of which extend into the northeast corner of Wyoming. This small group of mountains rise like an island several thousand feet above the surrounding bare plains. The length of the elevated portion is about 100 miles north and south by fifty miles east and west, and it lies about 600 miles west of the Mississippi River. The Black Hills derive their name from the black pines which cover their slopes.



## Historic Folk Once Lived There

not as bad as his name seems to be. On the contrary, he had been a scout in the Civil War, in a like capacity on the frontier, been Sheriff and Marshal in Kan., and numerous other things. He had freed the West of many and many times saved his country. His quick and accurate shooting was a very interesting way of earning his living. In his height, of course, with blond hair hanging in long waves on his broad shoulders, his eyes were blue and his face when speaking in his low, hoarse voice, his lips were thin and pressed and were partly hidden by a straw-colored mustache. He was very kind and courteous. He was shot from behind while sitting in a hiding place in Deadwood. At the time, his murderer was given no guns and ordered to leave the town. On the hillside above Deadwood are the graves of Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Preacher Smith, and numerous others erected to them instead of their names.



SOME OF THE SIGHTS THE PRESIDENT WILL ENJOY ON HIS VACATION

The verdure of the hills seems like an oasis in comparison with the adjoining plains, especially after passing through the Bad Lands just to the east of them. At this time of the year the hills are covered with wild flowers, such as crocus, violet, mayflower and wild rose, while in the valleys and level spots near the streams and creeks there is a luxuriant growth of grass.

Two railroads enter this district from the East, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and the Chicago and Northwestern, the latter, which is the most direct, will very likely be the President's route as far as Rapid City.

This city, with a population of 6000, is the nucleus of business in the western portion of the State, as it is the center of the lumber industry of the hills and is also one of the most important alfalfa seed markets in the United States.

The Black Hills have a very attractive climate. The spring is quite late and most of the precipitation is during the months of April, May and June. Arriving just at the end of the springtime, the President will, no doubt, see the hills at their best.

### Good Weather

During the summer the extremes in temperature are not great. The weather is dry and hot with cool nights. One may camp without the discomforts of dew or mosquitoes.

Two branches of the Cheyenne River nearly surround the hills and receive many tributaries from them. These streams are well stocked with all varieties of mountain trout and other game fish. Here President Coolidge will have an opportunity to show his ability as an angler in the famous Spearfish Creek, which for about twenty miles forms a very beautiful and impressive canyon in the limestone plateau from which the stream emerges into the Red Valley at Spearfish. All of the streams enter the Red Valley, which forms a continuous depression around the hills.

Near the north edge of the hills the Belle Fourche River cuts its way through the outer rim of the hills. The Belle Fourche is dammed by the largest earthen embankment in the world, 115 feet high and 11.8 miles long. By means of this completed project over 100,000 acres of Western South Dakota land are irrigated, and grains such as wheat, oats and barley

are produced. Sugar beets have quite a prominent place on the list also. A small amount of truck gardening is done in the hills which supply its own centers with vegetables and green stuffs.

### Few Cattle

Cattle raising is to be found only to a small extent in the hilly region. The adjoining plains, being much better suited to this industry, are covered with large stock ranches.

The town of Belle Fourche has its annual round-up and rodeo every summer, which is well attended. If President Coolidge is in the vicinity on the 4th of July he will, no doubt, attend this well-known celebration, in which he will see bronco-busting, bull-dogging and wild horse races performed by the best known riders in the West.

It is to be lamented that none of the former great riders of the West such as Buffalo Bill, his cousin Wild Bill, and Calamity Jane will be there to entertain the President.

The famous Calamity Jane made her appearance in the hills in 1875 with the

troops accompanying Prof. Jenney's scientific expedition. The people of Custer remember her in buckskins and six-shooter in her belt riding among the soldiers and answering the roll call to the mystification of the officers and the delight of the soldiers.

### A Character

Her feats of valor and misdeeds filled the wild region with many tales. Calamity Jane Peaks were named after her. She celebrated the first ascent by throwing her cap in the air and ridding it with bullets in full view of the troops below.

Martha Canary, better known in the wild history of the frontier as Calamity Jane, on another occasion, when the famous Deadwood coach was attacked by outlaws and the driver killed, seized the lines amid the fire of the attack and, whipping up the team, safely brought the coach and passengers to their destination.

The Black Hills originally belonged to

the Sioux Indians and had never been explored by white men until Custer's Expedition. Col. Frederick D. Grant, the President's oldest son, accompanied the expedition as aid to Gen. Custer. The expedition was entirely a military one, consisting of ten troops of the Seventh Cavalry, two companies of infantry, three pieces of artillery; in all, about 700 soldiers with the addition of a train of 120 wagons and teamsters under command of Maj. Gen. George A. Custer. It reached the hills about July 20, 1874. On the 31st of July gold was discovered on the banks of the creek on which they were camped (Custer's Gulch), the best pans yielding 5 to 10 cents gold, or an average of \$50 per day.

### Big Rush

It had been twenty-five years since the great California gold rush and with the discovery of gold in the Black Hills it was next to impossible to keep out the frontiersmen, gold seekers, prospectors

and undertaker which quickly formed to rush into the district.

The government troops had a difficult time holding them back until negotiations between the government and the Sioux Indians were completed whereby the white men acquired the happy hunting grounds of the Indians.

The town of Custer in the southern hills grew to a community of 1400 buildings and was expected to be the big city of the Black Hills. However, with the news of a big strike at what is now Deadwood the city was depopulated, leaving about fourteen people to occupy the 1400 buildings. It has never fully recovered from this great exodus.

The town of Deadwood then sprang up. It was so named because of the abundance of deadwood found standing and lying about in that gulch. This town grew to a population of 7000 and for several years was a wild and lawless community. The miners not only had to fight the Indians while digging the gold, but after they acquired it had to protect it against the outlaws and then the gamblers and other camp followers.

It was in this town that the famous Wild Bill Hickok met his death. He was

to prevent relic hunters from digging up souvenirs as they had done with the marble monuments.

### Famous Mines

The people of the Black Hills will permit the President to have without paying Deadwood and its sister city, a few miles up the gulch where was situated the great Homestake Gold Mine. This company today represents a capital investment of over \$10,000,000, an original capital of \$100,000, and \$200,000,000 in gold and silver has been extracted from this property, and the ore is mined and crushed on the premises. This mine is claimed to be one of the largest and oldest operating gold mines in the world, producing about \$1,000,000 annually.

Close to the State Park Road in the highest point east of the Black Hills is a small town called Lead. This will be a fine opportunity for President Coolidge. On top of the peak is a cozy forest ranger's cabin with a lookout in which he can see the surrounding country for a radius of fifty miles.

South of Harvey Peak is the famous one and one-half miles of the Crystal Cave. Catches crystals in the ceilings, walls and floor of the cave. Some rooms are white, others green, and there is one known as the Chamber of the Crystal. The cave is a pool of sparkling water and the air is fresh and invigorating throughout the cave. No matter what the outside temperature may be, that in the cave is at an even temperature throughout the year.

On the southwest side of the Black Hills is the Wind Cave, so named because of the curious outflow of wind that is its discovery. This cave should be visited by President Coolidge of Congress because of this peculiarity. It is a series of rooms and so far has not been thoroughly explored internally or in its length. A single room is a masterpiece of nature and a game preserve of 1000 acres has been stocked with all kinds of game.

The Black Hills are noted for the variety of different minerals which they contain. Several universities send their geological students into them for their work. Near Hill City a small mine was once mined. A few miles away is the largest pegmatite mine in the world, containing single crystals of quartz, feldspar, a length of forty feet. The mine was purchased by a man named A. Edison purchased a mine near here a few years ago. It is a fine place to visit. The mine is a fine place to visit. The mine is a fine place to visit.

By Arthur J. Friedl, E. M.

## HOSPITALITY — that's our middle name — HOSPITALITY

(Continued from Page One)

charming spot could have been chosen for the Easter breakfast at which Mr. and Mrs. Brunson recently entertained their friends.

From this place, Mr. Howard took me to another garden which has come into being before the owner built his house. This was located mainly on the floor of the canyon which forms the base of the hill. A space approximating 1500 square feet has been laid with flagging stones, carefully preserving the clumps of trees which were native to the spot. A shallow stream meanders through, with ferns and iris lilies and water grasses breaking up all harshness of line. A large fireplace has been built into one side of the hill, while on the other side, surrounded by rockwork, is another of these amazingly efficient kitchens, with a barbecue pit and grill included. There is a touch added to this one which is certainly a whimsical one, out of rock crevices and at the foot of the walls, the cook will find, growing ready to hand, marjoram, bay, thyme, and other kitchen herbs. There was a plentiful provision of mint, though the reason for its presence was not specified. Before long, the walls will be well covered with creeping vines and ferns and it will be a spot of real beauty as well as practicality.

As in the other places we had seen, retiring rooms had been built into the hillside and such strictly utilitarian things as automatic drinking fountains had been skillfully camouflaged with rockwork and growing things, so that their presence never intrudes upon the beauty of the spot. Mr. Howard declares that he feels that the practical things that contribute to comfort should be considered, as well as beauty, when designing a garden which the owner intends to really use. So many are created just for the sake of giving an impressive and effective setting to a house, but these gardens are meant to be lived in.

Before we left this immediate district, Mr. Howard took me over to the H. B. Reticker place. The house is a true English type, and dominates the long slopes leading up to it very effectively. The expanse of its green lawn had caught my eye from below, for lawns of such proportion are seldom seen on hillside properties. Mr. Howard waited until he got me up to the property before explaining the effect in any way, so I was genuinely surprised to find that the green was created by a carpet of Korean, or Velvet Grass, a species of grass that does not require mowing. I had been wondering how in the world a grass lawn on such a steep

slope could be kept in order, but it seems that this type of lawn is thoroughly practical and at the same time, beautiful.

Another feature on this property which was called to my attention was the rock gardens forming the western edge of the grounds. This, primarily, was the storm drain to the property, a very necessary provision, and it also served to show what could be done to reclaim an ugly scar upon the face of the hill. Shrubs, ferns and flowers, a tiny stream and a succession of pools have made this a spot of great charm.

The estates throughout the district are full of such delightful gardens that one could continue to describe them almost indefinitely. We saw one other place that I want to mention, however, where the owner had provided for the pleasure of his guests in a different, but no less attractive manner. We drove over to the estate of Mr. Alphonso E. Bell, where the owner has added certain features to a property which was already beautiful at the time he bought it. Down below the house, and directly beneath the fine swimming pool, is a very large cement tennis court, offering as strong an inducement to a good game as anyone could possibly need. Set into a niche in the high stone retaining wall on one side of the court,

is a table and chairs, covered with a brilliantly colored canopy. Out of the wall, through a very artistic piece of tilework, flows a drinking fountain of ice water, a provision sure to be appreciated by thirsty players.

With hosts such as these offering such delightful and informal hospitality, California is certain to reclaim her old reputation for entertainment that is typical and picturesque. I cannot imagine how any one who ever lingered about a festive board set out under the open sky, with the aroma of roasting meat mingled with the fragrant smoke of wood fires drifting his way could fail of an appreciative appetite. When the feast is over and the stars come out in the heavens and lights of the far-flung city spangled the darkness below, a sense of satisfaction, of remoteness from the world that is "too much with us," an interlude of sheer beauty must surely be the portion of the guest, an experience to remember as long as life lasts.

It is a joy to see these hills growing to beauty at the touch of an understanding artist, a satisfaction to know that mere money can be converted into anything as fine and worthwhile as these homes, and a pleasure to learn that they are being built to be lived in and enjoyed, not for the mere sake of display.

Mrs. Albert C. Wilson

By John F. Ness

**B**ACK to the sunny shores of France with joy in hearts, chubby American dromedaries to their homes, the war brides of America are the war brides of America.

They are the war brides of America, young maidens who fought on the battlefields of France in 1917; war brides who, with their husbands to Southern France, the one spot in America where the war brides of America are the war brides of America.

Standing by these beautiful bridges, the war brides of America are the war brides of America. They are the war brides of America, young maidens who fought on the battlefields of France in 1917; war brides who, with their husbands to Southern France, the one spot in America where the war brides of America are the war brides of America.

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# You, Too, Can Find the Business You Want

Tucked away in almost everyone's mind is the ambition to own a business. And why not! Your chances to succeed are as good as the other fellow's. In buying an established business you have the advantage of starting in where someone else left off. Opportunities to suit you . . . your capital, experience, qualifications . . . are constantly being offered in the "Business Opportunities" columns of the Los Angeles Times. Even now the very opening you've been wanting may be advertised in today's issue of Times Want Ads. Remember, many of the best offerings appear exclusively in this great marketplace.

*More than one and a half million offerings appear annually in Times Want Ads . . . jobs . . . places for rent . . . used cars . . . miscellaneous things for sale . . . investments in real estate . . . exchanges . . . loans, etc. Go shopping this morning through the world's greatest want ad emporium.*

## Times Want Ads

The Times

JUNIOR

The

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1927.

(Sunday, June 12, 1927)

THE JUNIOR TIMES

THE WRITING WAS DONE WITH A REES PEN AND SIX NAILS ON FOOT NIBBLED WITH WATER AND STICKY JUICES WHEN NOT BLISS, THE LONG SHIRT OF DISCOVERY



LONG, THIN STRIPS WERE PEELLED FROM THE PAPYRUS STRIPS AND LAID SIDE BY SIDE TO THE DESIRED WIDTH. SHORTEST PIECES WERE CUT AND LAID CROSSWISE, AND THE WHOLE, AFTER BEING SOAKED

OR ORDINARY CORRESPONDENCE, HOWEVER, THEY WROTE UPON A KIND OF PAPER CALLED PAPHOS PLANT WHICH GROWN IN THE MARCHES. OUR WORD, "PAPER" HAS BEEN DERIVED FROM "PAPHOS"



REMEMBER THE EGYPTIANS WERE TO RECORD SOME IMPORTANT EVENT, THEY CHISELED AN ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPENING ON STONE IN "HIROGLYPHICS" (A GREEK WORD MEANING



JUNE 12, 1927

# The JUNIOR Times

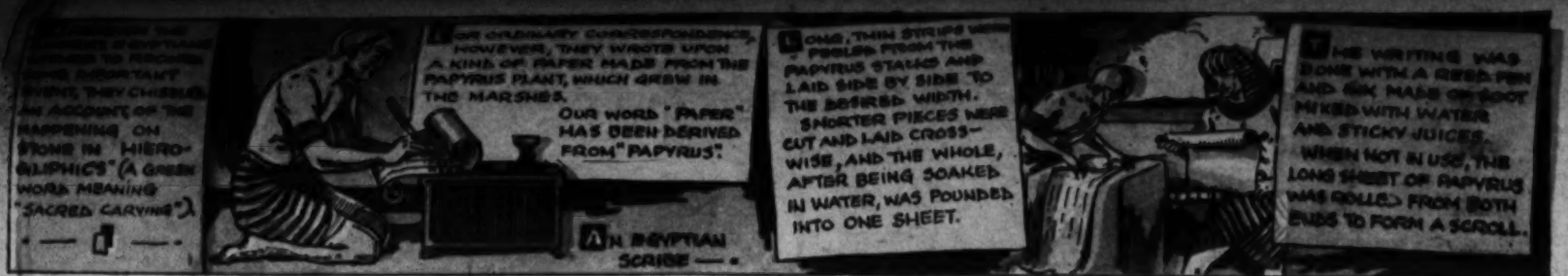
LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1927.



Something to Crow About!

Prize-winning cover design by Scott Crosby, 144 North Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills.





## HIGH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

Egyptians Become Traders and Fighters.

By J. CARROLL MANSFIELD

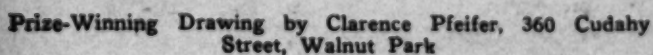


Another Page in This Series Next Sunday. Save Them! They Will be Valuable in Your School Work, as Well as for Home Study





(Continued on Page 7)

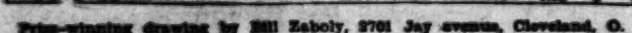


**Prize-Winning Drawing by Howard Troxel**



## STONY PRIZE

into Grandfather Frog's mouth.



(Continued from Page 2)

1

*Dip and Duc*

If I ever write anything worth while, Aunt Dolly, I shall have a monument erected in Pershing Square.

BESSIE PHILIPSON, 1047 North  
Figueroa street, Los Angeles.

**DUKE DUCK'S WIREQUACKS**

I'VE CLEANED THE HALLS BEFORE I LEFT!

! A GOOD CAT'S AWAY THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY MICE TO PLAY.....





By Claude Shaffer

Troubles of the Lovelorn

Doodlebugs

# Aunt Dolly's Page

For Times Junior Club Members



## Are You Measuring Up to Our Club Requirements?

### RECOGNITION GIVEN WORTHY

CHARACTER TESTS PROVE MANY  
ARE FORGETFUL OF THEIR  
OBLIGATIONS

A short time ago we launched a "sunshine" drive, asking for donations of ten whole pennies, this sum to be used for the alleviation of misery among less fortunate club members. When we mentioned our plan, a warning was given that this was essentially a character test. It should have been enough for wide-awake members. But, as usual, many were dozing peacefully in the sunshine of selfish content.

Vera Van, one of our staunchest trouper in The Times Players' Club, won the honors. She turned in, not one dime, but 50 cents, the instant she read our announcement. Vera was in such a hurry she would not even trust the mails, but paid a personal visit to our clubrooms. In return for this splendid co-operation, she has received a silver star upon her book, which means she is a go-getter of the highest caliber, a person who meets her responsibilities, who cares for and loves her fellow-man. In addition to this star, she will also have a crimson stripe, which means she has passed a number of character tests successfully.

As for the others who responded in our "sunshine" drive they are few and far between. Ninety per cent of our club members fell down flatter than a pancake. So much for the present-day, aliphad spirit advanced by our coming generations.

Just for fun, I will let you peek at my private register so that you may see for yourself how the club is progressing.

Dividing it into sections, The Times Players' Club has put our T.J.C. on top of the world. Loyalty, service, pep, that's what our theatrical trouper have given.

Next come our corps of artists. They have shown a fine, white spirit, have paid their dues, been faithful in carrying out club rules. When meetings were held they stood on tip-toe, eager to help, ready with suggestions.

Our writers rank third. They are not quite so progressive. Certainly they do not grasp their opportunities as readily as do our talk-singers. Also, their spirit is not quite up to scratch. When meetings are held, their showing is poor.

Just regular club members, hit and miss, here and there, must be judged personally. They cannot be classed in groups. One thing is sure, those listed on our record register, the ones who receive the mail, give the best. This is our standard crowd. When we are giving enjoyable affairs, they flock eagerly to us, but the rest of the time there is a stony silence. Judge it yourself, what is the answer? Who are the go-getters and who deserve the most consideration?

At present, we have listed Hardie Granatky, Vera Van, Manuel Moreno, Murray McDougal, Don Coleman, Frances Bates, "Daffodil" of K.H.S.; Carl Hauptman, Louis Bardwell, Louis Balkin, Philip De Lara, Nathan Massion, Lillian Bower, Beattie Philipson, Bob Stokes, Wilbur Carlson, Alma M. Dunkle, Theresa Ratliff, Jimmy Osborne, Rosemary Wiens, Dorothy Thorpe, Margaret Knotowal, Bernice Gibbs and Laura Stock as among our 100 per centers. They have come through white and clean, and will receive an honor stripe in accordance with their actions. Help this organization revive? The

Suppose you look yourself squarely in the face, asking without pride or reservation, "What have I done to do? I might have accomplished what are they, what will they be tomorrow?" There is not a day goes by without a chance to give service, what is your record?

Remember, we are not expecting the impossible. No one is perfect. All we ask is that you do your best. We will be content with honest effort.



Prize-Winning Drawing by Calvin Howard, 321 Keith Street, Los Angeles

### Aunt Dolly's Question Box

Dear Aunt Dolly:

The problem that I wish to put before you is perhaps like the problems of many other boys and girls, but, oh! Aunt Dolly, you can't imagine how blue I am. I am one of three girls who have a wonderful mother and father, but at times, mother seems to be so narrow minded that it hurts me.

I am classed among my friends at school as being "cool". It sounds conceited, but I am the neatest-dressed girl in school, and keep my clothes and individual articles slicker and longer than my two sisters, but darling Aunt Dolly, they are always wanting to borrow my things and take away whatever I have that pleases them.

Mother does not always make me give in to them, but this morning she put me to bed and is making me stay there all day, missing my school and everything. I should not have to miss my lessons just because I did not lend my sister (who is two years older than myself,) a brand new pair of hiking socks.

Aunt Dolly, dear, can't you advise me as to what to do? I am so blue.

I read your Question Box every Sunday and only hope to find an answer to my letter.

Ever your loving admirer,  
(Signed) Sixteen-year-old Discouraged.

I must apologize, dear "Discouraged," for allowing your letter to become lost. It simply disappeared like a bubble in the air, leaving me at a total loss as to where to locate it; then suddenly it appeared and now I am hastening to answer.

Dear child, you know as well as I do that we must be kind to others, charitable and loving. But some people just naturally take advantage of friendship. Even when we do this, and I am a firm believer in not borrowing anything. Stand on your own feet as you go through this hurdy.

(Continued on Page 6)

### PRIZE EDITORIAL

SPEAKING OF PRICELESS THINGS

By Rosemary Wiens, Olive View

There are popples beneath my window nesting in their beds of green. The lawn is new and tender, the climbing rose bush is crowned with scarlet splendor; honeysuckle scents the air and seems to blend intimately with the songs each separate bird is singing.

It is June, the gladdest of all the glad months. June! When all the world is nearest to man's conception of what paradise may be. The sky is blue as a Madonna's cloak; the lake is a strip of polished beryl set in a rim of alighted gold. The world is a glorious stage set for an immortal play. There is so much of God's grandness to see and to live with.

I have often thought that if I were blind, what a world would be lost to me, yet if I had a friend to see for me, the loss would not be unbearable. But if I were deaf! Ah, if I were deaf, my soul, I think, would die. And yet, what is there beyond endurance, beyond achievement, with the help of a friend? A friend who lives with me and for me; with whom and for whom I have lived; a friend whose silences are pregnant with meaning, whose laughter is a song for my dull hours; whose strength is a tonic for my weakness; a friend whose faith in me has made following anything but the right course impossible; a friend whose understanding heart is the most priceless thing that God has ever made.

### "THE FACE OF OUR MOTHER"

By Pat McSherry, Box No. 208, Route No. 2, San Gabriel

It is the first face that waited for us, the first face that greeted us, the first face that kissed us.

It is the face that watched our childhood, that read the language of our smiles and the language of our tears.

It is the face that watches us grow.

It is the face that never turns away.

It is the face that turns to us though we turn to others.



THE WEEPING OF HEAVEN

By Ella A. Lord, 311 South Sixth Street, Alhambra

A friend stood with me at the window.

And we both looked out upon life;

He hated the rain for 'twas gloomy, But I looked beyond all the strife.

I looked out o'er the housetops, And all were wet with the rain, But I thought of the dry warmth beneath them

While my friend thought of only the path.

The spirit of my friend—it was dampened

By the torrents of rain coming down.

Odd, he thought not of the wonders

It would work with the seeds in the ground.

Odd, he thought not of the lives That thirst for the God-given rain: Lives that are so dried up and withered

They have ceased to think of ought but dull gain.

He seemed not to think of the calm

That comes after tears have been shed;

Prayer the rain is the weeping of heaven.

O'er the evils to which men have been led.

That's what I thought when it rained

And looked out of the window with him;

He looked at the gray sky above us, I looked for blue beyond the grim.

### THE DESERT

By Frances Ames, 3008 McClintock Avenue, Los Angeles

I gazed out over the endless plains, Over the sea of sand,

Revealed by the glare of the morning sun

In the shimmering white Of its dazzling light,

And the day has just begun.

I ride out over the endless plains, Over the sea of sand,

Where the sun shines down with pitiless force

While the white hot heat Scorches the feet

Of my tired but faithful horse.

I camp out there on the endless plains, Out on the sea of sand,

And the desert winds their vigil keep

As softly they blow Their song so low

And soothe me into sleep.

It is the face that gave its beauty for our life.

It is the face that lights at our joys, clouds at our sorrows, smiles at our smiles, weeps at our tears.

It is the face on which love has written its message.

It is the face which has no equal.

It is the face that has made men, and saved men.

It is the face the baby first recognizes and the old man last forgets.

It is the face poets have sung and artists drawn.

It is the face that has helped us, inspired us, comforted us, forgiven us.

It is the face that gives all and asks nothing.

It is the most beautiful face in the world: the face of our mother.

### AWARDED CLUB STORY PRIZE

READ WINNING TALE AND LEARN  
WHY THE RABBIT GIVES  
EGGS AT EASTER

Here is our club's prize-winning story of the week. Read it and learn all about Peter Rabbit and Easter.—Aunt Dolly.

WHY THE RABBIT GIVES EGGS AT EASTER

By Carolyn Hyman, 1035 1/2 West Eighteenth Street, Los Angeles

As jolly, round, red Mr. Sun threw off his nightcap and began his daily climb up into the blue, blue sky, Mother West Wind came over the purple hills in a great hurry, for there was much work to be done that day. As she passed the green meadows, she opened her great grey bag and out tumbled all the merry little breezes. Away they danced across the green meadows, laughing, tumbling and playing hide and seek among the buttercups and daisies. Suddenly the little breezes spied Peter Rabbit coming across the meadows in a great hurry. In his hand he carried a large white basket filled with gayly-colored eggs and he was dressed spick and span.

"Hi! Peter Rabbit," cried they, "come and play with us."

"Can't," cried Peter. "I have to deliver the rest of these eggs to children and I must hurry!" and he scurried across the meadow faster than ever. As they watched him go, one of the merry little breezes piped up, "Let's ask Grandfather Frog why Peter Rabbit gives eggs on Easter. Come on! I'll race you over to the Smiling Pool."

Away they darted, laughing and leaping until they came to the Smiling Pool, and on a great lily pad they saw Grandfather Frog asleep, dreaming of the days when the earth was young and the frogs wore long tails and ruled the world. One of the little breezes winked at his brothers and sisters and, taking a handful of water, he wished it into Grandfather Frog's face and scurried back to the bank while his playmates laughed and giggled.

"Chug-er-rum! Chug-er-rum! What is the matter now?" said Grandfather Frog as he opened his eyes and blinked and winked at the sun. Suddenly he heard a merry shout of laughter and, looking around, he saw the merry little breezes. Then he saw the whole thing and, sitting back, laughed and laughed.

(Continued on Page 7)

### PIT and PAT





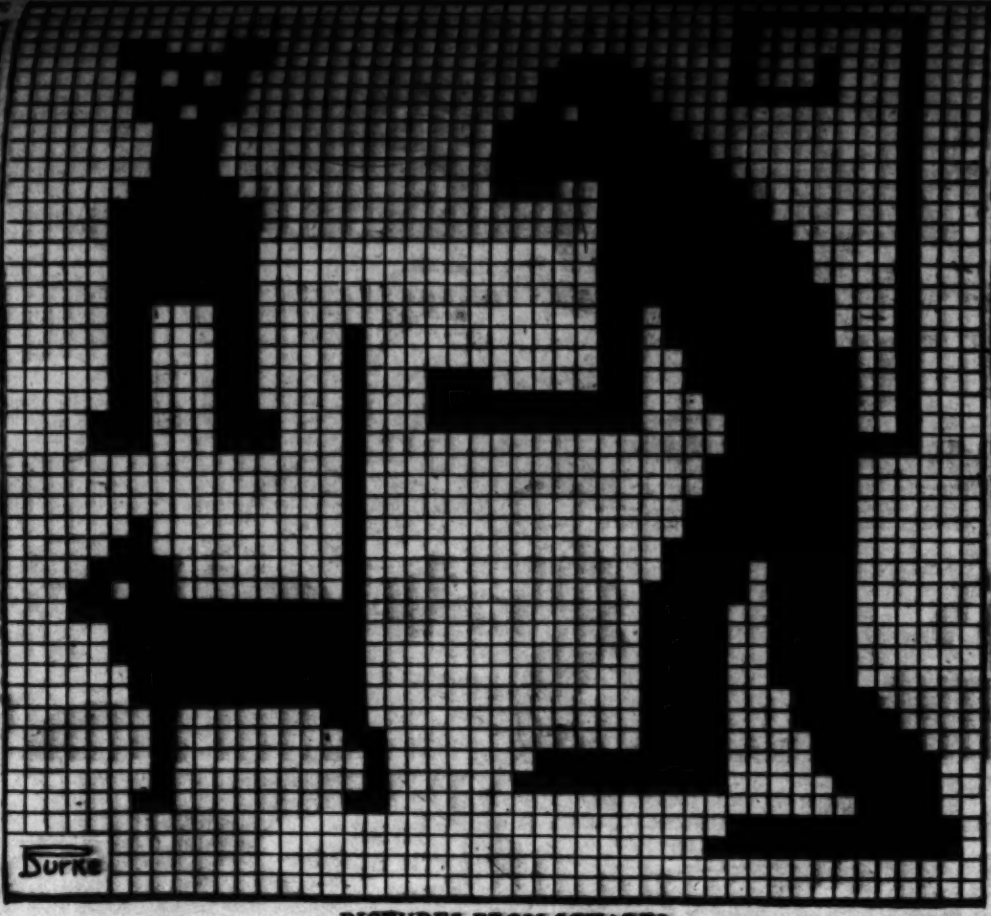
THE JUNIOR PUZZLE  
A WISE OLD FELLOW  
Copyright, The International Syndicate



AWARDED CLUB  
STORY PRIZE  
The Junior Puzzle  
Copyright, The International Syndicate



**A WISE OLD FELLOW**  
Mary says she is looking at a wise old fellow. If she is, he must be sitting on that branch. Do you want to complete the picture and see him? Take a pencil and connect all the numbered dots together and you will have the wise old fellow's picture.  
Copyright, The International Syndicate



**FRANK'S DREAMS**  
What do you suppose Frank is dreaming about? Now it is spring, he plays a lot with the boys and they have a splendid team. If you want to know what Frank is dreaming about, take a pencil and join all the numbered dots together.  
Copyright, The International Syndicate

### QUESTION BOX

(Continued from Page 3)  
gurdy existence and you'll be less happier.  
When it comes to clothes, it is mighty annoying having to part with new frocks, stockings, etc. I know just how you feel, the idea wouldn't thrill me at all, although I have lost everything from money to my fur tipper, at times.  
I do think your mother is a bit severe. Keeping a child out of school is a mighty foolish form of punishment. A sensible little child would have accomplished lots more, but that's why so many girls and mothers are hopelessly estranged. They just don't see both sides of the problem.  
Remember, selfishness does not pay, but I do think you are a right to wear and care for your own clothes without having someone else step in and perhaps carelessly destroy them.  
I think I would point out this fact to my sisters and mother, as well. You have a right to maintain your independence, no matter what happens.  
Lots of love,  
**AUNT DOLLY**  
To care for its increasing business the Argentine government petroleum department will build a five-story building in Buenos Aires to house its offices and clerks.  
As president of the national board of the Young Women's Christian Association, Mrs. Robert E. Spear heads a membership of nearly 600,000 girls.

### PARENTS ARE CLUB GUESTS

**MOTHERS AND FATHERS OF T.J.C. MEMBERS GET LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES**  
Hurray for mothers' and fathers' day! It has come and gone. Last evening, the pages of time were turned by Aunt Dolly and The Times Junior Club, and those who have passed beyond their heyday of youth, once more felt the thrill of a perfect party, the kind they used to love, when there were ice cakes and cups of pinkish punch and the squeak of a fiddle and roll of a drum.  
On June 11, the parents of T.J.C. members were able to see for themselves just the type and kind of entertainment Aunt Dolly has staged continuously for the benefit of their sons and daughters. The entire affair was an exact duplicate of a "senior" club dance.  
For instance, there was a short, snappy address delivered by Aunt Dolly on the subject of "Have You Found That Bridge?" emphasizing the necessity of parents meeting sons and daughters on a common ground of interest, grasping their heart-strings, holding them close in their hour of need. The meeting was then open to parents for remarks and discussions. All sorts of questions were asked concerning Aunt Dolly's T.J.C. Club.  
There also was an address by Fred Richards, president of The Times Junior Club, who has been touring the eastern territory and Canada. Fred is a splendid youngster, 25 years of age, who was eager to express a few of his ideas on mothers' and fathers' night.  
Famous artists also told what they think of our black-and-white department, which is the best in America. The same was true of our writers, several well-known authors giving their views on our literary division. There also was an extremely short and interesting discussion carried on by juvenile authorities. They told what the T.J.C. has done in Southern California for the youth who has lost his grip and desires to forge ahead.  
One more point of interest may be counted on. Our Times Players' Club, largest theatrical organization in the West, presented an A-I entertainment, so that parents who up to then had merely said, "Yes, the T.J.C.'s all right, I guess," went away with positive proof as to our 100 per cent standing.  
This big affair was held in the twin halls of the Southern California Manufacturers' exhibit, Southwest Building, 150 South Broadway, at 8:30 p.m.  
Seventeen thousand canaries were shipped in one consignment from Norwich, Eng., to New York, recently.

### PICTURES FROM SQUARES

Here's an easy way to draw. Take a ruled sheet of paper and rule it up and down, with lines the same distance apart as the ones going across the page. Then fill in the squares to form pictures.  
(Thompson Feature Service)

### DO YOU KNOW?

**My Aunt Dolly**  
Did you know that, first of all, man carved his history upon stone of stone? Egypt, in the height of her civilization, left thousands of hieroglyphs upon obelisks and pyramids.  
Later clay and terra cotta were used for the making of tablets, and great libraries were even formed, portions of which are still preserved, giving us the history of the Chaldeans, Babylonians and Assyrians. As time passed on other materials were introduced, as plates of metal, the skins and bones of animals, ivory, wood and wax for the making of records.  
Egypt, however, was the most progressive. She invented a material made from the graceful Egyptian bulrush or papyrus. The pith in its stems produced sheets of material not unlike the paper of today. Rolls of this strange parchment were made into books, giving us, to a large extent, the history of Egypt.  
The Chinese at about this time, however, were learning to make paper from rice and silk. The first real rival of papyrus was a parchment prepared from the skins of sheep and goats. Gradually it supplanted papyrus, as the bulrush beds were being exhausted. Also the Egyptian

times wanted to create a monopoly, so they raised the price of papyrus beyond all reason. The next step forward was the sort of paper we have today.  
Strange as it may seem, the first European knowledge of paper-making came from the Chinese. They had been making it for more than 1000 years when, in 1320, the art was introduced into France, the first country of Europe where it was made. The Dutch were the next to make paper—then England took up its manufacture. Quite a long time before this, however, the Saracens had introduced paper-making into Spain, whence it reached Italy.  
The first paper mill in America was established in Germantown, Pa., in 1690, by an experienced hand from Holland.  
You know, of course, that the more expensive grades of paper are still made from rags, gathered and shipped from all parts of the country and, indeed, from all over the world. China is one of the most important of the rag markets.  
Manchuria has placed all radio activities under government control, and private operation is prohibited unless officially sanctioned.  
Although he claimed he thought it a black rabbit, 72-year-old Robert Douglas, a game-keeper of Burntisland, Scotland, was fined recently for maliciously killing a Persian cat.  
"The White Chateau," a play written for radio presentation and which has been heard by more than 12,000,000 fans in England, was so successful that it will be made into a motion picture.

### Dip and Duck



(Thompson Feature Service)



# SUNDAY MAGAZINE

## Los Angeles Times



### GOOFYGRAMS

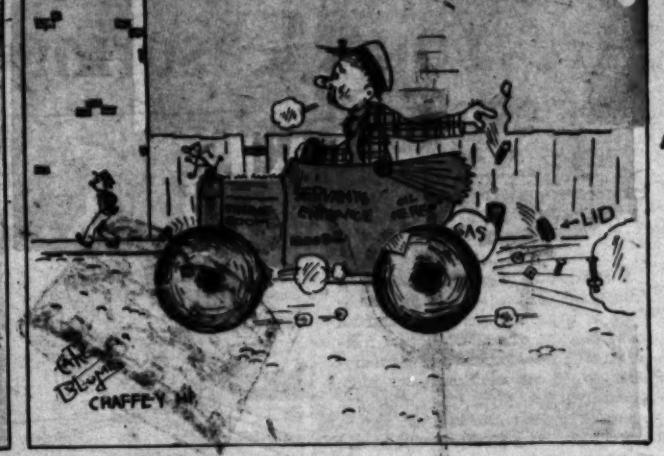
JUST A QUOTATION FROM THE CLASSIC MYTH, ORPHEUS:  
"THE TREES AND EVEN THE STONES FOLLOWED ORPHEUS"



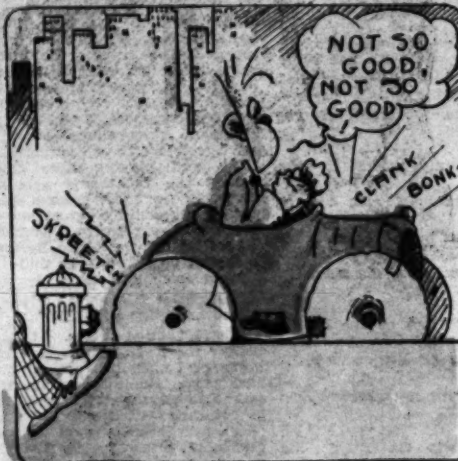
YESSIR, I USED TO WORK IN THE CORNFIELDS WITH TY COBB WHEN I WAS BUT A BOY!



HUH! YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING ON ME - WHY I KNEW 'BABE' RUTH WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL!!



BY CARL BLUME



NOT SO GOOD, NOT SO GOOD



HEY, MISTER I'LL WATCH YOUR CAR FOR A NICKLE



G'WAN! THIS CAR WON'T RUN AWAY



NAW, BUT I COULD CALL YER WHEN SHE STARTS TO FALL APART

### LUCKY LEM-

Or maybe a steamshovel!

BY-BILL ZABOLY.



BOY-O-BOY! LOOK HERE WILL YOU?



HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR PICK HERE LUCKY?



I'D RATHER HAVE MY SHOVEL!

### BOLL

BY F. BATES JR.



MY BROTHER AND I HAD AN ARGUMENT THIS AFTERNOON



YOU SHOULD ALWAYS AGREE WITH YOUR BROTHER, BILL



THAT IS JUST THE TROUBLE. I DID AGREE WITH HIM -



HE WANTED THE LARGEST PIECE OF CAKE AND SO DID I!



Kodak Catalogue Sent on Request

# SPECIALS FOR SUMMER PLANTING

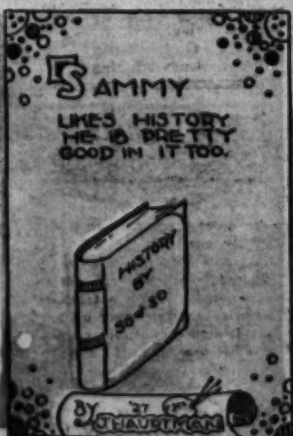
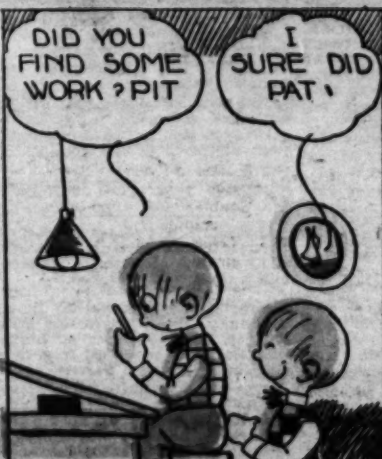
PENTSTMONS.

## CLUB ARTISTS

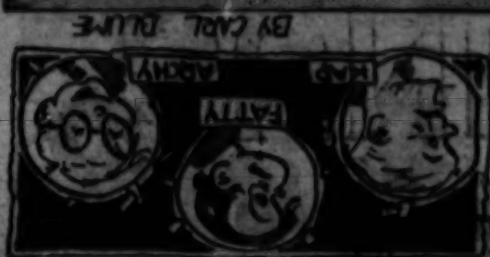
HANK HAMDORE

BY

MORRIS REDENSKY







BY CARL BLUME

COMICS  
club  
Artists



# Los Angeles Times SUNDAY MAGAZINE

June 12, 1927



Ralph  
Christy

There's Prize Money  
in This Drawing.

WRITE A TITLE! ~ See Page Thirteen





## SPECIALS FOR SUMMER PLANTING

### PENTSTEMONS:

Our Giant Flowered Hybrids in a greater range of color than ever offered before.

MIXED COLORS—Plants in 3-inch pots, 30c each, \$2.00 per doz.

### CHRYSANTHEMUMS:

Three splendid small flowered types: ANEMONE-FLOWERED, POMPON and SINGLE. Four of each type in fine color assortment—\$2.00. 2 1/4-inch pots.

### TUBEROUS BEGONIAS:

DOUBLE, SINGLE and SINGLE FRILLED—MIXED

The strain is superb and carries a full range of color from purest white to deep crimson. All intervening shades of yellow, tangerine, orange, rose, etc., are well represented.

MIXED COLORS ONLY—\$2.50 per doz. 3-inch pots.

### GLADIOLUS:

A splendid mixture of our best varieties. Will bloom approximately ninety days after planting.

SPECIAL PRICE—50c per doz., \$3.25 per hundred.

### PETUNIAS:

GIANTS OF CALIFORNIA:

The finest type of single frilled petunia. All colors mixed—3-inch-pot plants, per doz., \$1.50.

### NEW GAILLARDIA PORTOLA:

The new gaillardia introduced by us a few seasons ago. Each year it has gained in popular favor, far surpassing the older types. The blossoms are of immense size, four to five inches in diameter, on individual stems often attaining two feet in length.

The color is a remarkable shade of rich bronzy crimson, the tips of the petals being margined with a broad band of golden yellow. In the whole range of perennials this gaillardia is without a peer.

SPECIAL PRICE—\$1.50 per doz. 2 1/4-inch pots.

**Howard & Smith**

Nurserymen, Florists and Landscape Architects.

Ninth at Olive

TRinity 7541

Internationally Known Nurserymen, Florists and Landscape Architects for 35 years.

## The MAY COMPANY

BROADWAY - EIGHTH - AND - HILL

## Flexridge Shoes

Chic Modes in Cool, Summery White Kid!

**FLEXIBILITY**  
Where You Want It!

And just the right rigidity where you need dependable support. Flexridge Shoes are made for motion—designed for COMFORT in walking, in dancing and in every demand of the daily routine of the business, society and professional woman.

Yet the flattering lines of Flexridge models prove that this comfort has been achieved without one iota of compromise with Style!



"The Orion," a charmingly dainty White Kid lace model having shapely box heel \$12.50

"Jana," a White Kid 1-strap style, whimsically light and airy in expression \$12.50

(WOMEN'S SHOES—First Floor.)

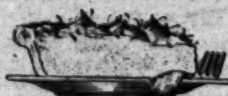


## Practical Recipes

ALL MEASUREMENTS ARE LEVEL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED  
FLOUR SHOULD ALWAYS BE SIFTED BEFORE MEASURING

### Cocoanut Pie

Recipe contributed by Miss Margaret Martinez, Pacific, Calif



2 cups Globe "A1" Flour	2 cups milk
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup shortening	1 tablespoon cornstarch,
6 tablespoons cold water	rounded
powdered sugar	3 large eggs
	grated cocoanut

Sift flour with salt, add shortening and chop in coarsely, add cold water, barely enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out and line a large, deep pie dish. Scald the milk and separate the eggs. Mix sugar and cornstarch well. Beat the egg yolks, add mixed sugar and cornstarch, add hot milk slowly, then add 1/2 cup grated cocoanut. Turn into pastry lined pie dish and bake in a very hot oven for about seven minutes, or until the crust begins to brown, then lower heat to moderate (325 deg.) and bake until filling is set like a custard. Now top with meringue made of the 3 egg whites well beaten, to which 3 rounded tablespoons sifted powdered sugar has been added, sprinkle with cocoanut and return to moderate oven until a delicate brown.

### Swiss Scous

Recipe contributed by Mrs. F. B. Long, Santa Barbara, Cal.



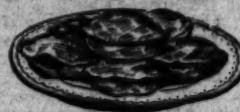
2 cups Globe "A1" Flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter, rounded.
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg
Any preferred jam.

Sift flour with salt, sugar and baking powder three times, then chop and rub in the butter until well mixed. Beat the egg, add the milk and combine with the flour mixture, adding more milk if necessary to make a soft dough. Mix well, turn out on floured board and roll out to about one-fourth inch thickness and cut into rounds. Place a teaspoon of jam on half the rounds, moisten edges, place another round on top, and press and crimp edges together. Make two small incisions on top, brush with milk, place on tin and bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes.

### Send Us Your Favorite Recipe

For each recipe accepted for publication we award one 35-lb. sack of Globe "A1" Flour free.

Globe Mills  
Los Angeles



## GLOBE "A1" FLOUR

For Every Baking Purpose



# SUNDAY MAGAZINE

## Los Angeles Times

### REFLECTED GLORY

By Fannie Hurst



IF Marion Harlowe was bitter at all over the deal that life had portioned out to her, she was bitter in behalf of her little daughter Mercedes, who was forced by exigencies, both while her father lived and after his death when she was five, to knock around from pillar to post, in boarding-house rooms, temporary quarters in furnished flats and—when a run of luck lasted long enough—now and then in fashionable suites in fashionable hotels.

But for the most part, particularly after Harry's death, when Marion was obliged to shift for herself, the Harlowes quartered in furnished rooms. Sometimes none too fastidious ones.

Marion was not the type to bend her neck to defeat. She took her medicine and made it her business to reconcile herself to the dreary deception Harry had practiced upon her when he married her out of the tranquil environment of a small town. In so far as she was able, she aided and abetted Harry in his precarious business of earning a living following the horses.

When Harry sickened and died, all in a week, leaving the young Marion and the four-year-old child Mercedes with two hundred and fifty dollars assets, it was with two hundred of that sum that Marion turned her energies and her vitality to carrying on the precarious earning of a living by means of the race course.

And so it came about that the first eighteen years of Mercedes' life were spent going from race course to race course, from boarding house to boarding house, from New Orleans to New York, from Latonia to Louisville.

There were some pretty lean years, there were some pretty fat years. There were years when little Mercedes had tutors and French governesses, pony phaetons and toy automobiles of perfect mechanical construction. Then there were years when Marion did all the tutoring, evenings, when her eyes were dead tired from the glare and the dust of the race course, and when little Mercedes herself could scarcely hold her head up from the fatigue of having sat out in the gay and hannerhung grandstand all the bright afternoon.

But nothing could interfere with little Mercedes' schooling. Marion saw to that. No expense, when there was money, was spared. No effort on her part. No easing of vigilance.

It is true that in Marion's heart was the feeling of sometimes being ashamed to meet her daughter's clear young gaze. In the watches of the night, lying in bed beside the

child, hot bitter tears would spurt from Marion's eyes.

Poor little Mercedes! Child of the race track. The only playmates she knew the rough fellows around the course or the children of women who, like Marion, brought their offspring to the hot and dusty courses. The curious sporty whirl of bookmakers, jockeys, gamblers, was the world in which Mercedes spent her early girlhood.

But what a guarded girlhood! Never did Marion gaze upon this offspring of hers without a sense of her obligation to atone to her daughter for the environment which surrounded her. In every possible way Marion sought to offset it. Every spare moment of Marion's time was spent endowing this daughter of hers with the open sesame to culture. The best books found their way to her reading table. Whatever city they were in Marion sought out the best music, the best museums, the best galleries for their spare time recreation. Nothing cheap or tawdry was ever permitted to creep into Mercedes' life. Lecture courses, even though they had to be taken by correspondence, were entered into by both of them because, when Mercedes' enthusiasm waned, Marion bolstered it by attempting the same work herself. And bitterly hard it was, too, with Marion's poor head a whirl of the activities of the race course. Every night it was necessary that she pore for hours over the morrow's racing form. Studying odds. Sizing up the situation. Telephoning around to friends for "tips," observing the weather. Checking up the entries. It was tiring and

nerve-splitting to run up the edge of her vitality studying then with Mercedes. Playing dooms with her. Reading or attending a lecture or a theater with her.

But Marion had a debt to Mercedes. In the eyes of her daughter Marion felt she must be guilty. And so it was that never was the most sheltered young girl imaginable brought up with more taste, more discretion, and more alluring culture than this daughter of the race course.

And yet it was when she was eighteen that her mother's actual pain and torment set in. What chance had Mercedes? By that time Marion, a tired, rather dusty-looking woman whom every book-maker and most of the jockeys knew by sight, was well known on every course in America. She was one of the "regulars." Nor that any one knew much about her except that for years she and her "Kid" had been knocking from course to course. Following the horses, even after certain mandates of the law made business a precarious one. Out in rain or shine. Oh, yes, Marion was a "regular," all right. And so by implication, if not fact, was Mercedes.

It was when Mercedes was eighteen and a half, that she met at the Opera in New York one night, quite by chance, and in a manner too complicated to relate here, a Doctor Blake Wayne, probably the foremost neurologist of the New York of that period. It was a case of love at first sight.

The morning following their brief meeting over the matter of a misplaced opera wrap which by a curious string of coinci-

dences found its way into Dr. Wayne's car, a hamper of five dozen white roses arrived at the fairly good hotel which Marion happened to be able to afford at that time.

The incredible had happened. Of course Marion knew Dr. Wayne by name and fame. There followed a three weeks' whirlwind courtship, the lovely Mercedes under his wooing blooming like the white rose to which he was always to liken her.

What fear, what sickness, what dread, burned in Marion's heart those weeks, only she will ever know. Sooner or later, of course, he must come to find out. As far as possible, she absented herself upon all his calls and kept herself to Mercedes' distress, meticulously out of the picture. Mercedes herself, so lively, so spiritual, so self-conscious, entirely unaware of the perils of her position.

Then one afternoon as she came in tired and exhausted from an unlucky stage at the races, she found them waiting for her.

"Mrs. Harlowe," said Dr. Wayne, in a rather old-fashioned stilted way, even before she had time to take off her hat, "I'm terribly in love with Mercedes. I want to marry her."

"Why—why?"

"Mother," said Mercedes, standing away like the white rose she seemed, "I want to marry Blake."

"But—"

"Blake knows all about us, dearest."

"Does he know me? What I am? What that makes you?"

"What you are, Mother? I've tried to tell him, but I wonder if even Blake can ever know—the real wonder of the beauty of you in mind and soul and spirit."

"No, no. I mean does he know—the race-horse part—the kind of life—our life—what we are?"

"Darling silly, of course he knows that."

"Of course I know that, Mrs. Harlowe. And what I also know is that this daughter of yours is the loveliest white rose of a creature I ever dreamed could exist. In what hot house did you rear her?"

"I—I guess in the hot house of my heart."

"If I am—Mother—all the lovely things that Blake, silly darling, seems to think I am, he knows I am those things because I grew up in the shadow of you."

"Only beauty could beget such beauty as Mercedes has, and is," said Dr. Wayne, stooping to kiss Marion's hand, and then to take Marion's daughter into his arms, and kiss her.

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**CARE OF THE CHILD**  
**Eczema and Asthma**  
 In checking over a number of cases his-  
 tories a startling correlation of disease came  
 to me.  
 Asthma is unfortunately a prominent dis-  
 ease in children. Standard medical text  
 books attribute no basic cause for this dis-  
 ease.  
**History of Eczema**  
 It is my firm belief that asthma is an end  
 product of two processes—drug poisoning  
 and

**CARE OF THE BODY**  
 Then he visited the second doctor, who  
 prescribed mirror nitrate.  
 The mirror nitrate did his work in sup-  
 pressing and depressing the symptoms.  
 Meanwhile the rotten diet still went mer-  
 rily on even though he was "well" for a  
 year or so.  
 The drug succeeded in changing the  
 symptoms. The reaction from constipa-  
 tion is diarrhea. Then came seven to ten  
 movements a day, also with bloody dis-  
 charges.

**Deaf**  
 You can again enjoy com-  
 munication and even  
 the most perfect hearing  
 through the  
 use of the  
 Hoover Amplifying  
 Unit.  
 If you have but a spark  
 of hearing left, almost im-  
 mediate power can now be  
 yours.

## INDIVIDUALS ARE STUDYING THE PROSTATE

**in Relation to Bladder  
Trouble, Cystitis  
and Kidney Disor-  
ders.**

Few men, even of those otherwise very intelligent, seem to realize the enormous influence which is exerted by the prostate gland upon the very vitals of success in life. Many do not even know where the prostate gland is located, what it does, or how it reacts when in ill health. When it is realized that medical authorities claim that two-thirds of all men past 50 have a disordered prostate, something of the importance of this rather tiny organ may be grasped.

Still of far greater importance is the fact that many think, perhaps, that they are weak in reproductive matters, when a failing prostate gland may be their principal health fault.

It is now pointed out that severe prostate gland annoyance need not necessarily have pain therewith, but that nervousness and irritability so often come as the result of a deranged prostate. And there are others who do have prostatic aches but do not know the truth because of their real ignorance of their bodies. It is reported as a scientific fact that thousands of cases of severe sciatica torture are the victims of prostate trouble, even though the gland itself exhibits no pain. The same is said to be true of those who are called frequently to void urine; so often this malady is laid to a "weak bladder" or what not.

Many, on account of false modesty, have been handicapped in learning the truth.

The Electro Thermal Co., an eastern institution of extremely advanced ideas, is rapidly gaining an enviable reputation for the amazing results secured through the use of a treatment depending upon the principles of infra-red radiation.

Investigation goes to show that more than 40,000 of these treatments have been distributed throughout the entire country, while European demand made it necessary to open a branch office in London.

## AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW—

Mr. W. J. Kirk, President of the Electro Thermal Company, when visiting the Los Angeles branch, located in Suite 303, Van Nuys Building, said:

"The theory of infra-red radiations for the treatment of prostate trouble was founded upon the best of scientific conclusions and that the treatment was easy to use at home and inexpensive to purchase.

"The treatment is applied directly to the area of the prostate gland by means of an applicator, which is a generator of the long waves of the visible, penetrating infra-red rays, offering a means by which the deeper tissues may be penetrated with an invisible radiation which is transformed into vital warmth. It offers a means of therapy, likely the latest in the science of radio-therapy which is not to be confused with mere contact heating, which offers no means of getting below the surface where it is applied.

"The warmth within the prostate may be expected to stimulate vasodilation, phagocytosis, anabolism and catabolism. Thus we expect ideal conditions for relief of prostate sluggishness and common diseases of the gland—a gland often concerned in impotency and marital instincts.

"Constipation and piles frequently accompany prostate disorder. Our treatment is so unique as to treat this annoying condition while the power of this amazing nature force is being directed to the prostate gland."  
 —Advertisement.

# Must Men Suffer After 40?

Must men approaching old age be cheated out of health and sleep by getting up five to ten times at night?

Must men past a certain middle age be handicapped by embarrassing health faults—constantly harassed by foot and leg pains, sciatica, piles, chronic constipation?



## Scientist's Book Free!

An Eastern Institution of extremely advanced ideas publish a book revealing much information about the Prostate Gland. Every man past 40 reads this book with unabated interest.

Nationally known sanitarium recommends  
**THERMALAID**

The Lindlhar Sanitarium of Chicago recommends this treatment in the following letter written to our Steubenville, Ohio, office:

"In our twenty years of treating 'hopeless' cases, we have found nothing that more directly stimulates or more promptly and effectively brings the power of nature to the aid of a disordered prostate gland than the Electro Thermal appliance. We not only employ the device in the Sanitarium, but also recommend it for home use whenever prostate disorder is indicated."

## Amazing New Facts About Old Age

Medical authorities claim that two out of every three men at or past middle age (and many much younger) are afflicted with prostate gland disorder. Many are afflicted without knowing what ails them. Loss of vitality, aches in back, legs and feet, sciatica, frequent urination, nervousness, chronic constipation and bladder weakness, are a few of the more common symptoms which may indicate prostate gland failure and are oftentimes mistaken as signs of approaching old age.

An American scientist, after seven years of research, has succeeded in perfecting a new kind of hygiene for men at or past the prime of life. No drugs, magnetic rings or cushions; no surgery, diet or exercises, but a rational method which on account of its ingenuity supplies a positive nature force that acts directly on the prostate gland. Already 40,000 men have tested this remarkable treatment in their own homes at a very small expense. In many cases results are reported that are little short of amazing. Many physicians endorse it. A former New York physician said, "Your prostate treatment is a hundred years ahead of modern medicine—a thousand years ahead of the surgeon's knife." A prominent Wisconsin physician writes: "I doubt if there is any remedy or combination of remedies at the disposal of the public which is so excellently adapted for curing or relieving the usual forms of chronic prostate troubles as the appliance manufactured by The Electro Thermal Company, Steubenville, Ohio."

## EVIDENCE

### FROM LOS ANGELES

127 S. Fremont St.

"I am most cheerful to inform you that the THERMALAID I have been using has given the utmost satisfaction. I formerly had to get up four or five times each night and suffered all the annoying accompaniments of this disturbed rest. Now I sleep well each night and all the distressing health faults suffered for years passed away with the correction of the prostate gland. Yours very truly,  
 DR. ARTEMAS W. DEANE."

### FROM PASADENA

1131 N. Los Robles Ave.

"I bought one of your THERMALAIDS about two months ago and think so much of it I would not like to give it up, and I am so much better. I am 74 years old and in good health, outside of the gland trouble, and that is getting better every day.

"If there is anyone in this locality that would like to have an opinion, send them to me. Respectfully yours,  
 T. J. HALL."

## OUR GILT EDGE AGREEMENT

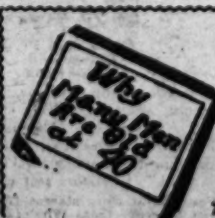
SO GREAT HAS BEEN THE SUCCESS OF THIS REMARKABLE METHOD IN THE THOUSANDS OF CASES WHERE IT HAS BEEN USED THAT YOU CAN NOW SECURE THE TREATMENT ACCOMPANIED BY OUR GILT EDGE AGREEMENT THAT "UNLESS YOU FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER IN ONE WEEK YOU PAY NOTHING." YOU HAVE NOTHING TO RISK BUT EVERYTHING TO GAIN.

THE ELECTRO THERMAL COMPANY, 303 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Home Office and Laboratories, Franklin and Morris Avenues, Steubenville, Ohio.

### If Possible

call in person at 303 Van Nuys Bldg., 7th and Spring Sts., and present this ad for free copy of remarkably interesting book entitled "WHY MANY MEN ARE OLD AT FORTY."

If you can't come in, simply mail the coupon and a copy of this compendium of Gland Facts will be mailed you absolutely free and without obligation.



## FREE BOOK

The Electro Thermal Co.  
 Dept. B-95  
 303 Van Nuys Bldg.  
 7th and Spring Sts., Los Angeles

Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your free book, explaining in detail the true meaning of the common symptoms of Prostate Gland disorder.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



# Seen from the Green Verdugo Hills

By

John Steven McGrearty

We met a man lately who has worked himself up into a high state of enthusiasm over the idea that the old home of Henry Clay in Kentucky should be purchased by the American people and retained as a historic memorial of one of the great-  
est of our countrymen.

**He Would Rather be Right Than President**  
The man showed us a letter from a friend of his in Kentucky which stated that owing to the growth of the City of Lexington the farm once owned by Henry Clay, consisting of about twenty acres of land, is to be subdivided and sold as business lots.

Business in this age when it gets going doesn't give three whoops for Henry Clay or for anybody else. If a tree stands in its way, business cuts the tree down. If a graveyard stands in its way, it smashes up the tombstones and runs Fresno scrapers over the graves. And so, it hasn't got much respect for a little spot on which a great statesman and patriot was born.

Perhaps it doesn't matter. Especially does it not matter since the fact remains that Henry Clay will never be forgotten on the pages of the history of his country. He was the man who said that he would rather be right than be President of the United States. Another man would have said that he would rather be wrong and just have the office for one term. But Henry Clay would not recede one inch from the ground on which he considered it right for him to stand. In other words, he had a conscience. And it is a wonderful thing to find a statesman of any country or of any age who had a conscience.

We would think that there are enough Kentuckians in the world to buy this old Henry Clay farm, put a nice stone coping around it and in the middle of it erect a glorious statue of bronze to the Kentuckian who said that he would rather be right than be President.

We would even think that there are enough Kentuckians living in California who have made money here to do this fine thing without asking the help of anybody else in the world.

## At the End of the Path

Why do I wander there of late,  
Where droops the wistful rose;  
Why do I loiter by the gate?  
Just dreaming, I suppose.

Maybe it is the apple-bough  
That's minding me of June;  
I can't explain my heart, just now.  
Maybe it is the moon.

A wayward zephyr stirs the air,  
So fleeting and so light;  
Am I bewitched? Yonder, somewhere,  
The linnet sings tonight!

I thought I had forgotten him!  
Has life no other quest  
Than searching every cloud for him?  
Be still my heart, and rest!

Forgotten? Maybe after while;  
The moon is shining yet;  
How tenderly the blossoms smile—  
Forget, my heart! Forget!

Why do I wander there of late,  
Where droops the wistful rose;  
Why do I loiter by the gate?  
Just dreaming, I suppose.

MABEL RAINS.

Always on our way home from the roaring town and from other places where it has been and is still our lot to go, we have looked forward to certain old friends waiting for us at a turn of the high road and who never failed to greet us through all the years.

**Old Friends That Now Are no More**  
Now, alas, these old friends are no more. They have passed into dust and will never greet us again, nor will any wayfarer know them or be welcomed by them on the high road that was so long their home.

It is trees and not folks that we are talking about. Stately eucalypti, great blue gums with giant trunks and high, swaying branches.

They were so friendly. How many times we have stopped to linger in their grateful, welcoming shade, we do not know. But it was many and many a time.

We used to talk to them. And they would talk to us, and birds used to sing to us from among the wind-sung leaves. Old friends they were, and very dear to us.

Now they are no more. They have fallen victims to the ax, not of the woodman, but of the real estate subdivider. The Goth and the Vandal of this merciless thing we call "Progress" found the trees standing in its way. And so, without a thought they slew them.

We mourn their loss. It is almost as though death had robbed us of human friends.

Maybe we shall see them again in heaven. There are great green forests in heaven; and maybe God has taken our old friends to bloom on Jordan's shining shores and by the still waters of Eden.

The countless thousands who sit in our far-flung Synagogue every blessed Sabbath morning from Dan to Beersheba have been informed by despatches in newspapers all over the world that Brother Henry E. Huntington, so often spoken of by us, has passed over to that other life which begins when this life ends.

**Out of Concern for His Fellow-Man**  
It seems to be only a short time ago that he came to see us at San Gabriel when we gave him a glass of goat's milk and a cookie by way of welcome. It is just a few weeks ago, really, that he came and was welcomed.

Now he is gone from this earth, and those who admired him and the many who loved him will not look upon his face again.

It seems superfluous for us in our poor way to speak a eulogy of a man who was so great in the world and who did so much during his lifetime for his fellow-men. And yet, we feel that, if only for the reason that he sat every blessed Sabbath morning in the Synagogue and was a member of the Congregation of the Faithful because he said his prayers every night and every morning, we should add our word to the many that have been spoken of him.

Here was a man whose great concern was for his fellow-man. He amassed great riches during his lifetime as a result of his genius and restless activities. He went into the maelstrom of business and came out of it with its honest spoils in his hands. Vast wealth was his.

This wealth he spent for the betterment of mankind. And he did it in the most beautiful way imaginable. He spent millions of dollars in the purchase of priceless books and manuscripts, statuary, paintings and works of art. He gathered all these treasures within the sturdy walls of the great building on the shining hill of San Marino where he had his dwelling place. He employed researchers, codifiers and experts of the highest degree of efficiency to assemble the things he had purchased and to make them available for both the student and all who delight in the genius of men's hearts and hands.

He secured possession of many things, like the personal diary of Christopher Columbus, that never were duplicated and never can be.

All this he has given to the people. And so we say that what he did was to give his wealth away to a world poor enough in what it has. He gave away all he had as truly as St. Francis did the same thing in the plaza of Assisi.

Every man has his own particular concern in life. The concern of Henry E. Huntington was for his fellow-man. And he proved it to the full by this magnificent and peerless gift of the Huntington Library and Art Collection to the people of the world.

God rest his great and gentle soul, and may his sleep be sweet.

There was a man sitting with us one day under a cool and shadowy rafter of the Synagogue who told us that he had heard a very strange thing a couple of days before that, or maybe three.

**He Heard Laughter and It Sounded Strange**  
And when we asked the man in the Synagogue what this strange thing was that he had heard, he answered and said that it was laughter. He said that he had been walking down a high road and that as he passed a house set back a little in a garden he heard the people of the house laughing most heartily.

We were indeed surprised that any man should say that laughter is a strange thing to hear. And yet, when the man had gone and we were alone under the rafter of the Synagogue from which he had departed—when we got to thinking it all over, we realized that he had spoken the truth, or something very like it.

Why it is we do not know, but it appears to be a fact that there is not as much laughter in the world as there used to be.

Once laughter was very common. There was a time when most everybody laughed and did it easily. And they used to laugh out loud, good and plenty, and with the utmost gusto. Now, alas, a change seems to have come to pass.

It is a great mistake. And whatever it is that has taken away our laughter, we ought to follow after it and make it bring laughter back again to us.

Smiles are all very well as far as they go, but what the world needs now is lots more of good old-fashioned laughter.

We might have known very well that when, there awhile back, we wrote a piece for this poor blundering page advocating and approving of large families that we would bring wrath down upon our head.

**Wrath Again Is on Our Poor Head**  
For that is exactly just what has happened. In the big mail sack that we dragged up the trails to our little high house in the hills the other day, there was letter after letter telling us that we talked very foolish and didn't have a lick of sense when we said it was all right for even poor folks to have large families.

One of the letters is from a man who says that he is an instructor of athletics and has studied sociology in colleges. And that, such being the case, he is educationally equipped and competent to decide a matter of this nature.

Now, by gollies, when you set yourself up to argue with a man who has studied sociology in colleges you would better watch your step. This sociology stuff clears up everything, and more than anything else it has been the means of kicking the stuffing out of old-fashioned ideas.

Our friend, this sociologist, declares that the old chestnut to the effect that "God will provide" is idiotic, because God does not go around paying our grocery bills.

By ginger, we never stopped to look at it that way. And we don't think that our own father and mother who had twelve children—we being the last and the least of them—ever thought about it. But they paid their grocery bills, and we often remember hearing them on their bended knees thanking God for giving them the help and the means to do it.

We do not propose to keep up the argument. Every time we get in an argument some smart fellow bobs up and gives us the worst of it. We always come out at the small end of the horn.

And it doesn't matter what side of the question we take, or what side of the question sociologists take, folks who want to have large families will go right along having them. And folks who want to have small families or no families at all will have their own way also.

The world is a pretty old place at the present time. Some scientists declare that people have been on this earth for two hundred million years. And we have records of people who were here ten thousand years ago, anyway. And we learn from the records that in the past there were some folks who had large families, some folks who had small families and some folks who had no families at all. It is exactly just that way now. And we fully believe that it will continue to be that way until time comes to an end.



# Must Men Suffer After 40?

Individuals Are Studying THE PROSTATE In Relation to Bladder Trouble, Cystitis

## Deaf

You can again enjoy comfortable hearing through a marvelous new invention, the **BOOSTER AMPLIFYING UNIT**. If you have but a spark of hearing left, almost miraculous power can now be yours. Picture a small disk, weighing just over an ounce, able to amplify sound with a purity of tone that is amazing.

The New one ounce flat receiver

### Five New Phonophor Models

The Phonophor with the new amplifying unit affords even the severely deaf distinct and effortless hearing in church, theater or concert hall, whether seated at five, fifty or one hundred and fifty feet from the speaker. By the elimination of all strain, it has a distinct tendency of arresting the progress of advancing deafness.

An exhaustive test of the New Phonophor under all conditions will bring happiness and satisfaction. Write or call for demonstration by factory representative now at our offices.

**PHONOPHOR**  
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Los Angeles Sales & Service  
**R. L. Scherer Co.**  
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**ARE YOU SUFFERING** from painful affliction of the feet, broken down arches, callouses, bunions, etc?

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## CARE OF THE BODY

comes complicated, like so many millions of other people.

The retention of the foul wastes and the irritation consequent to their absorption by the system, of course, would cause periodic cramps, as he calls them.

Continuing the irrigation long enough, the mucous membrane would slough off and bloody stools would develop.

Again, the veins lining the intestinal tract would become highly inflamed, due to the constant irritation of the undischarged fecal wastes, and hemorrhoids would probably contribute to the bloody discharges.

So far we have a simple, uncomplicated case of chronic constipation and of auto-intoxication, which, at this stage, could easily have been cured in two or three weeks' time by sanely in diet. But no, that is not the easiest way! We resort to diet last. First we must be bitten "good and hard" by the short cut methods!

Visiting the medical doctor who, of course, is indifferent to diet, leaving it to the "quacks," to the "cults" and others, he gets a prescription for potassium permanganate irrigations.

Of course, it helped for a while, depressing and suppressing the painful symptoms, and, apparently, the patient "felt better."

But what really was taking place was nothing more than a "covering-up" of the symptoms.

## Proper Care of the Feet

"Charlotte, I never saw you with so much pep as you've had these last few weeks. What's in you, child?"

"Not what's in me, honey—but what's on me, tells the tale."



"Well, all that meets the naked eye is a snappy little sweater frock and a darned good looking pair of sports shoes—nothing magical in them, is there?"

"Yes, my love, there is! Walk-Over's PEP shoes have turned the trick. My feet have not been so comfortable for several semesters as they've been since I began to wear them."

"And what may PEP shoes be?"

"They are just one kind of MAIN-SPRING ARCH shoes put out by Walk-Over—low heeled, correctly proportioned and made with a scientific steel arch support embedded in live rubber and built inside the shoe. They have practically done away with that tired feeling that has made my feet so miserable the past few months."

"Well! I never dreamed your shoes were anything special—other than a particularly smart walking shoe. I think I'd better go down and fit myself to a pair. Are they very expensive?"

"Oh, no—quite on the contrary! Come on now and I'll go with you."



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Then he visited the medical doctor, who prescribed silver nitrate.

The silver nitrate did the work in suppressing and suppressing the symptoms.

Meanwhile the cotton did still vent merrily on even though he was "well" for a year or so.

The drug succeeded in changing the symptoms. The reaction from constipation is diarrhea. Then came seven to ten movements a day, also with bloody discharges.

Finally, a new diagnosis was established. It was no longer constipation, or ulcers, or cramps, or bloody stools, but now tubercular enteritis, meaning tubercular inflammation of the bowels.

How true this diagnosis is, I don't know but that is neither here nor there.

Dr. Number One, with his potassium permanganate, and Dr. Number Two, with his silver nitrate, were all wrong. The Quartz light and mercurochrome were now approved, and of course he was "well" again in three months.

Now he is bleeding again and he wonders why. He has been X-rayed and diagnosed, "poked" and examined. Learned names have been given him and highly scientific discussions elucidated about his case. But, like our friend Omar, evermore he goes out by the same door he went in.

It is either this doping process or that doping process, this vaccine or that serum, and so on goes the delightful game of the short cuts!

"Now what's to be done?" Oh, that is the question!

Irrespective of all the learned decisions and of the wise diagnoses, what's to be done?

The first thing necessary, I assure you, is to get rid of the poisons given as the substitute for health. The body must dispose of the potassium permanganate, the silver nitrate and the mercurochrome to which it has been subjected for so long.

The periodic short fast, sun baths, hydrotherapy, manipulation, physical culture, rest and relaxation, attention to opening of the skin, proper administration of health habits, and hygiene—these are the first essentials.

Then must come correction of diet. Away with the old flesh products, refined sugars, alcoholic stimulants and white-flour derivatives!

Fruits and vegetables, whole grains, nuts, control of food quantities, normal mastication—here is a better regime than the foolish procedure enumerated in this communication!

## A Blot on the Escutcheon

Adjacent to my office is an orange-juice stand, which incidentally sells all kinds of soda pop, candies and cigarettes.

While taking my customary glass of orange juice, two women with two children purchased some liquid refreshment.

"What do you want, Betty?" Of course, Betty wanted strawberry soda pop. The soda pop was promptly fished out, and three-year-old Betty, supplied with the necessary drinking straws, proceeded to become liquidly refreshed.

It chanced that Betty had on a very nice white dress. As all little Betties will, she spilled some of the soda pop and her nice white dress had a big red stain.

Mother was furious!

"I told you to take care! Now look what you did!" And turning to the other lady, she went on: "I know the stain will not come out!"

As I left, the irony of the entire incident strongly appealed to me. The stain would not come out of the dress, and yet she is willing that such compounds go into the stomach of her little one. The dress is far more important than the health and the life of her child.

She knows enough to know that an unwashable stain is placed on the white dress. How much does she know about the unwashable stain placed in that child's body by such dye stuffs?

"What we don't see doesn't bother us!" How true and yet what a terrible price is being paid for our stupidities!

Tens of millions of bottles of this same junk are being sold to tens of millions of our American children.

Yet mothers throughout the world are more concerned with Betty's dress than with the stain on Betty's health.

When will mothers wake up to that which is as self-evident as the noses on their faces!

## History of Eczema

It is my firm belief that eczema is an end product of two processes—drug poisoning and disease suppression.

In the evolution of asthma in many children I have particularly noted a preceding history of eczema. In many children eczema follows the diet substitutions of modern maternity where the cow, goat, can and chemical formula take the place of Nature's food, mother's milk.

Then, of course, the mother turns to the various suppressing ointments and salves. The eczematous eruption is driven inward. Suppression instead of cure is accomplished.

All goes well for a while. Seemingly the eczema is cured. All of a sudden, however, apparently without cause, the child develops asthma.

From One Disease to Another  
Orthodox medicine refuses to recognize a sick body. They acknowledge only the disease, but not the correlation between one disease and the other.

One disease is suppressed merely to become converted into another at a later date.

If eczema were to be treated in the only sane way it should be treated—namely, thorough diet and sun baths, we would have less asthmatic sequelae.

Have you a health problem? If so, Dr. Lowell will be glad to help you as best he can, either through Care of the Body or by mail. Make your communication less than two hundred and fifty words and inclose a stamped addressed envelope. His advice is free. Also, if you have a radio, listen in on his health talks every Thursday at 7:40 p.m.

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The Gilbert Thayer Lectures are given daily except Sunday. The duration of each lecture is one hour and they are continuous from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m.

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She hated Johnnie; but the fact that he was well into the nurse's shoulder, as though it were a game she played. Millie used to tell herself that Joan loved her more than she loved either her father or her mother; and thus thinking, she would hug Joan with a fierce tenderness. Joan chucked and babbled with delight, as though these atrocious caresses were delightful to her. One morning, when she brought Joan to her authority. Charles encouraged Johnnie to rebel at her in order; and it seemed to Millie that simple business of keeping Johnnie's room became involved in arguments as to the atting jealousy. Sometimes she and Charles came Johnnie; but the fact that he was well into the nurse's shoulder, as though it were a game she played.

increased physical strain. Mrs. Jones was planning a birthday party for Joan, to which half a dozen other babies would be invited. Millie decided to make a dress which Joan should wear on that occasion, and into this work she threw all her energies, spending upon it every hour not directly devoted to Joan herself, working at it in the early morning, at moments snatched during the day and late at night.

Millie, with every desire to conciliate her new mistress, nevertheless found herself saying, in an exacting tone: "I always want to sleep in the room with my babies, so I can hear them in the night."

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# The NURSE

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by William Fisher

THERE is a curious institution, widely distributed, called the waiting-room. You will find specimens almost everywhere, in railroad-stations, in hotels, in department stores, and in offices of every description. The waiting-room is a fearful thing. At best it offers boredom; at the worst it is a place where one sits through minutes that seem interminable, filled with apprehension, or with despair.

Millie had had some experience of waiting-rooms, and she dreaded them. She had been sitting in this particular waiting-room at the employment agency for three days.

She was one of those women whose appearance suggests that they have been wrung dry by the torque and torsion of their own emotions; a little woman thin and taut, and, just now, curiously tremulous. She was about forty-five years old, and she sat among the others without taking part in the passages of conversation among them. She seemed to be unconscious of their presence, and her eyes, inflamed and weary, looked straight before her. Sometimes, for no apparent reason, they became suffused with tears; not misted with moisture, but drowned in a drenching flood which flowed down her cheeks, until she remembered to wipe away these evidences of grief.

On her first day, when she had tried to talk with a prospective employer, her eyes had gushed tears, till the other woman said impatiently:

"Well, I don't want you, if you're the crying kind."

Millie had then been rather relieved than disappointed. She always dreaded seeking new employment while she was in the throes of her latest loss. So she sat all that day and the next and into the third. Whenever it appeared that she must talk with one of those who came here seeking servants, she averted her eyes, endeavoring to avoid attracting their notice, willing to put off the inevitable-adventure of new employment.

But, on the third day, she found herself replying to questions put to her by a woman, perhaps thirty years old, who introduced herself by a name which Millie scarcely heard. She was not interested in the names of her mistresses; she had had so many of them. This woman's name might have been Smith or Brown. It happened to be Mrs. Jones.

Millie answered her questions as impersonally as though she spoke of some one else. She had been a baby-nurse since she was seventeen. It would be hard to pack into one sentence a more tragic biography. A woman who has loved one baby and lost it, wears forever in her eyes the mark of her grief. But Millie had been condemned by life to love many babies and to lose them all.

Mrs. Jones asked question upon question, but Millie asked only one. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A girl," Mrs. Jones replied, and Millie's ravaged face seemed to lighten faintly at the word.

"I always like the girls best," she confessed.

They arranged for Millie to come the next morning, and Millie was, for the rest of that day, a little more cheerful. Her aching grief found anodyne in the prospect of another baby to love.

There is hardly another ordeal comparable to that of entering the home of strangers and finding yourself an alien, an outsider, liable to instant dismissal, and, at the same time, in such an intimate relation to the life of the family as that held by the baby-nurse. Millie was still sick over the loss of her last baby, a loss as irrevocable and a grief as poignant as though the baby had died. But she had no more tears, and she entered this new household, hiding her misery behind a stony countenance.

Mrs. Jones was a friendly, kindly young woman, competent, sure of what she wanted. She was just out of the hospital, and there was still a trained nurse in the house. The little girl who was to be Millie's baby now was about six weeks old.

"Her name is Joan," Mrs. Jones explained to Millie. "This is her room, and you will

use this bathroom, and you can keep her things on these shelves, and you will sleep here across the hall."

Millie, with every desire to conciliate her new mistress, nevertheless found herself saying, in an exacting tone:

"I always want to sleep in the room with my babies, so I can hear them in the night."

Mrs. Jones nodded.

"If you prefer, that is quite all right," she assented. "I will have a cot put in here for you; but, by the time Joan is three months old, we can give up her night feedings altogether. We did with Johnnie."

Millie had seen Johnnie, the son of the house, about six years old and a lively youngster. Although she had an infinite and understanding tenderness for little babies, she had learned that, when they grew old enough to walk and to talk, they began to escape from her. She knew that she could not, as the saying is, "get along with older children," and she asked Mrs. Jones now:

"Do you want I should take care of Johnnie, too?"

"He can dress himself," Mrs. Jones said. "And he has breakfast and lunch with us. Charles gives him his supper, and he goes to bed before our dinner. I will want you to keep his room in order; but you won't have much to do with him."

"I like to give all my time to my baby," Millie explained, and Mrs. Jones agreed:

"You'll have very little else to do."

The trained nurse left the next day, and Millie threw herself at once into the tasks which the care of a small baby brings. She roused at about half-past five every morning, heated the first bottle and held it while Joan absorbed its contents. Afterward the baby slept for an hour or more, while Millie had time to dress, to have her breakfast in the kitchen with Charles and Laura, and to do some of the washing which had to be done every day. At eight o'clock, she took Joan up and bathed her.

Another bottle, another sleep, another waking and another bottle, fresh clothing, and so to sleep again. Thus the recurring days.

In the care of Joan, Millie was perfectly happy; but not in her other relations. She disliked young Johnnie so definitely that, at times, her feeling amounted to hatred. He was, of course, disorderly, and even though she might be tired, it was necessary for her to busy herself about his room, forever putting back in their places things which he as continually threw into confusion again. Whenever his shrill voice was upraised she tried to command him to silence. But Mrs. Jones reproved her.

"You must expect Johnnie to be noisy, Millie."

"He'll wake my baby," Millie jealously retorted.

Mrs. Jones smiled a little. "I'm afraid we're a noisy household. Joan will have to get used to us. You mustn't keep hushing Johnnie. After all, he has his rights as well as Joan."

Millie was silenced, because she knew by experience that those considerations which seemed to her so overwhelming would have no weight with her mistress; and her position was weak, since Joan was a sound sleeper.

There were many other disturbing sounds in the house, and they all jarred on her taut nerves; so that, after each burst of laughter, or cry, or confusion of a slamming door, she



"I don't need any man to tell me how to take care of babies," Millie screamed at him. "You get back to your kitchen, you scullery-maid."

would sit tensely, expecting a wall of distress from Joan.

It did not matter what the source of these noises might be, she resented them all equally. When Johnnie was to blame, she was furious. When older folk were responsible her anger was even more intense. One night guests came in to dinner and, since the weather was bad, Mr. and Mrs. Jones insisted that they stay over night. When the four of them came upstairs to bed, there was talking and laughing in the hall. Millie's anger overcame her prudence. She came out into the hall and faced them with burning eyes, and said sharply:

"Joan has just gone to sleep. You'll have to keep quiet. I can't have her waked up now."

Mr. Jones himself replied sternly: "She never wakes, Millie. And even if she did, you cannot expect us to go whispering about the house all the time."

Millie retreated to her room, full of bitter rage.

She found herself involved in continual discord with Charles, the houseman, who did the chores and served the meals, and with Laura, his wife, the cook. Millie had her meals with them, and it seemed to her that they were extravagant in their use of electricity and gas, and that they wasted food. The great love which she always gave her babies left in her nothing but angry resentment at the rest of the world; and, although she knew that only trouble could come from any altercation between her and the other servants, she was unable to refrain from criticising them to Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones at first received these reports without comment; but the situation became more and more acute, until she was compelled to silence Millie.

"You are here to take care of Joan, Millie," she said definitely. "I do not ask you to supervise Charles and Laura. That is my business. They do their work, and you do yours. What they do, or how they do it, does not concern you."

Millie, knowing the danger in such a course, nevertheless could not refrain from a protesting word. "I can't have them wasting electric light the way they do," she said stridently. And Mrs. Jones replied:

"If you can't be happy here, Millie, you are free to go; but I will not have you interfering with the other servants."

Millie made no reply. At this suggestion of her leaving, she had been struck with

such terror that she could not speak. She had been only about two months in the Jones household. In the normal course of events, she might expect to stay until Joan was two years old, and there was always a chance that another baby might prolong her sojourn.

To leave now would be to lose her baby; and she could not bear to contemplate that possibility. Already Joan had ascended to that throne in her heart which so many babies had occupied before. They had become shades, shadows of lost loved ones in the background of her thoughts; but Joan was alive, actual, twelve or fourteen pounds of substantial, tangible, sweet flesh; and she began already to know Millie, to look forward to her appearances, and to respond to her caresses and endearments with wide and toothless smiles.

This is the tragedy of the baby-nurse, that she loves her baby so completely that she will endure anything human flesh can endure rather than be separated from her charge. Millie would go to any length to avoid this catastrophe; and that afternoon, in a desperate desire to placate Mrs. Jones, she made a cup of tea and took it up to her mistress with an apologetic word.

"I thought you might like it," she explained.

Mrs. Jones thanked her, and the world was, for a while, serene.

Millie's life, during the next few months, was a succession of irritating incidents from which she found escape in the hours she spent with the baby.

In the morning Millie brought her to the dining-room while Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Johnnie had breakfast. In the afternoon she took the baby for a ride in her perambulator and stayed away, when the weather was fair, as late as possible, revelling in the long hours alone with Joan. But she could not always be with her baby, and, in her relations with Charles and Laura and with Johnnie, there were continued irritations.

Between her and Charles there was a continuing feud. Charles was devoted to Johnnie, and he so contrived his time as to be able to help the little boy dress and undress. The two were boon companions. But Millie hated Johnnie, and he returned this feeling, not with hatred, because he was too young to feel that passion, but with resentment of her attentions and with an inclination to become fretful and angry at her ministrations.







# The NURSE

By Ben Ames Williams

She hated Johnnie; but the fact that he welcomed Charles around in Millie's infant-ating jealousy. Sometimes she and Charles became involved in arguments as to the simple business of keeping Johnnie's room in order; and it seemed to Millie that Charles encouraged Johnnie to rebel at her authority.

One morning, when she brought Joan to the dining-room, she had had such a passage with the man that she was in tears. When she came in, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Johnnie were at the table; and she burst out in explosive complaint, hating herself for doing it, knowing the risk she ran, yet unable to control her tongue. With tears streaming down her face, she cried:

"Mrs. Jones, I want you to tell Johnnie that he isn't to talk back to me the way he does."

Mrs. Jones said quietly: "We'll discuss that by and by, Millie."

"He won't do anything I tell him to," Millie insisted. "And him and Charles just laugh at me."

Charles, coming in just then with the coffee, was driven to self-defense.

"Johnnie's all right, Mrs. Jones," he said stoutly. "She won't let him alone. She don't understand boys. I can take care of Johnnie all right, if she'd leave him alone."

Mrs. Jones said decisively: "That will do, Charles!"

"Yes, ma'am," Charles agreed, and left the room.

But Millie, unutterably exasperated, cried again, "Johnnie's got to be made to behave, ma'am."

Mrs. Jones repeated: "We'll discuss that later, Millie!"

And Millie, though she was almost beside herself with rage, felt the menace in the other's tone and left the room.

After her husband had gone, Mrs. Jones summoned Millie and said to her steadily:

"You are not to do such a thing again, Millie. I don't want Mr. Jones bothered by anything that goes on at home. If you have anything to say to me, wait until he has gone and come to me quietly."

Millie cried: "Well, I can't stand the way Johnnie treats me."

"Hereafter," Mrs. Jones told her, "you need have no contact with Johnnie, except to keep his room in order. Charles will take care of him. I am sure you will get along all right. If you avoid trouble with Johnnie, or with Charles."

"I can't stand it," Millie cried.

"If you can't be happy here with us," Mrs. Jones told her, "I would rather you did not stay. I don't want any one in the house who is unhappy."

The words struck Millie with a sobering effect. They silenced her utterly and drove her from the room to fight down all that day her desperate fear. That afternoon she made Mrs. Jones another cup of tea.

She thought Joan the most beautiful of babies and she thought of Joan always as her baby, and Joan seemed to Millie to feel that Millie was her whole world, too. When Millie came to her in the morning, Joan was apt to begin to crow with delight. When Millie bathed her, changed her garments, talked to her in that cheering, reassuring tone which, no matter what her own mood, she was always able to summon for Joan, Joan fairly wriggled with delight.

When it came time for Mr. Jones to go to town and Millie was summoned to take the baby, Joan always came to her eagerly. Sometimes, when either Mr. or Mrs. Jones offered to take the baby from Millie, Joan would laugh aloud and throw her arms around Millie's neck and snuggle her face

into the nurse's shoulder, as though it were a game she played.

Millie used to tell herself that Joan loved her more than she loved either her father or her mother; and thus thinking, she would hug Joan with a fierce tenderness. Joan chuckled and babbled with delight, as though these ferocious caresses were delightful to her.

Millie revelled in these hours when she had Joan to herself. But, when she perceived that Joan had passed from one of the phases of babyhood to another, abandoning one little trick for the next, Millie felt a poignant alarm at the approach of the time when Joan would no longer be a baby at all and so would escape from her.

She stifled these forebodings, clinging to the present, refusing to consider the future, blinding herself to the inevitable end of all this happiness, insistently declining to look forward to the day when—one way or another—she would lose this baby, whom she loved, as she had lost so many before.

Yet these fears, though they were stifled, had their effect upon her; her furtive dread sharpened her tongue, and she found herself saying and doing irritating things. At such moments she was full of regret, not so much because of what she had done as because she laid herself open to dismissal, ran the risk of losing Joan. Afterward she would seek to make amends, throwing herself into her work with new zeal, seeking tasks outside her appointed duties, making a dress for Joan, or serving Mrs. Jones a cup of tea in the afternoon.

Thus her life was a succession of crimes and repentances, a series of passions, each followed by fearful remorse. And there were days, occasionally weeks, when she held such a rigid bridle upon her tongue that her silence made her seem sulky; and there were other days when the check which she kept upon herself slipped, and she loosed the anger which she felt against the whole world.

As Joan approached her first birthday, half a dozen influences combined to produce a cumulative nervous strain which Millie found more and more tormenting. For one thing, the baby was maturing.

Millie had cared for so many babies that she knew what these signs portended. She knew what Joan would soon escape from her ministering care, and this knowledge oppressed her dreams.

The nurse was also, at this time, under an

increased physical strain. Mrs. Jones was planning a birthday party for Joan, to which half a dozen other babies would be invited.

Millie decided to make a dress which Joan should wear on that occasion, and into this work she threw all her energies, spending upon it every hour not directly devoted to Joan herself, working at it in the early morning, at moments snatched during the day, and late at night.

The result was that she was tired almost all the time, and this weariness served to break down her self-control, till she was in continual conflict within herself, fighting to stifle the resentment which she felt against those among whom her life was cast.

There had long existed between her and Charles a state of open warfare; and this was brought to something like a crisis one evening when Mr. and Mrs. Jones had gone out to dinner. Charles, as he liked to do on such occasions, had put the young son of the house to bed. Millie was moved by some blind and senseless impulse, after Charles had gone downstairs, to get Johnnie up again and insist upon giving him a bath.

The little boy felt the injustice of this. "I don't want to take a bath," he cried.

"You're dirty," Millie told him. "You ought to be ashamed to go to bed as dirty as you are; and Charles ought to be ashamed to let you. Now, you come into the bathroom, and Millie will give you a nice bath."

"I had a bath this morning," Johnnie insisted bitterly. "I'm not going to take a bath now."

Millie's tone was soothing, yet there was in it, at the same time, something acidly venomous.

"Come right along," she retorted. "There's no use fussing. You've got to have a bath the way Millie says."

Johnnie still resisting, she undertook to compel him; but the result was such an outburst that Charles heard and came swiftly upstairs, and there followed a bitter altercation between the two servants, Johnnie clinging to Charles for protection, Millie reduced to a state of blind and incoherent frenzy.

But there was no way she could carry her point, since Charles was quite obviously the physical master of the situation. She had to surrender; but the episode remained in her mind and accentuated the developing enmity between her and Charles to such a point that the least incident was sufficient to set them into open wrangling.

Yet she tried desperately to control her self, to avoid giving further offense to her mistress. But the very desperation of her efforts led her into error.

Millie's greatest virtue had always been that she gave her babies perfect care; but now, once and then again, she was guilty of negligence even toward Joan. The first occasion followed a night when she had worked late upon the dress for Joan's birthday party, and her resultant weariness made her oversleep the hour for the morning bottle.

The baby awoke and cried, and Millie did not even hear, till Mrs. Jones came to her door. Millie's bitter self-reproach translated itself into anger against her mistress. She said sharply:

"You don't have to come after me. I heard her. She's all right to cry a little while. I'll get to her in a minute. You can't expect me to keep on the run all the time."

Mrs. Jones hesitated, as though to control her voice, but she only said:

"You had better take her up now, Millie. I don't want her to cry, when it isn't necessary," and turned away.

The final incident occurred one afternoon when she was about to take Joan out for a ride in her perambulator. Joan was, by this time, more and more vigorous and active. When Millie put her in the carriage she did not buckle the strap sufficiently tight. She went back into the house to get her own hat and coat, and, while she was gone, Joan managed to twist herself till she was hanging out of the carriage, and forthwith began to scream with fright and despair.

As luck would have it, Charles heard her and ran out from the kitchen in time to avoid any serious result from the mishap. But Millie had heard Joan crying and was only a second behind Charles. The fact that he had interfered seemed to her so bitter a wrong that she upbraided him violently.

"Take your hands off my baby," she cried, in a shrill and exasperated voice. "I won't have you touching her. I won't have you bothering her."

Charles said sternly: "It's lucky I did touch her. She'd have bumped her head. You ought to take more care the way you buckle her in."

"I don't need any man to tell me how to take care of babies," Millie screamed at him. "You get back into your kitchen, you scullery-maid."

Charles laughed shortly. "Hard names never hurt anybody," he retorted. "If they did I could think up one or two myself."

But the fact that he stood his ground, as though passing judgment upon the manner in which she now bestowed Joan in the perambulator, whetted Millie's anger to a pitch near delirium. When Mrs. Jones, attracted by the sound of the nurse's shrill and frenzied voice, came to the door, Millie was in a perfect paroxysm of fury.

The result of this culminating incident was her dismissal.

"If you can't control yourself," Mrs. Jones said. "I can't let you be about Joan any longer, I'm sorry, Millie, but you will have to go. I'll have a taxi come for you at three this afternoon."

Millie cried all that day, not silently, but with wild and explosive sounds, the tears streaming from her eyes. She at first accepted her dismissal without argument, but, when Mrs. Jones insisted upon bathing Joan herself, and told Millie to go to her room and pack her things, the old woman for the first time, fully realized that sentence had been passed upon her.

When Joan was asleep—for even now  
(Continued on Page 34)



Mrs. Jones held out her arms to the baby, but Joan had played that game before, and she knew what was expected of her. She snuggled her face into the nurse's shoulder.



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**CARE OF THE BODY**

Violent this spring during the warm days and cold rainy evenings.

I find that everyone to whom I have spoken on this subject has had similar attacks but no one seemed to offer a solution to the cause of the attacks. Perhaps, the cause of the attacks is due to the fact that a medical relief might be had by building the open muscles at a place and over the back, thereby to correct posture and breathing.

Some probably come from the water in that vicinity in view of the fact that many people have the same ailment.

Exercise should be in the water might be the cause but here the solution would be: First, in the consumption of about water; second, in the consumption of large quantities of fruit.

Get the able to perspire either by heat, exercise or massage. See that the bowels are kept open two and three times per day, preferably by means of a fruit and vegetable diet.

**The Poor Tonsils**

Riverside, Cal.

Dear Dr. Lovell:

I would like to ask for a little information about my boy. He is going on seven years. He has been rugged and in good health up to four or five days ago. On getting out of bed the other day he felt over in a dead faint. We called the doctor and he said he has to have his tonsils taken out.

It seems to me, while ago in The Times, you said this could be cured by proper diet. I do not like the idea of an operation and if it can be avoided, would like to know.

A READER.

**CARE OF THE BODY**

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**Leg Cramps**

Betteravia, Cal.

Dear Dr. Lovell:

I am like the Irishman who never prayed to the Lord until one day he met a bear and then he said, "Dear Lord, I have never asked a favor before but if you will only help me out of this fix, I'll never ask another."

For many years I have suffered with cramps especially when exercising and perspiring freely. These cramps have been particularly bad in the legs and arms during warm weather.

How did they become enlarged? How did the pus get in there? What makes forming if we remove the pocket in which it has already been formed? What makes Common sense—let alone a technical medical education—ought to answer these questions.

The blood makes pus from the food we eat and deposits it in the tonsils. The tonsils are a receptacle, not a factory for pus production.

The cause is in diet. The cure is in diet. In this particular case, the dead faint hood, the over-feeding of cereals, bread stuffs, sugars and milk, or the over-stuffing of food in general.

The best remedy, under such conditions, is to put the child on water or on a fruit juice fast for four or five days. Clean out the bowels thoroughly with several enemata. Put him to bed for a complete rest to his nervous system, treating him as if for shock. Then eliminate the foodstuffs responsible for his enlarged tonsils.

Nature will do the rest. Her invariable response is reduction in the size of the tonsils and a restoration to normality of function.

This is a much safer procedure than the idiotic craze for the removal of the tonsils at the least provocation!

**Sagging, Flabby Chins**

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For Sagging, Flabby Chins, use FIRMOLA. Price, \$2.66. For Wrinkles, use FIRMOLA. Price, \$2.66.

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**The Sixteen Elements**

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Dr. Lovell:

Would you please answer one or two questions?

Of the sixteen elements in the body, just how much per pound of body weight does the body need per day of each element? What is the lowest amount?

In which food do you get the required amount and also the quantity of food that will produce the required amount per pound per day for a person lying in bed?

A READER.

"How old is Anne?"

That is exactly the answer to this letter. It's funny to me when I see diet lists and diet instructions given to patients, telling them to take so many ounces of this and so many ounces of that.

Innumerable diet text-books come out with dogmatic assertions that the body calls for so much protein, so much fat, or so much carbohydrates per pound of body weight. The ridiculousness of these arbitrary assertions should be self-apparent.

The metabolic rate, that is the rate of construction and destruction, will vary with each individual. It varies as to race, climate, occupation, age and physiological development.

One person may burn up his tissue at a rate five times faster than the next. Another may oxidize so slowly as to have a very low metabolic rate.

All that we know of the chemical constituents of the body is the status quo, that is, the amount of each chemical present at the time we get the analysis.

This is done by taking dead bodies, burning them up, or otherwise analyzing them as so much dead mass tissue.

How much of each of the elements in the body is required during the processes of life is more than any human being can tell. The same holds true of food quantities.

In my own prescription of diet, I ignore food quantity completely, outside of copious discussion with the patient correct diet habits such as proper chewing, mastication

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# The Man Who Couldn't Be Interviewed

By Clifford McBride



The other day the editor sent me out to interview Wynn Jammerton Bigstuff. He said he was a hard nut to crack; so naturally~



I was a bit shaky when I rang the bell.



Much to my surprise, however, he greeted me quite civilly.



And when I explained my errand he became almost cordial.



In fact —



I had —



No trouble —



Whatever —



In obtaining



An interview.



Continued from page 20

### CARE OF THE BODY

...the body is a complex organism, and its health depends on the proper functioning of all its parts. The body is a machine, and like any machine, it needs to be kept in good working order. The body is a machine, and like any machine, it needs to be kept in good working order. The body is a machine, and like any machine, it needs to be kept in good working order.

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## HEALTH CENTER NEWSLET

Edited by Prof. Paul C. Bragg

Health Center of Los Angeles  
1000 West Seventh Street

It has always seemed strange to me why people will keep on for month after month, sometimes for year after year, trying to suppress their physical ailments instead of eliminating them in a far shorter space of time. Take eczema, for instance. So many cases are brought to my attention at the Health Center clinic, 1000 West Seventh Street, where the sufferer had spent dollar on dollar for salves trying vainly to cure the trouble by driving it back into the body. The only sensible way is to eliminate the cause, by getting rid of the hidden poisons in which the disease is rooted. It is like getting rid of a noxious weed—remove the root and it is killed in a jiffy.

After three of our wonderful Hydralite Bloodwash Baths and supplementary treatments a boy brought to us with severe eczema of six years' standing was entirely relieved. There has never been the slightest indication of a return of the disease. I have seen the most dreadful tumors removed here by the same methods also.

The whole secret of the success of Health Center treatments is in that sensible theory of elimination of disease instead of attempted suppression. I could write for hours of the severe cases of inflammatory rheumatism, diabetes, gout, asthma, obesity, and other serious ailments we have successfully treated by these methods. You can have a free consultation with a Health Center clinician any weekday between 8:30 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. No matter what you are suffering from or how hopeless you feel, you ought to at least take advantage of this free consultation.

Of course the first cause of eczema, as of the majority of all human ills, enters the body via the mouth. Unbalanced food, unnatural food, too much food—these derange the digestion, clog the intestines and poison the bloodstream. Try a delicious meal of nourishing and non-clogging steam-cooked vegetables at the Health Cafeteria, 217 West Sixth St., between Spring and Broadway, and at the Health Center, 1000 West Seventh St. Such menus encourage natural elimination and real buoyant health.

Take home some of the tasty whole wheat bakery products sold there. These are baked fresh daily in our own health bakery. I give you my word they are a real treat.

The first step toward purifying the blood is the purifying of the intestinal tract, the most important eliminator of disease matter. To make you really clean internally I know of nothing to equal Innerclean Intestinal Laxative—the harmless compound of aromatic herbs and vegetables perfected by Prof. Arnold Ehret, originator of the "Mucusless Diet Healing System." Innerclean effects a thorough cleansing, removing long accumulations of uneliminated waste matter that an ordinary "physic" would pass over. It makes you feel like a million!

Innerclean is 50 cents a package at the Health Center and all drugists. If you will write the Innerclean Mfg. Co., 846 East Sixth St., they will send you a generous sample free of charge.

I wish everyone who follows this column would get Prof. Ehret's "Mucusless Diet Healing System" and read it. You will find the whole subject of elimination in a most convincing manner. This book, containing a complete 25-lesson course which cost \$100 when taught personally by him, will be sent postpaid anywhere in the U. S. A. for \$1.50. Send for it.

Fruits are Nature's eliminators and regulators. Did you ever taste the unsulphured, sun-dried prunes, figs, raisins, and pears sold at the Health Center, 1000 West Seventh St.? Hundreds of housewives, both in Los Angeles and in distant parts of Southern California, order these regularly from our mail order department. These are not ordinary fruits. You never tasted anything so flavorful in your life! By all means send for the price list.

Good honest sweat—or "perspiration" if you prefer—eliminates a lot of bodily impurities. Do you know that if you couldn't sweat, you would die? Most people do not take enough exercise to get up a good sweat. Join the Wanderlust Hiking Club and you will not only get the exercise, but you'll enjoy it. We make a day of it every first and third Sunday in the month, leaving the Health Center at 8:30 a.m. No dues or initiation fees. Bus fare is only a dollar or you can bring your own car if you wish. Tell your friends.

Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock I will give another of my helpful free health lectures at the Health Center, 1000 West Seventh St. Friday evening there will be a special lecture. Be sure to get there early. [Adv.]

## CARE OF THE BODY

handed out again by a generation which had reduced them to mere 'blah' without even realizing the fact, these more inquiring children were not at all impressed. Instead, they were shocked, disgusted, and thrown into rebellion by that which offends a child most—insincerity and hypocrisy.

"Nor was the matter improved by the return of the boys from France. The younger generation does not tell its elders what happened 'over there,' but it is not dumb to its contemporaries. The aftermath of the sexual chaos in war-time Europe is still with us, and will be for some time to come.

"And then we must remember that the post-war literature of disillusionment and revolt is keenly relished by these youngsters. It voices the blind rebellion of their hearts. It belongs to them. The more crudely it lampoons the ancient gods the more they delight in it; for at least it smacks of sincerity. The pretty fictions of Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey are no longer cherished by adolescence. They know too much!

"But even these deep currents might have failed to produce more than a psychological ferment and bitterness in the new generation, had there not been added to them the force of the two most important inventions of the age; the motion picture and the motor car. The first with its perpetual sex-mongering needlessly has destroyed the fine bloom of youthful reserve; while the modern closed car, which simply is a private apartment on wheels, has given the modern boy and girl a limitless personal freedom unguardable from without—and, as yet, unguarded from within.

"For no one seemed to realize what was happening, nor to sense that now only a perfect frankness in regard to the facts of sex, coupled with a skillful elicitation of youthful enthusiasm for the beauty of a self-chosen restraint, could at all avail to meet the new situation. What we actually had was an outburst of highly moral indignation over the 'hard-boiled' new generation, the same old 'blurb,' the same old 'blah,' but now keyed to the high note of outraged propriety. That was all. But then, of course, intelligence involves effort, humility, steadfast mastery of the emotions, a sense of proportion—and humor!

"Well, that is the situation. And only an ass would lay it to the doors of youth itself.

"What is the remedy? There is no help for ignorance content to be ignorant. Church and state can be ruled out at once. They represent the forces of conservation and inertia, not of new wisdom nor new action. We can expect nothing from the school as such, nor from the older generation as such, although here and there an earnest teacher, a wise parent may do a little to win again the confidence of youth.

"And to these Judge Lindsey would say: Two things are necessary: The frank education of youth in regard to the facts and responsibilities of sex; an equally frank appeal to the idealism of youth in the services of a self-restraint exercised from within, as distinguished from obedience to a moral code imposed from without. Give a normal boy and girl the facts; make clear the issues involved in terms of health and beauty and development; make them see, as they readily will see, the beauty and dignity of restraint imposed by themselves, not to please another but to please themselves, and then put them on their honor, not to you but to this new vision of things, and they never will fail.

"And that last phrase is not a pious hope, but the actual experience of the good judge during twenty years of dealing with boys and girls in this fashion. Not once have they failed. And that is what redeems this otherwise rather terrible tale to splendor.

"He also adds that because a boy and girl, under the glamour of the moon and amid the turmoil of adolescence, have somewhat too hastily obeyed the primal urge of creation, it is nothing but moral lunacy to regard the boy as 'wicked' and the girl as 'lost,' 'ruined,' what not. Nonsense, he says, cut those words out of your vocabulary. Denver, today, he adds, is full of splendid young mothers whom once he had to rescue for some girlish mistake from the wrath and stupidity of their parents.

"Two things seem certain: the condition which obtains in Denver obtains more or

less everywhere. And parenthood does not automatically bestow wisdom. Even quite intelligent people, owing to faults of early training, feel themselves incapable of frankly explaining the facts of sex to their own children. And when anything goes wrong with the conduct of son or daughter only the most cultivated natures can be trusted to swallow dismay and tackle the situation without fuss in a spirit of sympathy and practical good sense.

"Therefore, it would seem, that the Juvenile and Family Court (if judges can be found of the breed of Ben Lindsey and his wife, is the most nearly practical step. Such a court in every community would be at least an acknowledgement of the existence of the problem, and remain as a challenge to parenthood to back sincere intentions with an equally sincere intelligence.

"Falling to find a friend in father and mother, the modern boy and girl, without a court of aid, have now but one recourse—the abortionist and the quack doctor. And two million such abortions, Judge Lindsey estimates, are taking place every year.

"There are frank pages in this book. But it will do no harm for any adolescent boy or girl to read it. In fact, it will do more good in their hands than in their parents'. For spiritual parenthood is not created overnight. The boys and girls are running their own lives, and making their own mistakes, as far removed from the older generation as though an ocean divided them. And this book will help enormously to make them self-aware of their own problem. There is little, in fact, that we can do; but the wisdom, sanity, humor and tender sternness of this little Father of Denver probably will do more to inoculate modern youth with an enthusiasm for a self-chosen restraint than all the rest of us can do together.

"For the most part our sex life is at present but a stunted thing on the crags of ignorance, but it, too grows and becomes; and maybe this revolt of youth, with all its disaster and dismay, preludes a new and necessary step forward. At least it is compelling the more intelligent people everywhere frankly to face the whole question. Conventional and theological quarrels die hard; but until they are dead at the feet of kindly intelligence, the great fact of sex can never reveal itself to man

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A delicate child—in girlhood frail,  
Sickly looking, complexion pale,  
The poor kid—a pitiful sight,  
Made suffer old mother many night  
With worry—and sorrowful days,  
Brought agony to her in many ways.

Skinny, weak, so bashful and shy—  
Bloodless lips and so dull the eye.  
Sunny days?—well, once in awhile.  
Her colorless cheeks stole a smile;  
And then, Oh, thanks God, her good fate  
Opened to happiness her the gate.

"Go out, have sunshine, plenty fresh air,  
Walk more and more and often dare  
To play with the waves—yes swim,  
Dance with good boys like 'Sunny Jim,'  
Natural Foods, good ripe, sweet fruit,  
Plenty of greens will do you good!"

Smiling, bright eyes, rosy lips,  
Full of life—graceful hips.  
Lucky girl!—That she did find  
A doctor, conscientious, kind,  
Giving her, what's healthful, you know,  
Yes, lucky girl!—She drinks "Fig-Co."

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# The Man Who Couldn't Be Interviewed

Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine



Each evening the steady beam of his patience and the glow of his humor dissolved the clouds of her loneliness. And, little by little, something that had been long craved in her awoke.

## MISTER TEACHER

ORDINARILY Ethel Rand would have been exhilarated by the charming surprise of the weather this February morning. As she emerged from the subway and set out toward school Two Hundred and Nine, she became aware that a spring day was blossoming before its time. Spring!

Ethel felt a wave of panic at the thought. Winter must not die. Its surly snowfalls had been balm to her aching heart. They had helped her to forget. Spring must not come to awaken her to recollection.

The winter and the city had helped her to dim so many things that would have kept torturing her, had she remained in her native South Corner. In New York, she had forgotten the dark, broad fields over which Will Hanley and she had watched a rising moon. In the hurry of New York life, she had actually drowned out the memory of a wonderful hour spent with Will on One Mile Hill: their first kiss; the sweet, foolish things they had said.

It had been longer, however, before the last scene in which Will had figured had faded from memory. For months there throbbed the memory of the evening at the dance, when she had accidentally come upon Will and Lora Sanders. A gleam of light had revealed Will looking at Lora with palpitating admiration.

She knew that she regarded his look as foolish, merely because it was directed at Lora's big green eyes and corn-colored hair, instead of at her own dark hair and black eyes, "black as an Italian girl's," he had once caressingly said. She had gone back to watch the dance. Then she heard Will's voice:

"Nothing serious between Ethel and me, Lora. Can't take a girl like that seriously—always raving about clouds—and sunsets."

The rush of the city in winter had dulled even that memory. But, as Ethel approached her school this morning, she knew that her calm was being broken. What on earth did she desire? Life was just as she wished it, uneventful and busy. Why was

*It Was Spring, and Ethel Rand Was Beginning to Remember the Things She Hoped She Had Forgotten*

By Crosby George

Illustrated by George C. Smith

she so restless? She must get a grip on herself.

She entered the principal's office, glad to find a number of teachers already there.

"Good morning, girls!" A clear, careless voice, alive with youth and vitality, sang into the chatter.

They all looked up to greet Miss Mathilde-Coye who was removing her cloak.

Old Mrs. Gramer's eyes lighted up. "What a charming costume!"

A chorus repeated her compliment. Miss Coye tossed her bobbed, curled hair and pouted on her high heels. Her face, just a trifle too full, turned upon the drolly dressed ladies.

"Got a date after school," she announced. "Thought I might as well dress in the morning and save time."

"Who is it this time, Tiffie?" asked Miss Stein enviously. "The young man who waited here for you last week?"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Coye decidedly. "He wants to improve my mind with philosophy and vegetarianism. I'm through with him."

Ethel felt a momentary envy of Miss Coye whom she had always considered aimless and a bit silly. That was the way to take life—lightly. When one man displeased you, you flitted to another. Yes, that was the way to take love—if one chose to take it at all. Better not take it at all, came the echo of her unhappy heart.

Some of the children were already in room "412" when she entered. Sammy Fiddlebaum jumped up and flung his hands violently out at her.

"Good morning, Miss Rand," he sang-songed, "looka, teacha, there's a writin' on all the blackboards again from the night-school!"

Ethel surveyed the blackboards with exasperation. They were covered with the large, untidy scrawls of the foreigners who used room "412." It had happened many times previously and had merely annoyed her; but, in her irritation of this morning, it tore at her nerves. She sat at her desk and wrote swiftly:

"To the Evening-School Teacher:  
"Will you be good enough to have the blackboards cleaned each evening at the end of your session? It is very annoying to find them all scribbled over each morning."

"Very truly yours,  
"Day-School Teacher."

She placed this note under her ink-well where the evening-school teacher could not fail to see it.

It was the voice of Sammy Fiddlebaum that greeted her the next morning as she came into her room. "Good morning, Miss Rand, looka, the boards is all clean like new."

Under the ink-well there was a note.

"To the Day-School Teacher:  
"I am not bad at heart, merely careless. Thank you so much for your stimulus to walk in the path of righteousness. From now on the blackboards will be immaculate."

"Gratefully,  
"Arthur Talbot."

"Let's hope so," murmured Ethel.

Next morning she found the boards covered with hieroglyphics.

She wrote a shorter and more vigorous note.

"May I call your attention to the disgraceful state of the boards this morning. It is exceedingly annoying."

"E. Rand."

The boards were models of cleanliness the next morning. And again a contrite note.

"A fire-drill drove us all out of the building the other night at 9:45, and it wasn't until I was on my way home that I remembered."

That was Friday. The following morning the boards were still immaculate. Mr. Talbot's class in English to Foreigners had not had an opportunity to use the boards, since it did not meet Friday nights, Ethel knew. On Tuesday morning, she discovered that the contriteness of Mr. Talbot had lasted over the week-end. Not only had the boards been carefully dusted of chalk, but they had been washed, as well.

And there was a brief note under the ink-well:

"Dear Miss Rand:  
"How do you like them this morning?"

"Arthur Talbot."

That provoked a smile from Ethel, in spite of the inexplicable cloud under which she was still laboring. And, when she was cleaning up her desk, preparatory to leaving that afternoon, it occurred to her that it had been nice of this night-school teacher to be solicitous of her feelings in this matter. He ought to be encouraged to continue in acquiring a habit of neatness. She wrote:

"I like them very much."

"E. Rand."

But, when she spied a note under the ink-well the morning after this, she opened it wondering what on earth it was all about.

"Dear Miss Rand:

"Finding a note under the ink-well each evening enlivens my routine wonderfully. Do you mind continuing the



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## CARE OF THE BODY

sporeless, hemolytic activity comes and goes, virulent cultures become harmless and harmless cultures virulent, and antigenic power vanishes and reappears, but that these changes are not chaos; they represent a physiologic reaction to an underlying biologic principle common to all germ life.

"Hadley believes that bacterial instability is the manifestation of processes related to the reproductive mechanism of bacteria, the importance of which investigators are just beginning to understand. Eventually, he says, bacteriologists will realize that the free-living micro-organism is potentially a kaleidoscopic thing in which the power of responding successfully to a changing environment by altering itself, and even by self-destruction, in order to generate a more stable type, is its one most important attribute.

"Will the bacteriophage, the dissociative phenomena on and in culture mediums, the variation in types of such organisms as diphtheria bacilli, Bacillus coli, the pneumococci and others be found to have something in common which will explain the problems that have retarded bacteriology? The question will be answered by the research of the future."

### Essentially, what does this mean?

For years we have been drilled upon the assumption that very many diseases are due to the presence of specific bacteria, for instance, that typhoid fever is "caused" by bacillus typhus; diphtheria by bacillus diphthericus; pneumonia by the pneumococci and so on for any number of diseases.

Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent in research to get the individual bug involved for the five thousand or so diseases afflicting mankind.

"Each disease has its bug." This, essentially, has been the slogan in medicine for the last quarter of a century.

Now they are making "new discoveries." The specific bug is no longer present.

"Now a review of this material by Hadley indicates that cocci become rods and rods, cocci or spirals; spore formers become sporeless; hemolytic activity comes and goes; virulent cultures become harmless and harmless cultures virulent, and antigenic power vanishes and reappears."

### Wonderful!

Now where is your "specific" bacterium? Where is the "specific" germ?

The "specific" germ is just as senseless as if I were to describe John Jones something like this: John Jones, sometimes age twenty-five and sometimes age two hundred, sometimes six feet and sometimes nineteen feet. He has blonde hair which varies with black, brown eyes which sometimes turn pink. He has a white skin which frequently changes into purple.

Surely, isn't that a specific description of John Jones?

That is how specific bugs are. Yet, upon such an irrational "science," upon such a heterogeneous mass of inconclusive data, upon such a conglomeration of inco-ordinate phenomena, bearing no conclusive relationship, not only to each other but to disease—upon such, we fill the veins of countless millions of people with the foul, filthy poisons of decomposed bacteria and the diseased blood from artificially sickened horses, cows and sheep.

Oh, sublime is medical science with its bulwark of bacteriological bugotobia!

### Judge Ben Lindsey

"In the best-seller class, Judge Ben Lindsey's new book, 'The Revolt of Modern Youth,' is creating an enormous amount of comment.

The Film Spectator magazine, published by the motion-picture industry, contains a review of this book by Edgcomb Pinchon that is well worth reading.

I not only commend this review but ask those of you who are fair-minded, who are not afraid to look facts in the face, to read Judge Lindsey's book as well.

"Yes, the revolt of youth is on. It most certainly is! If anyone doubts the fact let him read this book, not merely the statistics, but the scores of cases, quoted in detail, of boys and girls of the 'best' families, children of ministers, educators, prominent business men whose lives would have been wrecked but for the delicate and stern surgery of the Juvenile Court. And this court, be it said, is like no other court on earth; for it has skill, finesse,

brains, and a love that is as unconditional as it is unflinching.  
"But, suppose all this is untrue. Their have been. There are a wide variety of things in the world of relativity will be found to have causal reason for existence. And so with this revolt. It has back of it a powerful causation which must be intelligently understood before any cure can be attempted. Disturbances will avail as little here and now as ever they did in the pitiful blundering pilgrimage of the race. There is only one panacea for any human ill; but that unfortunately is far to seek. Its name is Intelligence.

"Healthy youth, of course, is always more or less in a state of turmoil. But this revolt is different. It is epochal, historic; and it will leave its mark for good or for ill on a long future; for its causes lie deep.

"In the first case the older generation is, as a social whole, morally bankrupt. The Great War exposed that fact to the prying eyes of youth. The 'war-bride,' and the 'patrioteer,' the private and public cynical irreverence for every spiritual fact, a church dumb before the slaughter of sixteen million kids for an issue which none has yet discovered, were not happy object lessons for the more vital and inquiring boy and girl—and these, says Lindsey, are mainly the ones who 'go wrong.'

"For incredible as it may sound, these boys and girls actually read, they actually think, they actually form judgments, not closely reasoned perhaps, but instinctively and damnably right! So that when the good old maxims and precepts came to be

# Sleep Without Drugs



Dr. Frederick J. Cook, Los Angeles

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I really thought about most of the speakers I had heard. I knew very well that I should be real, but never seen or heard. I knew perfectly

MANY TIMES AND

THE crime was nothing to makers to every criminal and there must be at least ten speech. Neither is the fact way.

# THE SPEECH WAVE

June 12, 1927

"Hopefully,"  
"Arthur Talbot."

Ethel flushed faintly. This bordered on the impertinent. Disdainfully she tossed it into the basket. She left no answer. Her dignified silence should speak for her. It did. There was no note from the cheerful Mr. Talbot the next morning. She found that she had been wondering what sort of answer there would be to her silence. So she was conscious of a pleasant interest Friday morning when there was another epistle for her, until she read—

"But, since you haven't forbidden my writing, I take it you don't mind my continuing. Subject of this evening's debate: Are you a tall, blonde lady with disconcerting green eyes, or a petite brunette with dark, understanding eyes?" This was going too far altogether.

On Sunday she went to church, walked lonesomely about town, did a bit of reading. On Monday she went back to work without much zest. Before the day was done, she was in the grip of a most acute attack of blues.

When she opened the door of her room the next morning, she experienced a sense of having been transported back to South Corners before the advent of Will Hanley; the peace of her parent's little house; the silent sunlight and scent of lilies-of-the-valley in the little garden. The scent of lilies-of-the-valley—was it imaginary? Oh, she was sure it was in the room. Then she saw a small bunch of the flowers on her desk—with a note attached.

"Dear Miss Rand:  
"Forgive me for expecting you to correspond with a perfect stranger. Please accept these flowers as a token of my sincerity."  
"Arthur Talbot."

The charm of that was like a burst of clean, cool wind. Ethel laughed shakily. What good genius had led this undaunted Mr. Talbot to leave lilies-of-the-valley, of all flowers? She attacked elementary fractions with fresh vigor. The children took to the subject like ducks to water.

In her high-pitched mood she quite lost her sense of propriety in answering the impudent gentleman who had sent the lilies-of-the-valley.

She gushed on paper:  
"Thank you for the flowers. They were perfectly lovely."

"Ethel Rand."  
The result of her rash let-down in self-discipline was evident the very next morning.

"Dear Miss Rand:  
"I teach in Brooklyn, by day. But to-day I have the last two periods free and am coming over to your school. My official business is to see you. Please."

"Expectantly,"  
"Arthur Talbot."

Coming to see her—what supreme impudence! There had been nothing in her grateful note to imply that he might make such an advance. But she should have known this persistent man would misunderstand. He must be some lonely youngster, eager for the meeting because of its unconventionality. Feigning illness, she was excused at noon that day and fled the scene.

But there was a note awaiting her next morning.

"Dear Miss Rand:  
"Of course, it was my fault. I should have known that you wouldn't want us to meet in the every-day surroundings of a schoolhouse. If you'll state time and place, I'll meet you anywhere you choose. What shall I wear to identify myself?"

"Or would you care to visit my class some evening and observe methods of teaching English to foreigners?"

"Hopefully,"  
"Arthur Talbot."

She realized that any answer to this would be misinterpreted. She was rather proud of her strength in deciding to put an end of this romantic situation. A year ago,

But the uneasiness and irritation that had been growing upon her since that spring day in February increased. And, finally, her tranquillity was entirely shattered. It was the city that had served her so faithfully all winter long that finally betrayed her, suddenly, completely.

It happened one night when reading in her room in the Lexington Avenue boarding-house suddenly palled on her. She went out for a walk.

On the side-streets the lamps marched stiffly away into the fog. On Fifth Avenue they curved brilliantly into golden mist, then

"Forty-five pupils there already. Every other applicant to this room. She must run a voodoo show there every night. All right, you go there too. Miss Forty-five." The registrar filled in a blank line on a small, yellow card. "Room 412," he said, handing the card to her.

Through the thrice familiar inner yard she walked, up the three flights of iron stairs she trod every morning. Along the corridor to her room she was shaken by laughter, like a schoolgirl on a forbidden lark.

Suddenly, through the open transom, a hearty male voice boomed. "I have three apples!" it roared.

And, as Ethel entered the room, she was almost swept from her feet by the answering roar that came from forty-five throats: "I have three apples!"

After this volley, they all turned curious

She smiled incredulously. "Oh, you, you will," he stated, with calm certainty. To himself he said: "Remarkable girl, never saw a foreigner pick up the alphabet so quickly."

She was there the following night. And, for three weeks after that, she did not miss a single session of Talbot's class. Each evening the steady beam of his patience and the glow of his humor dissolved the clouds of her loneliness.

And little by little, something that had been long crushed in her awake; asserted itself. She dared not acknowledge it by name, for, once before in her life, she had known it and had been made wretched, almost beyond her strength.

But her liking for Arthur Talbot (she called it that) splintered her days into hours of longing for eight o'clock, the climb up four flights of heavenly stairs, so prosaic by day, to Sammy Fiddlebaum's seat in room "412."

She did not know whether Mr. Talbot returned her liking. She didn't care to investigate that. Was it not enough that he was friendly to her, that he was interested in her—extraordinary progress in learning English?

"Miss Florio, you're really the best pupil I've ever had," he would say, and she would blush at gaining praise under such false pretenses.

Some day, she supposed, she would explain to him the mystery of her extraordinary progress. Surely this way of making his acquaintance was a vast improvement on the way he had proposed. What might come, after he knew who she was? It would be a good joke, at any rate—he would enjoy it, surely—

And then she missed three nights. The fourth evening, Thursday, she returned to discover that the regular session had been suspended in favor of a dance in the inner schoolyard.

The yard was crowded. With difficulty Ethel found a seat on a bench against the wall. She sat quietly in her dark skirt and blouse, in her hat that drooped with flowers, imitating the stolid eyes of the other girls to whom no partners came out of the oval fringe of men pupils who watched the dancing.

Then, from somewhere, Mr. Arthur Talbot emerged and stood before Ethel. She wondered if her eyes had betrayed her happiness at the sight of him.

"Oh, it's really you, Miss Florio?" His tone was eager. "You haven't been at school for three evenings."

"My—my little brother—he seck," she managed.

"That's too bad. I hope he's all right now."

"Yes, sir."  
"And I may expect you Monday evening?" His professional tone was suddenly broken by awkwardness. "I—I wish you would come," he added very earnestly.

"Yes, sir."  
"Then—I'll expect you." He made matters worse by adding an explanation: "You—you're my best pupil, you know." That warmed her.

The band began to howl a waltz. Mr. Talbot stiffly and clearly, as though teaching a phrase, asked: "May I have this dance with you, Miss Florio?"

"Yes, sir."

He danced three times with her. During the pauses between dances, he sat beside her, asking many questions about her life in Italy; about her ambitions here. Many times she was forced to pretend lack of understanding of his ready English, in order to evade answering. But it was pleasant, and sweet, and romantic, and she wished this dance would go on forever. Until, happening to glance up, she saw an excessively blonde girl in a charming green silk dress, giggling effusively at a stout man who, Ethel knew, was the evening-school principal.

Miss Mathilda Coye! Ethel turned away quickly. Miss Coye's careless eye might happen upon her—and that would mean an embarrassing end to her masquerade as Marie Florio. What on earth was Mathilda doing here? Something that Arthur

(Continued on Page Eighteen)



"Good morning, Miss Rand," he sing-songed, "looka, teacha, there's writin' on all the blackboards again from the night-school!"

swept away into empty air. On Broadway they winked mockingly, as though they had heard of her resolution to keep Romance at his proper distance. Ethel almost ran from these lights and the sight of people walking pleasantly together.

She was lonely and, in spite of herself, she was wondering about Mr. Talbot. She could never explain the mental process which brought her to the decision, but she suddenly found herself determined to attend Arthur Talbot's evening-school class—to attend it in disguise, as a pupil!

At a quarter of eight the next evening, a long line of foreigners extended from the interior of the office of the principal of Evening-School 209. Standing in this line, not far from the door of the office, was a dark-eyed young woman in plain blue serge skirt, a cheap lace-trimmed blouse, a loose tan coat, and a big hat on which a veritable garden of flowers bloomed.

A sudden movement of the line brought her into the office and before the desk of the registrar, the very desk on which she signed her time each morning and afternoon.

"Name, please?" he asked, preparing to write on a large, white rectangular card.

"No spika Angleesh," stated Ethel.

"Cardello!" A dark, slim Italian lad came over from a group of teachers at the other side of the room. "Ask this flower of your race what her name is."

Ethel suddenly came to understanding.

"Me—Marie—Marie Florio," she said, before Mr. Cardello could speak.

"Where do you live?"

"Yes—one nine nine Bleecker street," she replied. He put that down. "I like to go see Meester Talbot's class," she pleaded.

eyes upon the new girl. Ethel saw a tall, friendly-looking, brown-haired man, with humorous brown eyes and a smiling mouth, standing at her desk. She advanced timidly. He smiled at her and, taking her card, glanced at it.

"Please take that seat, Miss Florio."

Ethel gazed about. He pointed out a seat. Warm with suppressed laughter, she marched up an aisle and took the low seat occupied by her own Sammy Fiddlebaum by day.

Mr. Talbot continued the exercise, holding high a small apple in the yellow light from four dusty chandeliers. He bellowed at the class: "How many apples have I in my hand?"

His smiling patience weaving through the work of the night, held Ethel fascinated as, in her low seat, she crouched over a primer.

Peace descended upon the room as the class set to the labor of writing a letter to Mr. Talbot to tell him how they individually had spent the previous Sunday. Ethel was sitting before a blank sheet of paper as Mr. Talbot came up the aisle to her.

"You're not writing," he chided. She smiled helplessly.

"Have you ever written a letter before?" he smiled pleasantly.

"No can write Angleesh," she replied.

"Let me help you." Bending, he wrote at the top of her page in the muddy ink of the desk's ink-well, the alphabet from A to J.

"Let me see you copy these," he encouraged. He stood by, watching her scrawly attempts. He corrected them, showing her how to hold a pen less rigidly, how to curve the B and L.

"You come to this class every night the rest of the season," he urged, "and you'll be able to write as well as I can."



But the man upon whom De Forest made the greatest impression was W. W. Smyth, one of the younger telephone engineers of the Western Electric. Smyth concluded that the Forest was going to make a life in the perfect a first class detector of Hertzian waves.

By Preston Wright

What invention made it possible? What discovery led to that invention? questions: For its benefits regularly, can answer these E VERYBODY knows about radio, but how many, even among those who en-

# The Accident That "Made" Radio

Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine

## CARE OF THE BODY

### THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM

#### Worm Parasites

(A radio talk given by Dr. P. M. Lovell over KFI, The Times.)

One of the subjects requiring constant attention by the practitioner is the treatment of worm parasites. This is particularly true of children, although practically all groups are affected in one form or another.

#### Diet Causes

Our modern civilized diet, especially with its huge consumption of meats and other refined foods, is easily productive of an environment favorable to parasitism.

Constipation is the rule rather than the exception in a digestive system loaded with toxic waste material.

Worm parasites find an excellent haven for growth and development.

In this talk I want to present five or six of the most common parasites afflicting man, pointing out their main characteristics and methods of avoiding or getting rid of them when once the infection has occurred.

#### Beef Tapeworm

The first, and probably the most important, is the tapeworm, sometimes called the beef tapeworm. It infects practically every group in North America as well as in Europe.

The worm itself, in its mature state, is white, flat, jointed, and may be from twelve to twenty-five feet in length. The head is smaller than the body, usually as large as a pin.

Microscopically, it has four sucking discs, but no hooklets. It presents a segmented appearance and there may be as many as

one thousand different segments in a completed worm.

#### Life Cycle

As a rule, the life cycle is well understood.

Cattle become infected by swallowing the eggs in the water they drink. This water has, in turn, been polluted by human waste which contains the eggs of the worm.

The animal drinking the infested water speedily becomes diseased. The larvae of the worm get into the entire carcass. Man, in turn, kills the animal, eats it and thus acquires the larvae form of the worm.

#### Worm Remedies

Where the diagnosis has been definitely established—and this, of course, can easily be done, it is a fairly simple process to dispose of the worm.

Under most normal conditions, it is advisable to precede the effort at dislodgment by either an absolute fast of forty-eight hours, or at least a fruit juice fast of forty-eight to seventy-two hours.

This forces the worm to give up its grip on the intestinal wall, leaving it with as little protection as possible.

In this case of parasitism, an excellent vermifuge is made of ground-up pumpkin-seeds with the shells removed. This may be given with honey or jam. Four or five hours later it should be followed by a series of enemas, or in some conditions, it should also be preceded by a saline laxative.

#### The Head

In following this treatment, it is imperative that one should always observe whether the head has come out or not. It doesn't particularly matter how many segments have been removed. Just so long as the head remains, the infestation will continue.

If the head is not found, it is advisable to wait a month or two, observe whether the symptoms still occur and then repeat the treatment.

Just a word or two of warning.

If the head is not found, it is advisable to follow this vermifuge treatment. Also, if the patient is tubercular and has a tendency to hemorrhage, this should not be followed.

#### The Pork Tapeworm

The next parasite is known as the taenia solium or pork tapeworm. It is somewhat smaller than the beef tapeworm, taenia saginata, usually measuring from six to twelve feet.

Unlike the beef tapeworm, however, the pork tapeworm has a pair of hooklets with which it imbeds itself in the intestinal mucous membrane.

The eggs of the pork tapeworm resemble those of the beef tapeworm, brown in color, oval in shape and generally appearing in small masses.

#### Tapeworm Symptoms

The symptoms of tapeworm, whether beef or pork tapeworm, vary a great deal. In some cases they are not sufficiently marked to be noticed and tapeworm is suspected until segments or fragments are found in the excreta.

The local symptoms are also varied. They may include acute gripping pains, itching in various parts of the body, particularly the nostrils, and a large group of digestive disturbances.

Generally there is constipation, a furred tongue, bad breath and a general feeling of lassitude and indifference. Sometimes there is headache, pallor, discoloration around the eyes, giddiness, and even considerable loss of weight.

The irritation may be severe or mild, differing, of course, with the length of time of infestation and the resistance of the patient.

#### Roundworm

The next type of worm of considerable importance is known as the eel worm, or the common roundworm infection, technically known as the ascaris lumbricoides.

Like other worm diseases, it is most frequently found during childhood. It is much smaller, however, than the tapeworm, averaging six to eight inches in size.

It is argued that they are obtained by the drinking of polluted water or through meat-stuffs.

The symptoms are also varied, generally presenting most of the characteristics of tapeworm.

The treatment should be the same as for tapeworm.

#### Pinworm

Pinworm is undoubtedly the most important of all the small worm infections in children.

The parasite is very small, white, and as its name implies, threadlike.

The infestation probably takes place through eggs, which, in turn, are found on various items of food or soiled linens.

#### Pinworm Symptoms

One of the most constant symptoms of the presence of worms is local itching. This itching may be so severe that the child sets up a local inflammation, frequently resembling eczema.

There is great discomfort, especially during sleep and considerable nervous disorders such as headache, nasal itching, grinding of the teeth, nightmares, and sometimes even convulsions.

The same treatment is recommended for pinworms.

#### Hookworm

Undoubtedly, the worm affecting more people than any other is "hookworm," although it is more or less confined to the tropical countries. Our Southern States are strongly infested, claims being made that from 40 to 90 per cent of the rural inhabitants have this disease.

The worm itself is very small, considerably under one inch.

The parasites inhabit the small intestine. From there they are discharged with the excreta. Then, as a rule, they attach themselves to the skin and thus re-enter the human body where they undergo a new life cycle.

#### Blood Suckers

Their danger lies in their peculiar property of sucking the blood of the patient, biting the intestine and causing a large number of minor hemorrhages.

The symptoms are usually evidenced by gastro-intestinal disturbances, very marked inertia, especially to labor, and a general anemia.

The lethargy, both physical and mental, is one of its most conspicuous features.

In earlier life, children affected with hookworm are stunted and dwarfed, both mentally and physically.

Of course, the diagnosis is definitely established only by finding the worms or their eggs.

The fast and the saline cathartics, plus the usual vermifuge, have secured excellent results in discharging the worms.

#### Internal Uncleanliness

Thus far I have presented the most important worm parasites infesting the human body.

One thing is common to all of them: They must find a favorable host. The favorable conditions for parasitism are always constipation and auto-intoxication.

Only in an atmosphere of internal uncleanliness can these parasites live!

### Bacteriology Looks Over the Discard

As a rule I am averse to printing highly technical material little understood by the layman. But the article below means so much from our understanding of the bacterial causes of disease that it should not be neglected. Read it first and then think about it.

"For many years medical students have been taught that bacteria could be identified by fixed morphologic and serologic standards. Indeed, most laboratories have charts that list the names of bacteria and their reactions to stains and mediums so that identification may be simpler. In the past, a specimen that did not conform to standards was in danger of being considered a degeneration or an involution form, and therefore of little importance. The specimens observed were commonly discarded and the blame for such abnormal progeny placed on poor mediums or old age of the culture. The influence of Robert Koch's great discoveries forced this conviction on bacteriologists.

"However, from the first, many investigators have believed in the changeability of bacteria and have urged that differentiation on the strength of morphologic and biochemical characters alone was not justified.

"Scattered data have accumulated gradually regarding the significance of culture changes and the instability of species of bacteria.

"Now a review of this material by Hadley indicates that cocci become rods and rods cocci or spirals, spore formers become

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In the course of an eighteen-year newspaper career, during which I have had to listen to thousands of speakers, attend clubs and conventions galore, and hear every kind of speechmaker from the loquacious club member to the stylish celebrity, there are not more than half a dozen or so that have contributed in any way, either to my enlightenment or my pleasure. I have been uplifted and reproached and exhorted and reformed by more speakers than most of you . . . and look what I am today. Those high-school kids have the right idea. There is hope for the rising generation.



Bacteriology Looks Over the Discard  
As a rule I am averse to putting things  
technical material into the hands of  
laymen. But the article below means so  
much from an understanding of the bac-

By Philip M. Lovell, N.D.

THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM  
Worm Parasites  
The Food Chain from Dr. P. M. Lovell and  
one thousand different segments in a com-

# CARE OF THE BODY

## The Accident That "Made" Radio

By Preston Wright

EVERYBODY knows about radio, but how many, even among those who enjoy its benefits regularly, can answer these questions:

What invention made it possible?  
What discovery led to that invention?  
Who made the discovery and the invention?

What were the highly romantic circumstances under which this scientific episode began?

The Rev. Henry Swift De Forest, resigning his charge at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1879, went south to Talladega, Alabama, to assume the presidency of Talladega College, a negro school founded by the Congregationalist Church.

Natural southern resentment against the effects of the carpet-bagging regime was extant. Men in the position of the president of Talladega College were not received with cordiality by the white residents. It followed that the Rev. De Forest's eldest son, Lee, a boy of but six years, had few playmates outside his family. Then, too, resources of the educator's purse were much limited. The lad must trust largely to his own ingenuity for his amusement.

He showed skill at drawing and handicraft and turned naturally to the construction of various mechanisms. When his father subscribed to The Youth's Companion, on his account, a great, pleasing vista opened before him.

The Companion published a special constructor department. At twelve Lee De Forest read this department avidly and tried to construct electrical appliances described there. Strangely, he kept precise notes on his experiments, which ranged from the simplest magnets to Leclanche's cells. The latter for some time baffled him, for in the remote southern community he could not obtain carbon for the positive electrode.

Two months after he had begun his experiment with the cells, his father took him on a trip to Chattanooga, Tennessee, which included a pilgrimage to Lookout Mountain.

The Rev. De Forest, absorbed in the scenery and the historic battlefields, turned presently to see his small son lagging far behind him. The lad was oblivious to both the mountain views and the historic landmarks. He was traversing the gutter that bordered the highway, stopping now and then to pick up dark objects which he stuffed into his pocket.

"Hurry up, Lee," called the divine. "Look at the wonderful views. See, this is where one of the greatest battles of the war was fought."

Lee gazed, but his mind was on the contents of his pockets. They were stubs of carbon from electric arc street lights, thrown away as new sticks were installed.

Back home a few days later, the boy wrote in his notes:

"Leclanche cell now works."

Lee already had made up his mind that he wanted to be an engineer and inventor. But his zealous parent intended that he should be a minister.

Lee sat down and laboriously composed a



"Come over to the laboratory. I've got something I want you to see."

long argument defending his own desires. Rev. De Forest read it and yielded to its youthful logic.

Perhaps the memory of these fragments of carbon, gleaned from the highway at Lookout Mountain, turned the scales. Having surrendered, the minister gave his son every encouragement. It was decided that after preparatory school, the boy should enter Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, the parent's alma mater.

The elder De Forest died before his son, completing the regular course at Sheffield, and performing two years of postgraduate work, was ready to tackle life. But he passed away conscious that the boy had the stuff that makes men great. He had done every sort of menial labor to help pay for his education. And at preparatory school he had won a scholarship which had made attendance at Sheffield possible.

In 1899 the personnel director of the Western Electric Company's Chicago plant was interviewed by a young man in search of a job.

"I want to do experimental work," the young man explained.

"What is your equipment?" asked the personnel man.

"Sheffield graduate, with two years of postgraduate work."

"There's nothing open in the laboratory, and, anyway, we start everybody in the plant," said the other. However, there was something in this sincere individual that impressed him.

"If you want to go to work in the dynamo assembly department at \$3 a week I can place you," he added. "There's a future."

"I'll take it," said Lee De Forest. Thereafter any one visiting the dynamo assembly department had the edifying chance of seeing a Ph.D. from Yale wiping up grease, cleaning machine parts and otherwise flunking about the place. De Forest's first job was a roustabout job.

This experience began in August. It ended in October. There was a vacancy in the experimental division and De Forest was taken into the laboratory.

Dean, one of the chiefs of the division, perceived in De Forest the qualities of genius. In the months that followed he turned his head and affected to know nothing of what was going on when he noted that De Forest often dropped company experiments to proceed upon investigations of his own. The young scientist was trying to

perfect a first class detector of Hertzian waves.

But the man upon whom De Forest made the biggest impression was W. W. Smyth, one of the younger telephone engineers of the Western Electric. Smyth concluded that De Forest was going to make a stir in the world of wireless transmission.

De Forest went to Milwaukee to take another job, but it exploded and he came back to Chicago. Smyth quickly looked him up.

Naturally they talked about wireless. They agreed that the coherer and relay method was too clumsy for wireless receiving and that a device must be perfected so that signals could be reproduced at the receiving station through a telephone receiver.

"If I could give all my time to it," said De Forest, "I could perfect that device."

"Tell you what I'll do," eventually said Smyth, "I'll give you \$5 a week, so you will be free, and I'll finance the experiments for a share in eventual profits."

De Forest accepted, and fitted up a laboratory across the street from Smyth's lodgings.

One night in September, 1909, an epochal event took place in that laboratory. De Forest was at work on his apparatus, operating the transmitting key, by means of a string. The gas light was not turned to its full brilliancy. The inventor, his eye accidentally turned upward to the Welsbach burner, suddenly became conscious that it was reflecting responses to the sparking of his coil.

After a few moments of experimentation with the phenomena, De Forest rushed across the street to Smyth.

"Come over to the laboratory," he said. "I've got something I want you to see."

Smyth followed him hurriedly. Once more the Welsbach light went through its strange fluctuations as De Forest operated the transmitter. They regarded it with awe. They were in a seventh heaven of delight. But a deterrent developed. They found that if the spark coil was removed to another room and the door was closed so the sound of the spark could not reach the Welsbach mantle, the light fluctuations disappeared. This discovery, that the sound of the spark discharge, not the electric waves, caused the fluctuations, blocked De Forest temporarily. He could not attack the subject intensively, either, because the perfection of his eventually successful wireless telegraph system and its commercial flotation engaged all his attention for some years.

Nevertheless, the discovery of September, 1909, eventually led to De Forest's epoch-making conception of the three-electrode vacuum tube which was to make possible cross-continental telephony by wire, the wireless telephone, radio broadcasting, and, more recently, cross-Atlantic telephony. The steps which materialized in what came to be known as the audion followed in 1912, when De Forest was able to concentrate all his attention on developing the detector to the fullest extent.

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## The Nurse

(Continued from Page Five)

Millie would not do anything calculated to disturb the routine of the baby's life—the nurse went to Mrs. Jones's room and sought to bring about a change in the decision. Her abject grief, the craven pleadings to which she was at last driven, worked upon her mistress intolerably; and there was a moment when one of these women was almost as unhappy as the other. But, although she perceived how much of a tragedy this was to Millie, Mrs. Jones had made her decision and was strong enough to hold to it.

"I've only kept you so long," she said, "because you've been so good to Joan. You're a good nurse, Millie, but you're a most uncomfortable person to have around. If you would learn to be civil and to attend to your own affairs, you'd avoid so much trouble. I've made up my mind. I'll have to let you go."

As her belongings were being packed into the taxicab which Mrs. Jones had summoned, Millie wept unceasingly, and Mrs. Jones could not refrain from asking:

"Where do you plan to go, Millie?"  
Millie said desperately: "I'll go somewhere. I don't know where."

"Shall I send you to a hotel, till you can get another place?" Mrs. Jones suggested, and Millie shook her head.

"No," she replied. And she named a woman whom she knew and said: "I'll go to her house for a day or two."

When she said good-by to Joan, she tried to control herself. She had dried her eyes and she fought to achieve the smile and the soothing and agreeable tone which she always used to the baby. Mrs. Jones had Joan in her sitting-room, and Millie went in there, and Joan saw her enter and lifted both arms in an appeal to be taken up from the floor. Millie picked her up, pouring out upon her that meaningless flood of words which Joan always found so delightful. Mrs. Jones watched the two unhappily.

After a moment, Millie said:

"I'll not be here for her birthday party."

"You might like to come in that afternoon," Mrs. Jones suggested; but Millie shook her head, and the tears burst from her eyes.

"I left a dress for her on my bed," she explained. "I've been making it the last month."

"She shall wear it," Mrs. Jones assured her, unable to feel anything but pity for the woman, and fighting for strength to maintain her decision that Millie must go.

Joan was pounding at Millie's face with her small hands, and Millie, for a moment, forgot Mrs. Jones, turning her attention to

the baby again. "Good-by," she said. Joan wrinkled her nose and screamed with delight, and, as she slapped Millie's cheeks the tears splashed under her hands.

"I'm sorry I'm going, Joan," Millie told the baby. And Joan crowded, and Millie turned to Mrs. Jones and said:

"Take her."

Mrs. Jones held out her arms to the baby, but Joan had played that game before, and she knew what was expected of her. She laughed gleefully, threw her arms around Millie's neck, and snuggled her face into the nurse's shoulder. Millie gave a little gasping cry, set Joan down upon the floor, and fled from the room. Only in the doorway she paused to look back and to say over and over:

"I'm so sorry, Joan. I'm so sorry. Millie's so sorry. Good-by, Joan. Good-by."

She stood there a moment longer, drenched in tears; and Joan, sobered by this spectacle, stared at her in perplexity and waved a small hand in a doubtful way.

"Yes, yes," Millie gasped. "Yes, Joan! By-by!"

So she waved an answering hand; then turned and fled, blind and stumbling, toward where the taxi waited at the door.

A waiting-room is a fearful place. Millie

had had some experience of waiting-rooms and she dreaded them. She had been sitting in this particular waiting-room at the employment agency for three days. Her eyes, inflamed and weary, looked straight before her. Sometimes, for no apparent reason, they became suffused with tears; not misted with moisture, but drowned in a drenching flood which flowed down her cheeks, until she remembered to wipe away these evidences of grief.

On the third day she found herself replying to questions put to her by a woman who introduced herself by a name which Millie scarcely heard. She was not interested in the names of her mistresses; she had had so many of them. This woman's name might have been Brown or Jones. It happened to be Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith asked question upon question, but Millie asked only one.

"Is the baby a boy or a girl?"

"A little girl," Mrs. Smith replied. And Millie's ravaged face seemed to lighten faintly at the word.

"I like little girls best," she confessed.

They arranged for Millie to come next morning; and Millie was, for the rest of that day, a little more cheerful. Her aching grief found anodyne in the prospect of another baby to love.

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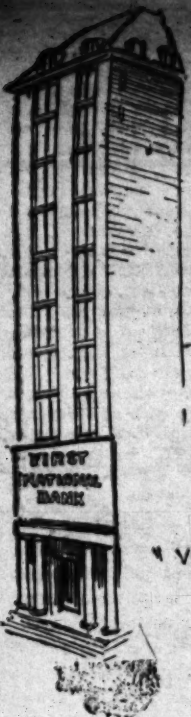
At the time the hot stage ride forward to a...  
A.L. during the hot stage ride forward to a...  
terville had been looking forward to a...  
The signs of a man's calling...  
crowded dining-room in this hotel. You can...  
imagine my surprise. What is the

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

# THE LABYRINTH

## Aviation for Everybody

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"RATE OF CLIMB INDICATOR"



# Why They Worry

By W. E. Hill

## ONE PEARL. C.O.D.

An Episode in the Married Life of Helen and Warren

By Mabel Herbert Uner

Creator of the "Helen and Warren" Characters

THREE pair of washable suede, six cham-  
mois, and two long white gloves.

The chammois only thirty francs. Ideal for  
presents. Tomorrow she must get more.  
What size for Warren's secretary?

Purringly happy, Helen opened her Bon  
Marche and Printemps purchases. Even the  
gay striped paper and fancy twine festively  
Parisian. A colorful array on the bed.

Shopping all day, she was aching tired.  
After five now—just time for a nap before  
Warren came.

But the urge to try on that blouse. How  
sheer! And all that dainty handwork.

Too large, of course. No sizes in Paris.  
Just large, medium, small—and not very  
small. But this easily altered.

Yes, quite satisfied with her day. Only  
one regret—the painted scarf at that little  
shop. Five hundred francs seemed too  
much.

Someone at the door. Perhaps that um-  
brella she had had sent.

Her start of surprise at a well-groomed  
Frenchman.

"Bonjour, madame, Monsieur Curtis y  
est-il?"

"No, he's not in now. I'm expecting him  
about six."

Drawing an envelope from his pocket, he  
handed it to her with a bowing. "S'il vous  
plaît, madame."

A bill for Warren from a Rue de la Paix  
jeweler!

"Une perle—two thousand francs." Fif-  
teen hundred paid and five hundred collect.

A pearl? Wonderingly Helen opened the  
smaller envelope enclosed. In this the  
folded paper used for unset gems.

A small pearl. Lustrous against the blue  
inner paper.

For her? The pearl pendant she had al-  
ways wanted!

Two thousand francs! He had paid fifteen  
hundred—five hundred still due.

Did she have that much?

Counting the bills in her purse. Four hun-  
dred and seventy-nine francs!

All but twenty-one—less than a dollar. She  
would stop by with that tomorrow. Would  
he leave it?

Reluctantly he consented. Receipting the  
bill for the amount paid.

A pearl! A real pearl from the Rue de la  
Paix!

Now alone, before the mirror—holding the  
shimmering drop against her throat. Vision-  
ing it on a slender platinum chain.

Thrilled! Warren's presents so rare.  
Generous with money—but chary of gifts.

Even at Christmas he would toss her a  
check with a curt, "Buy your own junk, I've  
no time to fool around the shops."

What had inspired this? Paris, of course.

the place for pearls. The window displays  
most alluring.

Then a disquieting thought. What if it  
were not for her? Not for himself—he  
never wore jewelry. For Carrie? He had  
said to get her something good.

Her joy ebbing. Two thousand francs—  
an eighty-dollar present for his sister!

Placing the pearl in her jewel-case.  
Thinking what she would say when he came.  
How to find out—How to be sure it was for  
her—before she spoke of it?

She was clearing the bed when the door  
swung open.

"Why, he was small and dark with a little  
mustache—and spats."

"Hah, that's a splendid description. Fits  
any Frenchman. Now you stay here and  
get dressed," sternly. "I'll get 'em on the  
phone."

The door slammed after him.

Her four hundred seventy-nine francs—al-  
most twenty dollars! A swindle? No—no,  
any jeweler on the Rue de la Paix would  
have to be reliable!

Chimes from the mantel clock. Quarter  
past six—She must be dressed when Warren  
got back. Mr. Bartlett dining with them.



"Hey, Ma, quick! Willie's heavin' rocks at the sun!"

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"Hello, Kitten!" Warren breezed in. "Just  
met Bartlett on the avenue. Asked him to  
dinner. He's to meet us at Henri's at seven-  
thirty."

"Oh, is he?" without enthusiasm. In Paris  
Warren was always inviting American  
friends to expensive dinners.

"He's had a great trip. Been to Hungary  
Sailing Saturday on the Volendam."

"Is he?"

Then casually, very casually, as she folded  
the new blouse in her trunk.

"Dear, how about a week-end bag for  
Carrie? I saw some lovely ones today."

"All right, if it's a good one," now at the  
desk, filling his fountain pen. "Want to  
take her something worth while this year."

"Oh, you dear! You dear!" rushing at  
him. "Then it is for me?"

"What is?" elbowing her off. "What're  
you battin' about now?"

"The pearl!" ecstatically. "It just came."

"The pearl?" wiping the oozing pen on the  
blotter. "What pearl?"

"The one you bought! I didn't have quite  
enough—we still owe twenty-one francs. I  
was afraid he wouldn't leave it—but he did."

"What in blazes—You goofy? Catch me  
buyin' any pearls!"

"You—you didn't? Why, here's the bill!"

Warren glared at his name. W. E. Curtis  
—a typical slanting French hand.

"What the devil—Something fakey here!  
Let's see that pearl!"

Tremulously she unfolded the blue-lined  
paper.

"Well, I'm no expert on pearls—but this's  
some con game. And you fell for it—hard!

How much did you shell out? Four seventy-  
nine?"

"But look!" excitedly. "Fifteen hundred  
had been paid—"

"Paid?" with a snort. "That's the bait!"

"Warren, you don't mean it's not real? A  
Rue de la Paix jeweler? Why, they couldn't  
afford—they wouldn't dare—"

"After six now," grabbing his hat. "How  
late are these shops open?"

"Wait! Where're you going? Let me go  
with you!"

"What'd that man look like?" his hand on  
the knob.

Now before her wardrobe trunk. What to  
put on? Her maize georgette—easier to get  
into. No heart for dressing.

That silk slip—torn! She must get a new  
one.

Four hundred seventy-nine francs! Enough  
for several slips.

That painted scarf! If she had only  
bought it—she wouldn't have had the money  
to give him.

She was pinning the bronze velvet flower  
on her gown when Warren strode in.

"Did you get them?" tensely, running to  
him. "Oh, what'd they say?"

"You're stung, all right," grimly. "Slick  
game—and a new one. That crook swiped  
or printed their bill-heads. Worked the  
same dodge at a dozen hotels—and they  
haven't been able to nail him. They're red  
hot over it—give 'em a rotten reputation."

"But the pearl? It's not even worth the  
twenty dollars I paid?"

"Not worth twenty cents," peeling off his  
coat and vest. "We're to go 'round in the  
morning. They want you to describe the  
man."

"Oh, you think they'll catch him?" eagerly

"We may get the money back?"

"Not a Chinaman's chance. Not from  
your description!"

"Oh, if I'd only told him to come back  
when you were here!" dropping on the bed.

"If I'd only stopped to think—"

"Think!" contemptuously. "Your cranium  
wouldn't stand the strain. That's how these  
crooks get rich—on women like you. Don't  
pull these games on men."

"But dear, he asked for you! Suppose  
you'd been here—"

"He'd have sprung some alibi. Get me out  
a shirt. Probably say I was the wrong Cur-  
tis."

"But how did he get your name? Oh,  
aren't you going to change your suit?"

"Anybody can see the hotel register. No,  
this's good enough. He spots Mr. and Mrs.  
Curtis from New York, figures we've got  
money—and tries out his act. Always some  
new scheme to trim American boobs! Only  
safe play is not to give up a cent."

Aiming his frayed collar at the waste-  
basket, Warren banged into the bathroom.

"Oh, dear, I'm just sick over it," when  
he reappeared. "Almost twenty dollars!  
There's your shirt. All the things I could've  
bought—"

"Huh, if you'd the brain of a canary—  
when you lapped that C.O.D. you'd have  
known I wasn't in it," jamming through a  
cuff button. "What I buy I pay for."

"Yes, I know. Oh, take one of your new  
ties! But I thought you might've run short  
of francs—"

"You mean you didn't think at all? And  
a pearl!" he snorted. "Last thing I'd fall  
for."

"Oh, I saw such a wonderful scarf—but I  
thought it was too much," regretfully. "If  
I'd only bought it—I wouldn't have had the  
money to give him—"

"Now no use startin' on that line. Every-  
thing you see for the next six months you'd  
have bought with that twenty dollars."

"Oh, I know—but I can't help it! And he  
seemed so—oh, nothing suspicious about  
him! And so reluctant to leave it—"

"Reluctant?" with a snort. "Part of his  
line. Of all the prize easy marks! Wonder  
you don't get trimmed more'n you do. Well,  
forget it! Hustle now—don't want to keep  
Bartlett waiting."

"Dear, you take everybody you meet to  
dinner!" filling her vanity. "We can have  
him at home—you needn't have asked him  
over her. And at Henri's, too—we might've  
gone to a little place in the Latin Quarter."

"See here, if you can drop twenty bucks  
on a fluke pearl, guess I can come across  
with a decent meal. Now no tryin' to keep  
down the bill tonight," savagely. "You don't  
make up any of the twenty on this dinner.  
I'll order everything on the menu if I feel  
like it. And no under-the-table nudges from  
you!"

His hat brushed with his sleeve, he  
clamped it on at a defiant angle.

"Ready? Well, I'll go on down—want to  
get some cigars. Meet you in the lobby in  
five minutes. Now see that you're there.  
And in the meantime, don't buy any more  
two-carat beads!"

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# Aviation for Everybody

By Frank Godwin



## THE LABYRINTH

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

ALL during the hot stage ride toward Potterville I had been looking forward to a cool dining-room of the Hotel Federal. From previous experience, I knew that if one waited until seven o'clock one would find the regular patrons served and already in full flight toward their evening indulgences. I was tired and on edge and I wanted my meal and cigar in peace. The food I knew would be indifferent but there was something restful about the quaint ugliness of the dining-room that compensated for any lack in the bill of fare. Besides, when a man is fagged, eating is only a gesture toward the cigar which follows: a cigar and quiet—that was my hope.

To my dismay I opened the dining-room door upon a full house. The long center table was still filled with regular boarders and the smaller tables for transients each had its quota; except one in an extreme corner, upon which I made a determined advance. But, as I drew out a chair, a waitress bustled up and said:

"You can't sit there. That table is reserved!"

In such a circumstance a man always feels affronted—it is just one of those childish, unreasonable impulses that stamps him as completely human and, as I hovered midway between an impulse to defy the waitress or stalk with empty dignity from the room, I felt some one tug at my coat. I turned. A man, unmistakably of the country lawyer type, stood before me.

"Dr. Stanhope?" he inquired. I bowed. "I am sitting alone, over by the window. If you would care to join me I should be delighted."

I followed him, fuming inwardly. But the situation of the table before an open window through which drifted the nocturnal fragrance of California's hill country did much to reconcile me to unsolicited companionship.

"My name is Semple—Peter Semple," said my assumed host, as he poured me a glass of water.

"An attorney?" I hazarded.

"How did you guess?"

I shrugged. "The signs of a man's calling are at once definite and undefinable. . . . You knew for instance that I was a physician."

"Merely by report. . . . A man who so often passes through Potterville occasions remark. . . . You fish in the Hernon Falls country, do you not?"

"After a fashion. . . . I dawdle mostly. . . . I mean, what I catch is of no moment. It is solitude that I really go after."

crowded dining-room in this hotel. You can imagine my surprise. . . . What is the explanation?"

Semple offered me a cigar. I declined.

"A melodrama at close range," he answered, and as a sudden mild commotion began to spread its contagion through the



He was found bending over the dead man, pistol in hand.

My tone must have carried a significant note of irritation, for Semple rejoined quickly. "And when you find companionship instead, you find something distasteful."

"I find something that I do not expect," I parried lamely. "For instance tonight: a

room he added: "Here come the actors, now."

The signs of a man's calling are at once definite and undefinable. It took only a single glance at the company which filed in to the dining-room to forcibly confirm my random observation of the moment before. Actors in fact as well as fancy—trouper to put the matter more exactly. A buxom peroxide of the burlesque type; a broken down ham actor with proverbial greasy ringlets and frayed cuffs; a hard boiled soubrette definitely past forty; a diamond-fronted "heavy" exuding vicarious evil; an ingenua pale of skin and pale of lips and pale of hair. In deep black, this last figure, with a cool spiritual beauty—a personality that seemed to float midway between reality and an indefinable eeriness.

"An extraordinary figure," I observed, indicating the pallid face of the girl, with a tilt of my head.

"And a baffling one, too. . . . One of the principals in a recent tragedy. The other is a dumb, dogged, idealistic youth held for murder. . . . You will see him presently. Potterville lacks jail facilities, so a deputy brings him here for his meals. They dine in an adjoining room. But they must pass through here to gain it. . . . When they arrive please keep your eye on the young woman. . . . I mean, observe her carefully."

"Is she in mourning?" I asked.

"Yes, it was her father who was murdered."

"By the youth whom we shall see presently?"

"Perhaps."

"There is a doubt, then?"

Semple shrugged. "Everything points to him. He was found bending over the dead man. . . . a pistol was in his hand. The girl was in a daze."

"Ah, she was on the scene, also, then."

"Decidedly."

"They are barnstormers, of course."

"Medicine tent show people. They offer every known form of entertainment in the calendar. They sing, dance, emote, sell medicine and double in brass."

"Double in brass?" I echoed.

"Yes. . . . play in the band before the show starts."

"Surely the pallid lady does none of these ribald things."

"You are right. . . . She is the one glittering exception. Gloria—The World Renowned Seeress is her title. She does a mind reading act. . . . With the sleek-

looking gentleman who sports diamonds. . . . It is trickery, of course, and yet—"

He broke off suddenly; I followed his gaze toward the opening door. They were bringing the accused youth to his evening meal. He came in, his wrist wedded in steel security to the wrist of the deputy—an erect, defiant, almost exalted figure throwing out an unmistakable suggestion of fanatical heroism. Remembering Semple's admonition, I transferred my attention to the girl.

She was casting a fluttering glance in the youth's direction—a glance that struggled and rose and fell back like an ensnared bird into the steady gaze of the sleek gentleman who sported diamonds.

The prisoner and his guard disappeared through an obscure doorway. Most of the company, their curiosity satisfied, scraped back their chairs and prepared to desert the dining-room. The troupe of actors fell heartily upon the food placed before them; all save the pale faced girl who continued to cast a frozen stare into space. Presently the sleek gentleman took one of her inert hands in his and, placing his eyes on a level with her congealed glance, said something in an undertone. She shivered, smiled and came wanly out of her daze.

I looked up to find Semple's gaze questioningly fixed on me.

"She is completely under the influence of the sleek gentleman," I said, answering his silent query.

"Completely?"

"As completely as hypnosis permits."

"Then you really believe in—"

"In such nonsense?"

Semple flushed. "The idea seems fantastic."

"Not in the slightest. . . . There's nothing fantastic about hypnosis. It simply means the arresting of the conscious mind. I've done it many times in cases of hysteria. The girl's a perfect type. I could put her under myself."

"Really. . . . How?"

"By fixing her attention on me on a single idea. . . . or even on some point—preferably a bright disk." I picked up a glistening spoon as an illustration. "Light reflected on the tip of this spoon would be sufficient to produce a sort of auto-hypnosis in a sensitive person. That really is the principle involved in crystal gazing."

"If you were not a physician—"

"You would not believe me," I finished.

"But I am a physician and my knowledge of such matters goes beyond theory."

"Just so." Semple tore the band from a second cigar. "Would you be prepared to say that there is a possible connection between this woman's hypnotic tendency and the murder I have just spoken of?"

"Anything is possible where hypnosis is concerned."

"Then, I may as well tell you; I've been appointed by the State to defend the boy. I need some expert advice."

Semple lit his cigar. I transferred my attention to the pale lady. She suddenly had become transformed with energy. Her eyes

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### GOOD SHOES & HOSIERY



# ONE PEARL. C.O.D.

An Episode in the Married Life of Helen and Warren  
By Mabel Herbert Urner

THESE pair of washable suede, six chi-  
mois, and two long white gloves.  
The diamond only thirty francs. Ideal for  
present. Tomorrow she must get more.  
What she for Warren's secretary?  
Further happy. Helen opened her box.

"Oh, dear, I'm just sick over it," when  
he reappeared. "Almost twenty dollars;  
There's your shirt. All the things I could've  
bought."  
"Hub, if you'd the brain of a canary—  
when you'd peddled that C.O.D. you'd have  
eave

## Why They Worry

By W. E. Hill

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Afraid of the dark. The first early wor-  
ries are the hardest. Little Jane is  
worried over dark corners that like as  
not harbor all sorts of strange things,  
once the lights have been turned off  
for the night.



These night noises. Winifred, gentle  
little soul, is deathly afraid of a mouse.  
Everything seems to congregate inside her  
when she sees or thinks she sees one.  
When visiting she has been known to  
be awake half the night worrying over  
a noise in the waste basket, or strain-  
ing her ears to catch the faintest  
scurrying in the walls.



A bachelor's tremors. The most innocent remark from  
the opposite sex, having to do remotely with brides,  
newlyweds, or connubial bliss, will cause a bachelor who  
values (so he says) his freedom to worry and fret all  
evening.

Stage fright. The little theater group  
of Golightly, Ind., is presenting  
"Romeo and Juliet" for three gala  
performances, and poor Fred Porter-  
house, with the role of Friar Laur-  
ence to bear up under, has been  
worrying since 4 o'clock this after-  
noon over possible stage fright, and  
now the worst has come to pass and  
the friar has gone completely up in  
his lines, causing the next thing to  
a nervous breakdown in Juliet's  
mus.

Trouble ahead. Clementine, who cooks now  
and then in the kitchens of only the very  
best people, is very superstitious. You've no  
idea how many things a superstitious per-  
son has to worry about! There are black  
cats to cross one's path, ladders not to  
be walked under and otherwise not to be  
treated lightly, to say nothing about Fri-  
days on the 13th and cracked mirrors.  
Only last night Clementine dreamed of a  
big black touring car filled with bottles,  
and that means, of course, that Clemen-  
tine's boy friend is going to be arrested!



A mother's fears. Mothers with only sons have a terrible  
time. Life is just one long worry after another lest some  
fast flaming woman will get Arthur, or Brownell, in her  
clutches.



Cat fear. Some people are thrown into the worst  
kind of panic by even the friendliest cat. Leave  
them in a room with the mildest of pussies for  
company, and they will worry themselves sick for  
fear kitty will spring at them.



Victorian worries. Meet Lulu, a Victorian throwback of  
the most virulent sort. Lulu is sitting in a perfect blaze  
of electric illumination, worrying over the awful things  
young people do nowadays. Just let one of those fresh  
sleeks try to steal a kiss or a love pat from her! Let  
him try it just once, and he'll get a good big slap for  
his pains!



The shame of it. Harry, the prep school youth, is wor-  
ried to death for fear his family (and it's a nice enough  
family as families go) will disgrace him before the boys  
by trying to kiss him, or call him baby names, or some-  
thing as bad. He's keeping his mother and sister as far  
away from his classmates as is humanly possible.



Maternal worries. These first mild summer days are very trying for  
those ladies who promenade their pet dogs. Towser, and Toto, and  
Margot seem to feel even friendlier toward their kind than ever.  
If you are not a dog fancier, you will hardly know the worry caused  
by having to keep little Margot free from beittling friendships with  
dogs who simply have no pedigree at all!















light and starting early, I was there on the evening of the 12th, two days ahead of the expected arrival of the British. I had advised the commanding officer of what was happening, and also the Doctor. They were both fully alive to the necessity of keeping Henry off his delay tactics. I spent ten days paddling round in the wet among the rocks and swamps and rivers, warned this and that village to produce so many carriers at Basta at dawn on the 18th, and gave orders for supplies in bulk to be delivered there on the same day at the same hour. By way of camouflage I did a good deal of head-measuring with a tape, which mystified the subjects greatly and would have mystified the scientists even more had they ever seen the results. On the 17th about lunch time, in the pouring rain, I arrived back in Basta. After lunch I got on my pony and we waded across the station to where Wilfred, who commanded the troops, lived. Seated with him in the shack was the Medical Officer. Wilfred told me his army was all ready to move off directly the transport and supplies arrived and that he was prepared to hand over everything else to Henry at any moment. So the Commander wrote a note and the Doctor wrote a note and I wrote a note, all three addressed to Henry and telling him everything about everything. An orderly dashed off with them, a bugle blew, the two junior officers arrived, also the native sergeant-major the orderly-sergeant, and various other people. The Company Commander gave his orders, and within five minutes there arose from the soldiers' lines the Babel of mixed babblement that always does arise when orders for a short-notice move are published. Then we took tea, the horses were brought round, the rain stopped, the sun shone, and four p.m. saw us cantering across to interview Henry. We found him in a deck chair, his fingers fumbling with our three notes. It was an impressive, a tragic moment. He just sat there and wagged his head slowly from side to side. The Commander and the Medical Officer waved hand-over certificates before his dull eyes, urging him to be up and doing. "Come on," they said, "and take over from us and sign these certificates." I also produced my little dossier. Henry simply went on staring; a tear stole into his eye. The army was scheduled to march four days to Gassol, a village on the flat within a few miles of Babban Kurmi. Traveling

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# THE ROBBERS' JUNGLE STRONGHOLD

By Captain J. F. J. Fitzpatrick  
Illustrated by Douglas Ryan



The young men had hunted them all the way back home, shooting them practically into my presence.

Captain Fitzpatrick has a wide knowledge of conditions in Africa, having supplemented his army training in bush warfare and the support of authority by his service as district representative of the British government.

In two articles, of which the first follows, Captain Fitzpatrick recounts some experiences in "opening" a country where British control was not yet freely accepted.

DAMPARA was a real "bush" province. Right in the middle of it, in a patch of jungle, handy to the hills, lay the village of Babban Kurmi. And inside Babban Kurmi lived a clan of savages who claimed to be the toughest in all the countryside.

They lived mainly by robbery. They robbed the other savages, usually after murdering them; they periodically swooped down on to the Trade Road and plundered the cloth and salt merchants who adventured along it.

The worse the Babban Kurmians behaved, the more they were respected by their neighbors. So all the other little clans within a thirty-mile radius tried to keep in the good graces of this tribe of freebooters, gave them presents—and supplied them with information.

One day a strange thing happened. A brand-new Assistant District Commissioner, with an escort of twenty-five native soldiers commanded by a pink-faced cavalry officer fresh out from home, happened within the orbit of Babban Kurmi.

They sat down in the nearest thing to a village the neighborhood boasted—it was the dry season, and tents on the outskirts of that odoriferous warren did them well enough—and the commissioner went to work to tell everybody about the government, and law and order, and paying taxes, and the desire of the government that every person should be secure in the peaceful enjoyment of what was his.

Thereupon, certain of those who had most recently lost relations and stock and gear to the men of Babban Kurmi were encouraged to come forward and give testimony. The commissioner and the escort commander said it was very abominable and must be stopped; they would stop it. And a messenger was sent to call the chief and elders of Babban Kurmi to come along and explain themselves instantly.

Now the messenger was a very poor man, and life being about all that he possessed, he did not purpose to lose it. He hid himself in a dip where there was some long grass, stayed there for twenty-four hours, and then returned at top speed with a great story of how he had parleyed perilously with the men who kept the stockade guarding the approach to Babban Kurmi.

The messenger had insisted, he said, upon a straight answer to the demand to come and see the commissioner. Thereupon the Babban Kurmi executives had said they would see the commissioner and

his escort jiggered first, or words to that effect.

The commissioner and the cornet of horse took counsel of themselves and of one another; they also consulted their native staff and the villagers. The upshot was that they decided to proceed against the defiant ones. What with finding guides and supplies and carriers and so forth, everybody for miles around soon knew that a secret surprise attack was going to be made on Babban Kurmi at a little before dawn on the following Saturday morning. The Babban Kurmians knew it as soon as anybody, because all the villagers went out privately and told them.

The attacking force arrived before the robber town at about eleven o'clock in the morning.

Being new to the job, they had not taken the precaution of roping the guides to prevent them from straying, and therefore they were not available when required. The commissioner and the cavalry cornet, sweating and cross, consulted. The officer formed his men into a line, took post himself well in front of the center of it, and moved up to where the path from the jungle patch entered the naked plain. There was not a sign of the Babban Kurmians, not a sound of them—just a blank wall of huge trees laced together with creepers and undergrowth, and a foot-wide winding rut that was the path going into it.

The advance in line inevitably became an advance in single file directly it reached the wall of jungle, with the young cavalry officer in front and the commissioner bringing up the rear. Fifty yards up the rut was the stockade—a tall abattis that couldn't be turned and couldn't be climbed.

The officer began wrestling with one of the pointed stakes—and then Babban Kurmi gave tongue. Drums were beaten and horns blown, and arrows—poisoned ones—came flickering through the shadows. The escort commander got one through his riding breeches. Fortunately, they were very baggy breeches, so the wearer suffered no personal injury. A moment later a native soldier dropped his rifle, having been scratched right across the back of the hand by another arrow.

The order to fire was given, whereupon the soldiers got as close to the ground in that rut as they could, and banged away into the leafage. There wasn't much ammunition, the drum-banging continued incessantly, and arrows came from everywhere. Presently the little force of at-

tackers found themselves outside on the plain again.

None of the Babban Kurmi folks showed up, and evidently they did not intend to leave their fastness, for fifty yards from the edge of the jungle patch the arrows were falling short. The end of it all was that the assault on Babban Kurmi just petered out; the place was obviously too strong for a small force to attack with any hope of success. The commander of the escort carefully removed the arrow from his breeches and the party set off on a weary march back to their village quarters.

There the commissioner encountered a runner with urgent orders from his chief to return to headquarters at once—So-and-so, sick and invalided home, must be relieved immediately. That finally ended the matter.

The rainy season being well established, your humble servant was ordered to pacify this troublesome Babban Kurmi and open up the country generally. Off I went to Basta, where a company of native infantry and its three British officers were sitting, waiting for the clouds to roll by.

The political officer at Basta was an old friend of mine, an excellent fellow with a sense of humor tempered by a sense of his own dignity. In his spare time he was on the best of terms with the three soldier men and the doctor, but in office hours he rather "scrapped" with them.

Me he looked upon mainly as a disturber of the peace, his peace, because the chief had a habit of sending me to Basta every now and then on "speeding-up" errands. This political officer was named Henry—Henry of Basta.

Knowing him so well, the last thing I intended to do was to burst in on him abruptly with the news that the troops and I were off to Babban Kurmi, because that move would make a lot of work for Henry—collecting transport and supplies, arranging to keep us going with money, taking over whatever the soldiers and the Doctor left behind, and many other details.

Apart from that, Henry being a sociable soul, given to hospitality and the nightly rubber of bridge, would not willingly sit alone in Basta if he could by any manner of means postpone things.

So I dropped in on Henry and spoke vaguely of going round the villages near his station on a head-measuring expedition. Learned folk were always bothering for data of the sort.

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# OTHER DAY

By Donald Ogden Stewart

"That is all," exclaimed the District Attorney, flashing a glance of triumph at the jury. "Mr. Semple, you may have the witness."

Semple rose—a simple figure grown commanding by reason of his profound earnestness. The audience, receiving the impact of his quiet zeal, watched breathlessly.

"Miss Parks, are you quite sure that the mental vagueness you have described as overcoming you on the night of your father's murder was due altogether to a fainting condition? . . . Are there not times when you feel uncertain of your consciousness? When you have a peculiar sense of impressions beyond your control?"

Gloria leaned forward; her hands were clasped against her breast. "You mean shadows—figures—ideas—"

"I mean just that."

"Yes—I often have them."

"When you are alone?"

"No, seldom then."

"Ah, in the presence of others! You have them in the presence of others—say, for instance, when Mr. Dupont is about?"

"Oh, yes!"

"More than in the presence of any one else?"

"Oh, yes, decidedly more!"

"Can you describe any of these impressions?"

"They come and go . . ."

"In other words they elude you. As a dream often does?"

"Yes."

"Yet, you feel that under certain conditions you could recapture them again—very much as one, redreams a previous dream that one has been unable to remember?"

"Yes."

"Your honor, I am about to make a request."

"State it, Mr. Semple."

"The witness has just testified that there are times when her mind is sensitive to impressions which under ordinary conditions cannot be revived. It is the belief of the defense that there were impressions of this character received by Miss Parks on the night of her father's murder—impressions which she cannot without assistance make clear . . . Doctor Stanhope will you please rise."

I rose, bowed to the judge and then quietly resumed my seat.

"Doctor Stanhope is an authority on hysteria—especially hysteria induced by hypnosis. He feels himself in a position, therefore, to work upon the witness's mind in such a manner as to assist her in formulating her shadowy impressions. I therefore beg the Court to permit Doctor Stanhope to demonstrate his ability."

At once the entire court room was in an uproar.

The judge rapped for order. Then he leaned forward, his cold gray eyes fixed with judicial incredulity on Semple. My heart sank.

"Do I understand, Mr. Semple, that you are seriously requesting the Court to permit a witness to yield to hypnotic suggestion for the purpose of testifying?"

The petition is denied, emphatically denied! I cannot permit any one's testimony to be influenced, scientifically or otherwise!"

Semple squared himself for a supreme thrust. "I submit that it has already been influenced!" he cried dramatically.

"Explain yourself."

"I charge that the witness has, at times, been strongly under the influence of her partner, Felix Dupont—that she was under this influence during their mind-reading act and that she was under this influence on the night of her father's death!"

The District Attorney leaped to his feet. The judge halted his objections with uplifted hand. "Mr. Semple, your remarks are highly improper. Your duty is to prove your case by examination of witnesses and by no other means."

"It is impossible for me to examine a witness who is not in full possession of her faculties."

The District Attorney's explosive manner melted into suspicious suavity. "Your Honor," he began calmly, "since Mr. Semple is so ready to call in expert advice he may not be adverse to a simple demonstration. Permit Miss Parks and Mr. Dupont to give a sample of their act here."

"That, I think, will answer the question of the witness's influence." I made a slight nod to Semple. And it mirrored, and to my dismay I heard him voice an emphatic objection. A stifled cry came from the witness stand. Gloria had fainted.

My first concern was for this stricken girl. Fortunately I had a restorative in my pocket. I called for a glass of water which was instantly produced. Lacking a spoon I stirred in the medicine with a silver pencil. Gloria revived swiftly and smiled out her thanks. I turned from her to catch a glimpse of Semple pacing the corridor. I set the empty glass down and went out to him.

"Whatever possessed you to object to the mind reading demonstration?" I demanded in an undertone.

"You don't mean to say you want her under Dupont's influence, do you?"

"Anybody's so long as the trick is done! Let's hope he isn't too wise for us. If he should get her under, question her swiftly. I'm powerless, now, unless I can catch her eye. Only Dupont or a miracle can open her subconscious mind."

A warning rap upon the Judge's desk told us that the recess was over. We went in and resumed our seats. The District Attorney repeated his request to have the mind-reading act performed. Semple withdrew his objection. The Judge assented. Felix Dupont rose and made his way to Gloria's side. Instantly Gloria seemed sur-

rounded with animation as her glance rested with swift intuition toward me. My sports rose. Dupont was waiting for me to step into the trap. But my motion was short-lived. Felix Dupont was not so easily snared as easily. He avoided the girl's eyes deliberately.

Ordinarily," he explained to the Judge, "the lady is blindfolded. But if I turn her chair, so, toward Your Honor, it will not be necessary."

And suiting his action to his words he turned Gloria's chair at an angle toward the Judge's bench which completely shut the audience from her view. Then with a little dramatic flourish he began moving about the spectators, picking up hats, gloves, card cases, coins and calling upon Gloria in emphatic staccato to name each object in turn. Suddenly I saw Gloria start almost imperceptibly and her gaze became slightly fixed. I followed the line of her vision. A tiny prick of light was gleaming just below the top of the Judge's table. I looked again. The glass from which Gloria had drunk her medicine was lying on a ledge where I had left it in my anxiety to join Semple. The silver pencil that I had used for stirring was within it. A truant sunbeam, was playing upon the pencil's shining surface. Semple flashed a look at me. Even he had sensed the significance of this occurrence: Light reflected on the tip of any shining object would be sufficient to produce a sort of auto-hypnosis in a sensitive person. The exact words that I had used only the night before

in explaining the phenomena of hypnosis on him passed clearly through my mind. An intense moment followed for both of us. Gloria's stare became more fixed, her reaction to Dupont's questions more dreamy. I heard the sharp click of a drawn shade and the next instant, the light upon the pencil was extinguished, and with it my floundering hope.

With the disappearance of the gleam of light, Gloria's rapt look also vanished. The mind reading demonstration droned on—inaccurate, uninspired, dull. A tremendous depression seized me—it seemed as if the cards were stacked against innocence and youth with a vengeance. I turned my attention to Felix Dupont; he was the incarnation of suave villainy, neither too assertive nor too swaggering. But with a glint of evil triumph in his eye that no amount of acting could quench. My despairing interest in his performance was diverted by a burning sensation on the back of my hand. I looked down to discover a patch of sunlight about the size of a half-dollar making a bright spot in the gloom; a patch of sunlight that had been deflected instead of completely smothered by the uneven surface of the shade.

"Have you a pocket mirror?" I whispered to Semple.

He nodded and passed me one in a cheap tin case. I pretended, for the benefit of those who had seen our by-play, to search in my eye for an imaginary glider. And, having satisfied their feeble curiosity, I cautiously concealed the tiny mirror in the palm of my hand and dropped it to a position where it picked up the tiny shaft of light. A school boy trick suddenly fraught with stirring possibilities. The harnessed sunbeam fitted like a silver moth through the room and finally, at my bidding, fell squarely upon the shining surface of the pencil reposing in the glass opposite Gloria's range of vision.

At that moment Dupont had picked up a woman's beaded handbag. "And, now, what am I holding?" he called out.

"A bag—something that looks like a bag!"

He opened the bag impudently. "And what is in it?"

"There is money in the bag."

"Think again! What is in the bag?"

"Money!"

A dark scowl of impatience passed over Dupont's brow. "What do you say that for? Think again."

"There is money in that bag," came with quiet insistence from Gloria.

He cleared his brow of its betraying anger. "Well," he began, good naturedly, "perhaps a few cents."

She shook her head. "Oh, no—there is over a thousand dollars in it."

His face went chalky white. "Come come! This is a lady's bag, remember."

"Oh, no! It is not a lady's bag—it is the bag I gave you on the night—on the night!"

But before she could complete the sentence Dupont had flung the bag aside and was holding up a fountain pen.

"What am I holding, now? Use your wits! What is it?" His voice was shaking.

"A fountain pen!"

"Correct!" He turned quickly to the judge.

"Is that enough, Your Honor?"

The Judge bowed assent, but before another word could be spoken, Semple was on his feet.

"You were saying something about a bag, Miss Parks."

The light on the pencil began to quaver; my hand was shaking.

"Yes—a bag! My father's bag."

"Oh, your father had a bag, then? What sort of bag?"

"A bag that he kept all his money in."

"And you gave that bag to some one?"

"Yes . . . I gave that bag to Mr. Dupont on the night—the night!"

"Yes, Miss Parks."

"On the night—on the night he shot my father!"

There was a sudden commotion. I saw Felix Dupont moving swiftly toward the door. The judge leaned forward, and pointing at the skulking figure, cried:

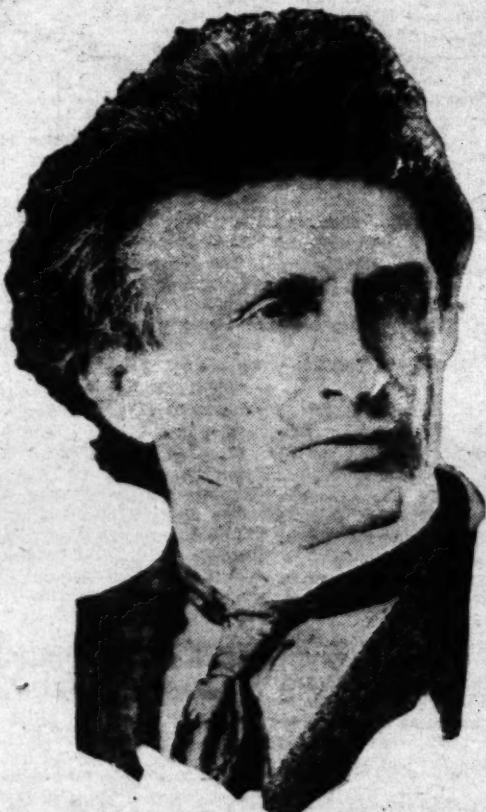
"Hold that man!"

The pocket mirror in my hand fell to the floor. And, in a swift blur of emotion I saw Gloria rise from her seat and hesitate a moment while her bewildered glance swept the room: a bewildered glance, waiting, as it had always done, to be ensnared. But this time, instead of fluttering helplessly into the evil imprisonment of Felix Dupont's gaze it fluttered and fell into the crystal clear eyes of Larry Braden, who had come to his feet with a leap of youthful and triumphant ecstasy. (Copyright, 1926, by the Butterick Publishing Co.)

(This is the eleventh of the Sleazest Best Short Stories of the Year.)

## THE VIGOROUS LIFE

BY BERNARR McFADDEN



BERNARR McFADDEN.

**L**IFE! What a marvelous mystery it is! Whence do we come? Where are we going? From what source comes the life spirit? Have these questions ever puzzled you? Has an answer been forthcoming?

Many feel that they have solved some of these mysteries. Their solution has been largely through faith. It all seems a deep unfathomable mystery to me, but I would not rob a single human soul of a minute part of the satisfaction that comes with faith.

Life, after all, is one monumental gamble. We never know from day to day what is before us. I have escaped death by a very narrow margin on occasions. But death has no terrors for me. It never has had, and I do not think it ever will have. A man who has followed the dictates of his conscience, and his intelligence as nearly as possible, has little or nothing to regret. Day by day, he has performed his duties and responsibilities to the very best of his ability with the "light" he then possessed. What more can he do?

If young men give serious thought

to building up their muscular systems, many other benefits will accrue. For instance, a man who is physically strong can resist many temptations to which his weaker brother succumbs. There is a close relation, which is just becoming understood and appreciated, between the moral and physical.

A young man who takes pride in his body will not dissipate. He will not lay himself open to the many pitfalls that beset his career. He will have courage to say "No" and to stick to it. Those who are weaker than he are physically are really members of the "Yes, yes, boys" class.

Exercising gets one into good habits, one learns to attain his ends by craft. You ask yourself, when a question arises as to the right or wrong of a problem, whether or not a certain course of action is a manly thing to do. Another factor in acquiring success is to take a liberal view. If you have a clean mind born of a clean body, you will discard all shams. Therefore, I repeat that the best advice I can give a young man is to lead a physically vigorous life.

(Copyright, 1927, Famous Features Syndicate, Inc.)



"Yes, that's right, sister," said the old man, "but he ain't pushin' me like my other creditors is."

"Then I think I can trust you; run with this penny and get me a bun, and remember, God sees you!"

Able: Then you owe me thirty-five dollars.

"Your Honor," the offender began pitifully, "it isn't my fault; just the hit-and-run instinct. You see, I'm a ball player."

"The Boston Braves, Judge."  
His Honor started. "Huh? Boston

the officer: "We'll have to delay this hearing. Add perjury to the charge."

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"You ain't got nothin' on me. I had twelve hundred people under me last sum-

"I mowed the grass in a cemetery."



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Away back in the year 1825, when the Harper Brothers—James, John, Wesley and Fletcher—founded their famous publishing house, it fell to the lot of James, who was an apt story teller and a good all-round "mixer," to deal with the visitors who called to inspect their plant. One day an overinquisitive visitor who had learned as much about the affairs of the house as a stranger should know, but who persisted in learning more, said:

"Oh, they leave me an enormous amount of work," replied the imperturbable publisher: "I have to do more than all of them."

on the other, when the released man said,

"In Paris, one day, I went to an exhibition of spring fashions at a famous dress maker's in the Rue de la Paix.

them give a snort and say:"

"'A caricature?' said the other woman.

'Oh, no, Jane. Not a caricature. A talk off.'"

"Where is yo manna, niggah?" Mose said indignantly. "Why, if yo had offered dem to me, I would have took de smallest piece."

"I would like to open an account at this bank, please."

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## SHOES

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# The OTHER DAY

By Donald Ogden Stewart  
Illustrated by Coar Williams

LAST week we devoted a certain amount of attention to the discovery of the land by a small band of American pilgrims. Today we shall discuss the founding of the American colony in France.

In those early days, before it had been settled and civilized by the Americans, France was a wild, barbarous country overrun by the French, who wore mustaches and spoke a curious, unintelligible language of which traces still are to be found in some of the outlying districts. "French," as this language was called, was one of the greatest obstacles which the early American settlers met with in their efforts to Americanize the natives, and it was some time before the French people could be induced to abandon their own clumsy speech in favor of the more practical English which was spoken by the colonists.

Another obstacle in the way of these hardy pioneers was the difficulty in getting breakfast cakes and ice cream soda, and because of this many of our forefathers went through untold agony and hardship during the early days of colonization. The stubbornness with which the French resisted most of the American improvements would be unbelievable to any one visiting in Paris today; it is quite difficult to realize that what is now a typical American city was at one time almost entirely inhabited by the French.

The first Americans to land in France were headed by a prosperous sewing-machine salesman named John Smith, and his first remark, after looking around for a place to plant the American flag, was, "This is a hell of a country."

Mrs. Smith, his wife, however, was of a more optimistic nature, and her reply was, "Well, you wanted to come, didn't you?" "No, I didn't want to come," said her spouse.

"You did, too," reiterated Mrs. S. "Oh, shut up," said Mr. Smith, "and tell Freddie to blow his nose."

"Freddie, blow your nose," commanded the mother, "and get up off that suit case, and how many times must I tell you not to put bananas in the pocket of that coat?" "It ain't a banana," replied Freddie. "It's only half a banana."

"Give it to mother," said Mrs. Smith. "I'm hungry," whined Freddie. "Freddie, give that banana to your mother," commanded Mr. Smith, "before I knock the—"

"Now, John," said Mrs. Smith patiently, "don't lose your temper." "Well, how long do we have to wait in this jerk town before the train starts, I'd like to know?" snapped the head of the family, and with that he put his long neck for the eleventh time out of the car window.

"Mama!" said little Emily. "What?" replied Mrs. Smith. "I want a banana, too," said the little girl.

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"You can't have one," answered her father, and with that Emily slowly screwed up her face and began to cry.

"John, can't you go out and get her one?" suggested the mother as the wailing increased in volume.

"What's the French for banana?" asked Mr. Smith.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied his wife, "but you can certainly make yourself understood."

The American pioneer slowly rose, adjusted his necktie, stumbled over his children's outstretched feet and left the compartment. On the platform he found two natives who had come to view the new comers thus unexpectedly landed upon their shores.

"Say, brother," began Mr. Smith, "do you happen to know where I could get hold of a banana around here?"

The first Frenchman turned to the other and said something. The second Frenchman then spoke to Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith did not understand.

"I said, where can I get a banana?" repeated the American.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"A banana," said Mr. Smith, raising his voice a little. "You know—it's sort of a fruit."

There was no response to this. Mr. Smith suddenly became disgusted.

"All right, brother," he said, "you win," and with that he walked a little farther down the platform. There he met another native.

"Say, listen," said Mr. Smith, "do you speak English?"

The Frenchman nodded as though in the affirmative.

"Well, what I want," continued Mr. Smith, with a smile of relief, "is a banana."

The native stared at him, but made no reply.

"I'll pay for it," said Mr. Smith, reaching for his pocketbook. "Don't worry, brother," and with that he took out a piece of paper money.

Still the Frenchman gazed at him without comprehension.

"Banana," said Mr. Smith, and then he decided to shout. "Banana!" he yelled.

Apparently the volume of Mr. Smith's voice had nothing to do with the native's understanding of Mr. Smith's desires, and the American was suddenly struck with a bright idea.

"Look," he said, "I'll act it out for you," and with that he began to take off his coat. Then he rolled up his sleeves. And at that, unfortunately, the Frenchman apparently took alarm and walked rapidly away.

"My God, what a country!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, and he looked around for some one else to ask information. In the distance down the road, there seemed to be what resembled a village. Mr. Smith put on his coat and hesitated. A man with some sort of uniform walked rapidly by.

"How much time have I got, Cap?" asked Mr. Smith. The official replied something which Mr. Smith did not understand.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Smith. "How would you like—" but the man in uniform had passed on.

When Mr. Smith returned to his compartment he found that his seat had been occupied by three rather large native women and a native



He was stumbling; as he stumbled he muttered.

boy. The women, following the custom of the country, wore faintly visible mustaches and were dressed in black. The boy was encased in tight knee breeches. All four had on gloves. Mrs. Smith, Freddie and Emily seemed faintly belligerent.

"They just came in and sat down," explained Mrs. Smith, defensively. "I told them—but it didn't seem to do any good."

Mr. Smith surveyed the situation.

"This is a great country," he said. "We're going to enjoy this trip."

"Well, you wanted to come," remarked his wife, moving over so that he could, with difficulty, squeeze in beside her. "And you didn't expect it would be like America, anyway, did you?"

"I didn't think it would be this bad," replied Mr. Smith. "Why, they can't even talk English."

"Did you get that banana for Emily?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"They didn't have any," replied her husband, a little vaguely.

"I want a banana," supplied little Emily. "You can't have one," said her father.

"Why?" asked the little girl.

"Because they don't have bananas in France," replied Mr. Smith.

Mrs. Smith grabbed desperately for a book.

"Look, Emily," she urged, opening it at urgent random, "look at the pretty map."

"I want a banana," howled little Emily. Mr. Smith looked at Mrs. Smith.

"I think, dear," said Mrs. Smith, "that—"

Mr. Smith narrowed his eyes.

"Well, dear," he replied, "we can do one of two things. We can get off now and go back to America—or—"

Mrs. Smith smiled patiently.

"I would like to see the Eiffel Tower," she said.

Mr. Smith closed his eyes for a minute. Then he began slowly to rise.

"Here are the tickets, dear," he said, reaching into his pocket. "And here is my letter of credit."

His wife accepted it in silence.

"My papers at home," he went on, "are in the safe at the office. Miss Stevenson knows the combination."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Smith.

"All the June bills have been paid," he continued, "except the gas bill and whatever you may happen to owe at Finkel & Goldstein's."

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith.

"Good-bye, dear," said Mr. Smith. "Good-bye, children—good-bye, and God bless you."

He kissed Freddie and Emily tenderly on the cheek. Then he embraced his wife. And in a minute he was gone.

Half an hour later the train left for Paris. The railroad station was deserted. Afternoon passed and faded into evening. Gas

lamps were lighted. Officials went home to supper, returned, and then went home to bed.

And then, toward morning, there appeared, from the direction of the village, a man. He was stumbling, and as he stumbled he muttered. What he muttered was unintelligible to the few early rising Frenchmen who found him where he lay. But on his face as they buried him was a smile of triumph.

And that is why, on the Fourth of July next, in a little village on the coast of France, there will be unveiled a monument to John Smith. His face, in marble, will be turned toward the land of his birth. He will be smiling a smile of triumph. And in his hand will be a banana.

The statue will be executed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

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"Say, listen," said Mr. Smith.



# Good Short Stories from Everywhere

COMPILED FOR THE TIMES SUNDAY MAGAZINE

No Kick Coming

Puzzled

Dead Right

Not Worried

"You wanted to go back at the time you were looking at the picture?" "No, I didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture." "You didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture?" "No, I didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture."

"Oh, I don't believe I have!" cried Lily. Her thoughts were diverted; she turned quickly—her glance, her little soft, shy, sleeve-stroking gesture, were like a caress. "But I don't need to just say things, do I, Mr. Ducane? Won't you come, too, and look at the mare? Maybe she wants to see you, and you can get across the yard easy enough. You'll let me really ride her, some day, won't you? Come along. And tell him—both that old appointment, Uncle Dave!" She ran out. Ducane got unsteadily upon his feet.

"I'd like to see the mare's all right. It won't take but a few minutes, and it's past sundown, anyway," he began. Hallard looked around.

"Speaking of that appointment—" he drawled again. Ducane, straightening, turned upon him.

"I'm keeping it," he retorted brusquely. "If you think because—because of any thing I'm squealing, backing down any more than you would—"

Hallard waved a huge hand.

"You wanted to go back at the time you were looking at the picture?" "No, I didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture." "You didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture?" "No, I didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture."

"You coming, Mr. Ducane?" she called. Ducane, turning toward it, turned back. "I want to say," he said a trifle huskily "that if five years ago there was a quarrel because a young fool that reckoned he was almighty smart riled up a man he thought as much of with reason, as if he'd been his own father, he could have kicked himself, five minutes after, and would have felt the same if things hadn't gone the way they did go. And that he's only been sorry once, and that's all the time. If I'd carried my gun this morning and been quicker pulling it than you, I'd likely have put another bul-

"You wanted to go back at the time you were looking at the picture?" "No, I didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture." "You didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture?" "No, I didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture."

"I got that set of duds now, Jim!" "That so?" asked Ducane. "Sure. Haven't worn 'em since, though." With hands on the other's shoulders he swayed him gently to and fro. "An' you an' me cuttin' up, cuttin' loose over 'em! Us that was as good as father an' son, let alone bein' pardners. Lord, Lord! That reminds me—I reckon it takes two to run this place the way it ought to be."

"Ramsey's getting my notice soon as I can hand it in," returned Ducane.

"That's talkin'!" approved Hallard. He glanced at the door; his voice dropped to a tone mysteriously confidential. "Before the little lady gets impatient out there—this morning, if I don't deceive myself, you men-

"You wanted to go back at the time you were looking at the picture?" "No, I didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture." "You didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture?" "No, I didn't want to go back at the time you were looking at the picture."

He lifted the other eyebrow. Ducane, at the door, glanced over his shoulder. A smile slid to the grave corners of his mouth.

"She's the girl!" he said simply. He went out. With eyebrows more elevated as he involuntarily whistled, Hallard listened. "It's funny, but somehow I 'most thought, in the forest, you didn't know me. I did you in a minute. We didn't ever say much but you sure saw me often enough, over in San Manuel to— Say, you feel all used up and sick yet, don't you? We'll just go and look at the mare and come right in—you've got to stay the night over. Worrying about that old appointment when you can't hardly make out to stand—you need looking after bad as Uncle Dave does seems to me! Now hold my arm," came Lily's little solicitous voice, sweetly imperative. With a contented nod he took up the revolver and clicked it open.

"Reckon," he remarked pensively, and chuckled again—"reckon if that spunky, God a'mighty-proud, flare-up young cuss had found I'd shook the cartridge outen the gun before I handed it over, so it couldn't ha' hurt a six months' baby 'bout he'd tried to swaller it, he'd have allowed I'd got back on him tolerable neat for that time he guyed me. Yea, I reckon he would, sure!" (Copyright, 1927, by G. C. Andrews.)

## Mister Teacher

(Continued from Page Eight)

Talbot was saying to her snapped short. Glancing at him, Ethel saw his eyes open in glad surprise. A smile beamed over her head—in the direction of Miss Coye. Then he rose, looked down upon Ethel, quickly said, "Please pardon me," bowed, and was off.

Ethel saw him approach Miss Coye. The blonde girl saw him coming and, prettily holding out both hands, broke into an exceedingly merry greeting.

Mr. Talbot's face, at that moment, bore an expression very familiar to Ethel. He looked precisely as Will Hanley had looked that night at the dance. On the face of her kind, patient teacher was a most foolish look, a palpitating admiration. Into Miss Coye's china-blue eyes he was gazing as he never gazed into Marie Florio's dark eyes.

Ethel sank into cold despair. To repeat her first disappointment so exactly, to fling her back into the darkness of disappointment—oh, that was cruel. And, she asked herself in agony, what resources had she left now to call upon, to achieve tranquillity again?

To mock her, the music cheerfully blared into a care-free fox-trot. Ethel remained on the bench, unable to gather up enough energy to push through the crowd to an exit. A number of girls came and stood before her, screening her from the dancers. But they could not keep from her a voice she knew well.

"A little Italian girl in my class—the funniest thing—"

She looked up to see Mr. Talbot dancing by with Miss Coye; and both were enjoying a joke. She flamed with indignation. Then she was cold, weary, drained of her strength by the cruelty of the speech flung to her through the music.

The band flourished off this dance with "Good night, ladies," and then the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home," to a short crescendo of laughing complaint from the dancers.

Ethel permitted the tide to carry her slowly out of a door, into the cool air of the outer yard, across its smooth red-tiled floor to the gate. Here she paused in the crowd and looked up at the sky. Rain touched her face. Then a voice spoke in her ear. "Please let me see you home, Miss Florio. I have an umbrella."

Ethel faced Arthur Talbot. "Thanka you, no, sir," she replied.

What mockery was this?

"I've been looking all over for you," he insisted. "I—I'd like to talk to you. Oh, this rain will ruin your hat." He lifted the umbrella over her head. The chattering crowd edged them into the street.

"You live on Bloeker street—one ninety-nine, don't you?" he asked.

"No—yea," she replied. Pride flared up within her. She would play her part out to the end. He must not learn now who

she was. But she would not tolerate his condescending kindness in offering to take her home.

"I go home myself, thanka you," she said.

Several of the crowd glanced with curious and laughing eyes at Mr. Teacher arguing so with a pupil. Better let him have his way and walk out of the range of these eyes. She, too, felt a bitter curiosity. How much further did he intend carrying the joke? In that mood she began walking with him.

They walked over streets sleekly black with fresh rain. Tenements lining the streets were wet crags hovering over dark, narrow valleys. They walked several blocks through almost empty streets; the rain had driven indoors most of the promenaders. Mr. Arthur Talbot spoke frag-

mentarily of the weather, in general, and of this rain, in particular. What was his purpose in walking with her, she wondered. One of the self-imposed duties of a conscientious teacher? Really, he was too kind.

He stopped abruptly before the mournful gray bulk of a tenement.

"Here we are," he remarked, glancing up at the number of the house. He held out his hand. There was a sudden, a vast, strange embarrassment about him.

"Good—good night, Miss Florio," he said. "Good night, Meester Talbot," she replied, from between tight lips.

He still held her hand. "Good night," he said. "Oh—you'll be sure to come Monday?"

"Y—es, sir, good night." If only he would leave her, so that she could rush

through the cooling rain to a subway station.

His hand trembled in hers.

"Marie," he said softly.

Her thoughts became suddenly very confused. She looked wildly past him, up the black street stretched with the smooth glare from white and yellow lights; Italian restaurants, grocery stores.

Then, from an open window in the rain-veiled block of houses opposite, there spurted a flight of chords pumped from a player-piano. A man's voice sang. "Oh, Marie!" it cried melodiously into the cool, rain-spattered darkness, "Oh, Marie!"

As though he were a marionette moving to the music, Mr. Arthur Talbot threw his shoulders back with a reckless flinging aside of last hesitations. His eyes widened.

"Oh, Marie!" he sighed. His whispering voice carried those warm syllables, and mingled with the throbbing music.

Then, suddenly bending, he pressed his lips to her hand. Straightening, with a queer little quirk in his laugh: "Ah, Ethel Rand!" he said, quite distinctly.

Her hand reached for the support of the wet stone of the house.

"Ethel Rand—you lovely, romantic girl, you darling!" cried Mr. Talbot to his pupil. Still she found no word.

"Last night—you were absent," he explained, in eager gasps. "I happened to compare one of your night-school exercises with one of your notes about blackboards—the same handwriting! Oh, Marie!" Her hands fluttered helplessly. Darkness, cut by sharp flashes of light, whirled about her.

"I was on the point tonight—a dozen times of telling you who you are—Marie—Ethel—but—your disguise—frightened me. Till I saw Miss Coye. I knew she taught in your school—and she would tell me—if you were you. I was never so glad to see any one in my life as I was to see Miss Coye tonight. She got a look at you—confirmed my suspicions—oh, she raved and raved about it—the most romantic thing she ever heard of. But I wouldn't let her go near you—I didn't want to embarrass you—don't you understand—Ethel—Marie—I—love you—watched you—night after night—found myself liking you more and more—and now—I love you!"

The street lamps were torches of joy. A motor-car swished by with a sweet, restful swish. Warm rain fell thickly as Arthur Talbot recklessly cast aside the umbrella to catch her hands. She faced him, smiling in the torrent that beat upon the many flowers on her hat.

"Do you—could you—don't you—oh, tell me," he demanded masterfully. "Why—why have you been coming to evening school—every night?"

She lifted her head and her eyes met his through the enveloping rain. She said no word, but in her eyes he read her answer.

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## PUZZLES

### CROWNING GLORY

Four young ladies issued from the hairdresser's studio and their varied styles of hairdress were quickly expressed in the puzzle-man's sketch book. Can you discover one familiar way of fixing the hair in each of the little pictures?

### RIDDLES

What kind of key is the hardest to turn?

What is that which flies high, flies low, has no feet and yet wears shoes?

### CONCEALED GEOGRAPHY

Find in each of the following sentences the name of a place in the State of South Carolina:

Her raised pitcher awed the impatient tramp.

To her, a baby darling—to neighbors, a midnight howler.

If you spring that pun I only hope you escape unharmed.

In the dark wood rufians lie in ambush for travelers.

War indemnity is a sum terrible to the vanquished.

### SPELLING

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE

Take a small lizard, add a piece of wall furniture, subtract a spoor, add a part of your shoe, subtract



a marine creature, add a fruit, add a lighting contrivance, subtract a gem, add a piece of your wardrobe, add an anthropoid, subtract a faucet and the resulting letters will spell NEW HAMPSHIRE.

### THE POULTRY BOSS

Take a bird, subtract a compartment, add some false hair, add some old-time Indian money, add an outdoor advertisement, subtract a conical tent,

subtract a water resort, and the resulting letters will spell Rooster.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### PUZZLING CHEESES

1, Edam. 2, Roquefort.

3, Cream. 4, Pot cheese.

#### PUZZLING LIVESTOCK

Farmer Jones must have bought six calves for \$72. The remaining \$78 he invested in twelve pigs at \$5 each and six sheep at \$3 each.



# MAGAZINE

## FARM and ORCHARD

### FIRE!

DUCANE, as the sound struck upon his ear, started and stared about him with a sudden confused alertness. Lulled by the steady thud of the mare's boots, by the droning monotone of insect life that drummed in the dry, pulsating air, by the brazen heat in which, although the day was young, the whole forest lay scorched and parching, he had fallen as nearly asleep as a man in the saddle may. It came again—a succession of shrill yaps, a sharp howl. The track turned the shoulder of a great rock; beside it, caught in a thornbush a few yards ahead, something white and brown writhed and struggled, helplessly trapped and held in the needle-like spikes—a dog. Long-legged, long-coated, not grown out of puppyhood, anything in the way of a cross that had probably a preponderance of spaniel in it.

All of which he saw in the act of hastily dismounting and going down on his knee. To break the thorns away was not easy, but it was done at the expense of a scratch or two more or less ugly; he stood up with the panting creature held under his arm. How had it come there? His eyes, as he asked himself the question, glanced ahead. To the left ran the forest road that was his own way; to the right wound a track that was not much more than a path. He nodded toward it.

"The old Craven place," he said aloud. "That's the nearest, and I did hear the new folks were in a week ago. Strayed from there, I reckon. That so, ye little fool?"

The puppy, responding, struggled up and licked him in a lavish ecstasy of gratitude. Ducane's handsome, lean, tanned face, a face in which, despite its habitual gravity, there still lurked something boyish, relaxed into a smile; he had a weakness for animals; his mare, a beautiful, clean-bred spirited creature, was his pride and idol. To abandon the helpless canine infant to its own devices was a thing not to be done. With it still squirming under his arm he swung himself into the saddle.

"Bit too used-up to run," he scoffed aloud again. "Won't hinder but an hour or so, and it's pretty early yet, thanks to me starting when I did. Reckon I'll be along soon as I need be. Whew, but it's hot!"

The mare turned into the track to the right; once more the thud of her hoofs and the insect drone mingled drowsily. Little by little the way widened, the trees thinned, more and more unbearably the furnace-like heat beat down. Came presently a broad clearing, the cracked earth patched with clumps of coarse, sun-scorched scrub and grass. Beyond the road flanking it, backed by a rocky timber-crowned knoll, surrounded by a great yard, showed the old Craven place, a substantial white house with a deep veranda running around it. A large shirt-sleeved figure appeared from a doorway, as Ducane, riding in through the open gate, dismounted in the welcome shade of a laden apple tree, and let the puppy slip down.

"Your dog, I think," he said questioningly. "Reckoned so, this being the nearest place. Found him caught good and tight in a thorn-bush way back in the woods and—"

He stopped. His one step back was the mere involuntary recoil of the muscles with which the conscious will has nothing to do, was as little under his control as his swift intake of breath. As swiftly the hand that had dropped to his hip pocket was flung out, empty. He looked at the revolver that, a bare yard away, covered his heart.

"I carry my gun mostly," he said levelly. "It happens not today. You've got me, Dave."

The other advanced half a pace.

"When you an' me parted," he said with grim slowness, "I told you you'd best be s'pry over pulling on me if you came in my way again, for I'd plug you on sight, sure as my name was Dave Hallard. If it was ten years. If you kept out of it that long, well and good. Ten years! I miss my guess, Jim Ducane, if it's more than five."

"It's five years all but a month—I remember well as you do. You called me a good few things that day, but skunk wasn't one. I'm not squealing any more than you would if it had been me that'd caught you out. That's enough! Shoot quick and shoot clean and get it over," said Ducane doggedly.

"What's waited for five years," he said with the same deliberation, "can wait another five minutes. I've no call to give you a chance, but plugging a man that I know can't shoot back is what I've never done

yet, and risking my neck in the rope is what I don't fancy doing either, for you or anybody. . . . Maybe you suspicion I'm bluffing—ain't loaded? If that's so—"

The shot, striking the fence, sent a ripped splinter flying.

He turned back to the open door, under the veranda. Ducane followed his towering, massive figure into a big bare room that, after the turning glare of the yard, was pleasantly cool. A bureau stood in one corner. He crossed it, took something from a drawer and threw it down upon the table—a pack of cards. Once more, across them, the blue and gray eyes met with the cold light flash of steel. Hallard gave a nod.

"Draw poker," he said slowly. "You an' me was pretty good and pretty even at it five years ago, and with them same cards. Ain't used 'em since because I ain't played it since. We'll play now—best two hands out o' three. The one that loses takes my gun and uses it—on himself—by sundown. There's your chance, Jim Ducane, an' it's as good for you as for me. Do you take it or don't you?"

"You know there isn't anything for me to say but yes—if you say so," said Ducane.

"I say so." By sundown, if it's you or if it's me. All out up to seven and cut for deal," said Hallard.

He sat down, throwing off his broad hat, showing the crisp grizzled hair that curled about his sunburnt square of forehead. Obeying his gesture toward a second chair, Ducane also sat—so, five years ago, the two, day by day, had faced each other. The cards were cut and dealt. Hallard weightily cogitated, as five years ago he had weightily cogitated, slowly discarded and drew three. Ducane quick to decide as he had always been, threw out and took two. Hallard laid his hand down upon the table.

"A pair of queens," he stated briefly. "What's yours?" Ducane in turn exposed his hand.

"I beat you—kings. Your deal," he said without expression.

Hallard nodded and dealt. This time Ducane, with his former quickness, threw out only one card. Hallard, after another long frowning wait, again discarded three. With no change in the stolid fixity of his face he looked from the three that replaced them across the table as the other's hand was shown—three tens, a queen and a seven.

"Triplets," said Ducane.

"My turn. What I guess you were after when you threw out—a full house," countered Hallard.

His cards laid down were three knaves and a pair of nines. In the lean tan of Ducane's cheek the instantaneous twitch of a pulse beat as, not speaking, he swept the cards together and prepared to deal again. Hallard thrust back his chair and stood up.

"Whatever I may ha' said or thought o' you," he began slowly, "it never was that you wan't straight. Straight! Believe it or not—and it don't signify a cent—that's so. I'd ha' bet my life on it any time five years ago. And not thought twice about it either."

"Straight," repeated Hallard with a nod. "And a man don't change, I reckon. The way he's made he stays—all through. Which being so, your word's your word. Likely as not I'm going to lose that next hand. If that's so there'll be one thing worrying me. You'll recollect I had a sister, maybe? She died rather better than a year. There wasn't more than enough to clear up the debts—her husband was poor goods—mighty poor goods! And there's a girl, my niece. That's why I came here, bought this place—I reckoned I'd settle down, have her live with me—she was coming soon as I'd get things a bit more fixed. I made my will last week, leaving her all I own—there's the papers and so on in that bureau. If it's me takes the gun presently, here she'll be. A kid. Pretty. All alone. Not knowing how to take hold of things any more than a pup. I, able to be fooled an' cheated by the first scurvy skunk that happens along. . . . You getting me?"

With the relaxing of his clenched hand upon the table he drew a step back. "Which is all supposing it's me. Supposing it's you—" Ducane withdrew a step in his turn.

"Whatever I may ha' said or thought o' you," he said with elaborately exact repetition, "it never was that you didn't know the points of a horse or how to treat one. There's my mare out there. She's game she's blood,

she'll go till she drops and she's gentle as a lamb. You won't find her beat in this State or the next. If it's me gets the gun there isn't anything I'd so soon know as that she's owned by a man that'll handle her right. If you take her I would know it."

Hallard repeated his stolid nod.

"Horses being horses and us both knowing it," he said deliberately, "I'm not saying that she shan't miss you. Barring which, you don't need to worry. She shall be looked after, good and square, long as she lives or long as I do. That all?" Ducane swung round from the window.

"There's a girl," he said abruptly. "Over in San Manuel. But it don't matter. Likely as not she'd never have looked at me, and I've never said much to her, luckily." He half laughed. "I couldn't have asked her to wait another five years, anyway. And at the back of things, I've always somehow had the feel that you'd get me, sure, long before, that. As I reckon you will directly."

"Maybe yes and maybe no. Your deal," said Hallard.

He turned back to his chair. The cards were shuffled and cut. Ducane, standing, dealt them. Hallard after only a glance at his hand, threw out and drew one. Ducane, with hardly more delay, did the same with two. Hallard laid the five face upward on the table.

"Best yet—a flush. You beat it?" he demanded.

For an instant, no more, the pulse throb showed again in Ducane's cheek. He laid down his hand.

"No—two pairs. You've got me, Dave," he said levelly.

"Seems so," agreed Hallard. Ducane picked up his hat.

"I took a bunch of cattle over to the railroad yesterday," he said with the same level quietude. "Had to give them over to the man that bought them and take the money. Ramsey's away for a day or two—that's why he borrowed my gun, he don't carry any mostly—but it don't signify. I can leave the bills for him. There's a few things I ought to do to leave him straight, but they won't need to take very long. Know that big rock back in the woods just after the track this way crosses the Long Branch road? I'll bring the mare 'ther' by sundown. If you'll be along about then I won't need

to wait, can leave her tied, go—go a little ways off. That's all, except that maybe I'd best write a line saying I've made her over to you, so that there won't be any trouble or questions asked—afterward."

"That's so. There's pens and paper over there," returned Hallard laconically.

Ducane turned to the indicated table against the wall. Hallard was standing when he turned about again, and the revolver lay beside the neatly stacked cards. He nodded toward it.

He slipped the weapon into his hip pocket. For the first time since the laying down of the last cards the eyes of each met the eyes of the other—both might have regarded a wall with as much expression. Ducane walked out. Hallard's great figure towered impassively under the veranda as he rode through the gate.

Through the torrid heat of the parching forest, the better for the springing up of a wind whose gusts were like the breath of an oven, Ducane, as the sun blazed fiercely toward its setting, came riding slowly. At a certain point of the road where a great break in the timber belt showed, miles away, a faint smudge of smoke against the brazen cobalt of the sky, he checked; in his saddle, sat looking toward it. There lay the township of San Manuel. And there—he swept off his hat with a gesture of salutation.

"I'm mighty glad," he said fervently aloud—"mighty glad that I never said anything—not to count—to this little girl!"

His stop, his sudden drag upon the reins, as he turned his head, were as entirely beyond control as his movement of recoil had been when, a bare yard away, Hallard's revolver had covered his heart. In the gust of hot wind that smote across his cheek there was something more than mere heat—something acrid, piercing, pungent—the scent and savor of burning. And far away, to the right, visible through another wide break in the trees, lazily rising puffs of white vapor were shot through with darting spires of red.

"Fire!" cried Ducane.

In his childhood he had been carried in frantic flight from a forest fire. It remained vivid in his memory, terrific and terrifying, uncheckable, devouring, a red nightmare of roar and flame. He had ridden toward



"Go on! Go on! Y



# Fontana and Grows It Grows Grows

By C. C. Andrews

Illustrated by Garrett Price



the only way. If we can make out to get through far as the Long Branch road—we've got to do it! Hold on to me and don't get scared," said Ducane.

And again the mare was flying. The turn was passed. The long stretch was passed. The outward curve was behind them, the inward curve before. And the fire had reached the edge of the track, was licking over the dried grass; the underbrush blazed, driving before it spark-spangled volumes of smoke. . . . A great darting tongue of flame caught at her blown skirt and set it flaming—she screamed and he crushed it out with his hand. . . . The mare was weakening, was falling in her stride with stretched neck, heaving flanks foam-dripping nostrils. But the curve was behind them. Ducane flung himself out of the saddle.

"She can't do it," he said hoarsely. "Not with both of us. She'll go till she drops, breaks her heart, but she's done thirty miles already since morning. If I shorten the stirrup this side you can manage to hold on if I lead her and run by you!" He was hurriedly doing as he said; she had nodded dumbly. "It means going slower, but I'm pretty spry on my feet. We'd best strike the track your pony took—that's the nearest cut to the Long Branch road. Ready? Gentle for a while and let her get her wind. I reckon we're through the worst of it, anyway."

She nodded again, easily, it seemed, accepting the lie. The lie, for he guessed that the track when reached might prove impassable. As it did—halfway through its windings smoke and flame drove them back. A great branch, dead and rotten, caught by the fire, crashed down blazing as they turned, and, barely missing the girl, sent Ducane half-stunned to his knees, with clothes smoldering and blood trickling from a cut on his head. Back on the wide track he found himself reeling sickly and stopped, meeting the dilated eyes that shone black in the pallor of the small face that was like a child's under the short, loose tress of hair.

"That hasn't made me feel any too good," he said thickly. "If I drop presently, you go on. Oh! Understand? If you don't, if you wait, it means that you go, too—you an' the mare. And don't help me any. Keep right ahead, fast as you can, till you come to a big rock. Then follow the track round it to the right. That'll bring you out on a clearing 'most opposite the nearest house. Go there—they know the mare. And it's safe because of the clearing. Round by the rock and to the right. Got that? Sure? I'll keep up if I can. We—we'll get through—don't you be scared."

They went on. Ducane, running with violently pumping heart, bursting lungs and dizzily swimming head, kept on his feet only by sheer force of will, knew dazedly that more than once, as he lurched and staggered, only her swift clutch at his shoulder saved him from going down. Half choked by smoke, with clothing scorched in a dozen places by flaming fragments that fell about them, but ahead still of the following fire, they were close upon the rock when he tripped, stumbled, tried to recover, failed, fell, and struggled, gasping, up upon elbow and knee.

"Go on! Go on! You've got to. That's the rock!"

"I can't—I can't!" She had screamed and slipped from the saddle—the mare stood with hanging head and spread forefeet, but true to her training, still. "I can't—I won't! How'd I bear to live if I left you when I'd be dead now, suffocated first and burnt up after, if you hadn't come? You'll be all right if you wait a little—just a little—to get your breath. Try to stand. Let me help you. Try—try!" On her knees, desperately striving to raise his inert weight, she caught instinctively at the right plea to rouse and stir him. "And I daren't—I'm scared. I'd go wrong—be killed after all. . . . Ah, you can! You see—you can! There—there! Oh! Look," she gasped.

"Look?" He was on his feet, holding to the mare's shoulder and her arm. She pulled away and threw up her hands.

"Yes—look, look! At the smoke. It's blowing back! Back! And the fire—the fire! Blowing away from us. The wind—the wind's changed! We're through—we're through!" she cried hysterically.

He caught her as she swayed toward him. With her in his arms, impossible, reeled back

against the rock. . . . The rock! Hallard! The revolver in his hip pocket! For the first time since his first glimpse of the fire full memory swept in upon him. The smoke canopy, rolling back before the changed and strengthening wind, showed beyond it a glowing stretch of western sky in which a vast coppery ball dipped out of sight. Sundown!

He began to laugh weakly.

Hallard, turning a corner of the old Craven house checked to stare astoundedly at the figure that passed through the open gate into the yard. Ducane, stumbling from the saddle with the girl's body in his arms, lurched forward a few paces dazedly. To him the others loomed gigantic in a mist of smoke and flame.

"Don't move—it's best not. I guess you've been asleep—I was getting 'most frightened, it seemed so long. Your head's been bathed and strapped—it won't be so very bad. Does it hurt much?" she asked anxiously.

"My head? No—no." He stared at her, realizing, remembering. "You didn't get hurt? Did you? Were you?"

"Me? Not a mite." She laughed softly; her little face under its shining tress of hair was pink and sweet and charming as a flower. "It was real silly of me to faint off like that—I never did before. But I was awful scared—never thought we'd get through. I don't want to think of it—if you hadn't come! I don't see how ever you made out to lift me and get me here the way you were! No, I wasn't hurt any. And the mare won't be a mite the worse, either. Uncle Dave says. He just went out to look at her again—"

"Uncle?" Ducane struggled up. "You don't say you're his niece—Dave Hallard's—"

"Sure, I am." She nodded. "He said he knows you. Didn't he ever say he had one? My mother was his sister—that's how I'm Lilly Trevor, not Hallard. I'm going to live with him. That's—Why, what's the matter? I don't see why you want to laugh, Mr. Ducane!"

She stared, half indignant, bewildered. Ducane, suddenly on his feet swaying dizzily, sank back again.

"That's right," he said steadily. "I don't see why I want to laugh, either. I beg your pardon, Miss—Miss Lilly. I didn't know—that's all. You were coming here then, maybe, when—"

"Yes." Instantly softening, she repeated the little nod. "He wanted me to stay where I was boarding till he got things fixed. As if a man ever did that right without being helped! Why, you're real babies, mostly, if there isn't somebody around to see after you. Anyway, Uncle Dave is. I guess I'll have this room looking some different by tomorrow night—you'll see! I found I could get to the cars quite easy from Arosa Creek, so I planned to come and take him by surprise. I didn't know a bit when you told me where to go that it was this place—I'd never been here."

"Didn't you? . . . I'm mighty glad I happened along in time and that you didn't get hurt. I'll be going now," said Ducane quietly.

"Going?" She came quickly in his way as he stood up. "Why, you can't! You've got to stay the night over—I said so to Uncle Dave. And the mare isn't fit—"

"I don't need the mare. Good-night."

"And you're not fit, either!" She shook her head impatiently, refusing his extended hand. "Why, there—you can't hardly stand! And to try to go walking—I don't know where you were riding, but if it can't wait till tomorrow, anyway—"

"No, it can't. I've got—got an appointment. It was for sundown, but that don't signify, seeing the reason I didn't keep it. I'll be going," repeated Ducane doggedly.

"An appointment? Why, where? If it isn't quite near you'll sure never get—Uncle Dave, here's Mr. Ducane saying he's got some old appointment and must go off to keep it right now. I call that real foolish when he isn't fit to do anything but just rest. Don't you say so?"

She had turned toward the opening door and Hallard's massive entering figure. Over her head, as he let it close behind him his eyes and Ducane's met with no more expression than they had shown some ten hours before.

"If Mr. Ducane's got an appointment I

Go on! You've got to!"

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death steady-nerved, as to a thing accepted and inevitable, not to be shocked or blenched from. But in this form! All the desperate force of life assailed rose in him, fighting and furious; the panic of the child gripped the man. Back! Back the way he had come! Back while there was time! The acrid smoke-scent, stronger and more stinging, was in his nostrils again as he made to turn the mare's head and in the movement stopped. From a side track just ahead came a sudden thud of rapid hoofs, and a riderless pony, scared and wild-eyed dashed out of the chaparral, swerved from his clutch at the flying bridle and tore headlong by. Riderless. And the saddle was a side saddle.

"My God! A woman!" cried Ducane.

Almost as swift in movement as in thought, Ducane, his panic forgotten, plunged into the track. It wound tortuously, dwindled, widened. He paused to shout and listen, to peer about him. It wound again; he came out upon a broader track running left and right, and swung out of the saddle before the figure that cowering against a great boulder, sprang up with a cry, and rushed to and clutched him.

"Saw your pony," said Ducane rapidly. "Came out just ahead of me on the Long Branch road. Reckoned you must have fallen or that he'd thrown you—"

"He did. I mean, he plunged and I sort of lost the stirrup and slipped—I don't just know how it was. Tried to catch him and couldn't," gasped the girl breathlessly. "I was riding from Arosa Creek to the rail-head, to take the cars—"

"The rail-head?" He had thrown an arm about her, was looking down into her great dilated hazel eyes, the terrified, childish round of her little blanched face under a disordered tress of short chestnut hair. "The rail-head? This is the wrong road. If you turned left, coming through the pear—"

"I must have. The track twists so, and I never rode through it alone before. Maybe I oughtn't, but—"

"By yourself? I guess not!"

"But the man that was going to drive me had a fall and got hurt. I didn't want to wait the night over, so they offered me the pony—I reckoned I'd find my way all right. It was just when I'd begun to think I'd maybe come wrong that I smelt the fire. And then saw it. And the pony reared up

and plunged—I hurt his mouth, perhaps. What'll I do? They were saying last night that if the forest got alight it would burn for miles! Miles! If I can't get back—"

"You'll get back. Don't be scared—he won't be hurt," said Ducane soothingly.

He looked at her; in the clasp of his arm her small, slender body seemed hardly more than a child's.

"I'll get you through," he said cheerfully. "Don't be afraid of that. The fire's way off yet, and it's not so far."

She nodded, slipping a hand to his shoulder and holding it. He turned the mare's head, with voice and knee urged her to the best pace that might be. That it could not be her best he knew—for all her blood and courage she was a delicate, light-built creature, up to no more than his own weight.

But she could make the flat, got through the flat, it—The road took a deep inward curve; a break in the timber showed the puffs of vapor swollen to clouds rolling tree-top high, showed the darting spires of red fanned to widening banners of flame; the fire was spreading with frightful velocity. If it should have reached the pear, if they had to turn back—Ducane, with an icy pringle along his spine that chilled his racing blood, glanced down at the girl. She sat shrinking against him, her head down, one hand twisted and clenched in the mare's mane as fast as the other gripped his shoulder. She had not seen, it seemed.

The road curved outward, stretched in a long sweep, turned sharply again, and the pear was close ahead. Ducane reined in; the cry of both came together. The fire had reached it; almost half of the mile-wide belt was alight; the under-dry mass of scorched cacti, overhung by a billowing canopy of smoke, crackled and blazed fiercely, a very inferno. The girl cried out again.

"We can't get through!" She clutched him, her face panic-stricken. "Can we? Can we?"

"No, we sure can't. It's 'most reached the track now. Wind has veered, I reckon. We must go back," said Ducane.

"Back? The way we came? But where the road curves in the fire was coming close when we passed—"

"I didn't know you saw." He felt the trembling of her against him as her terrified hold tightened. "Yes, pretty close. But it's



FIRE!

DUGANE, as the sound struck upon his ear, started and stared about him with a sudden confused alertness. Lured by the blurring—ain't loaded? If that's no—  
Maybe you suspicion I'm  
what I don't fancy doing either, for you or  
yet, and risking my neck in the rope for  
bluffing—ain't loaded? If that's no—

FARM and ORCHARD

# MAGAZINE

of the Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1927

"COW"  
that Doesn't  
Take Up  
Much Room



—Photo by  
George R. Watson.

el N S







# FARM AND ORCHARD MAGAZINE

## Los Angeles Times



"Leon Douglas," a flame-colored Gladiolus of Diener's originating won first prize for the largest individual flower of any type at the Biltmore show. Some of the flowers measured four inches across. Exhibited by C. L. Pedley.



"White Giant," exhibited by Thos. McLoughlin, which won first prize for the best white variety; some of the stalks suggest Easter Lilies.



"The Orchid," a new type of Gladiolus, the form of the flower suggesting the Cattleya, the coloring of pale lavender touched with dark red at the heart. Shown by Rancho Santa Fe Bulb Gardens.



Best red seedling of the show. T. Edington's "Seedling 127," a clear vermilion but a very soft, lovely color and fine form.

dark red in color but with pansy-like markings, is also Kunderd's; so is E. J. Shaylor, rose pink in color, penciled at the throat with a deep rose-color. Purple Glory, another Kunderd sort, is a notable prize-winner as the "best purple." But it's more than purple, it is a curiously rich amaranth tint with a suggestion of deep rose, shading into an intense violet-purple. Pythis, also Kunderd's, has petals of a clear red, blotched with intense carmine, and Virginia, is an intensely brilliant vermilion, a great favorite with florists; it is known also as "Scarlet Princeps."

Some of the loveliest in color are Diener's, notably Anna Eberius, a Gladiolus of a charming shade of lavender with a wine-colored center, and Diener's American Beauty—a gorgeous variety, this, whose petals are the color of an American Beauty rose, striped faintly with cream color. Then, among the Diener creations, is Mrs. Leon Douglas, which took prizes as the "largest flower of any type." It is a magnificent flame-color, the petals streaked with pale rose, and the spikes splendidly floriferous. Another Diener Gladiolus is Rose Ash, which is of a peculiarly lovely color old rose with a touch of bronze. It is a Gladiolus that blends admirably with purples or lavenders, with pinks or pale yellows or dark red tints, but would fight with a scarlet neighbor.

Other notable Gladioli are Bengal Tiger, a Pratt variety, which is dark red in color with orange tiger stripes, and the well-known Evelyn Kirtland, Mrs. Austin's origination, with rose-pink petals and a scarlet blotch at the throat. There is Golden Measure, one of Kelway's Gladioli, a very tall and vigorous sort with flowers of a pale straw color; and Maiden's Blush, a Primulinus sort, originated by Gruellman—a very early blooming Gladiolus, this, and the color of the old Maiden's Blush Rose of our grandmother's time.

The brilliant Prince of Wales is a Holland sort, originated by Van Zanten. Its color is gold, streaked with orange. H.R.H. should be proud of his namesake! Souvenir, another prize-winner, is a French Gladiolus, originated by Graveureau. It is a clear, golden-yellow, deeper in tint than Golden Measure.

The Gladiolus, with all its beauty and brilliance, is a flower for the amateur as well as for the expert. Almost as easy to grow, one finds it, as the Paper White Narcissus and the Red Geranium, yet it is marvelously rewarding. Small wonder that the Gladiolus Show has become a yearly event to which all Los Angeles and the surrounding country flock. And if unable to go thither then it must read about it.

### La Jolla's Flower Show

One of the finest exhibits ever held in San Diego County was the Flower Show at La Jolla given Saturday and Sunday, May 21st and 22nd. The exhibition was held at the Scripps Memorial Hall and a very spectacular display was provided as a sort of background to the floral effects, by the Air Station, mountains and scenery, and a tumbling cataract of real water. Thomas McLoughlin, gladiolus grower of Encinitas, was chairman of the exhibition committee; Mrs. J. M. Lathrop was manager of the show. There were very beautiful Begonias shown by Robinson, of Point Loma. Kenneth Warner of Encinitas was another notable exhibitor; so were the gardens of Rancho Santa Fe. Woodward, of Anemone fame, showed very beautiful Gladioli; some splendid ones were shown by McLoughlin. George Beech had the best roses, and there was a fine exhibition of these from the Scripps Memorial Gardens. Miss Gertrude Robinson's new Delphiniums were very fascinating, and lovely in color. Guy Fleming, of the Torrey Pine Reservation, had a fine showing of wild flowers and cacti.

NEVER before has the ballroom of the Biltmore, in Los Angeles, staged so splendid a display of Gladiolus, as at the third annual exhibition of the Gladiolus Society in late May. The variety and range of color, the sheer beauty of the flowers, was bewildering, and the staging and arrangement most effective.

Looking down from the balconies the effect was charming. It was like looking into a gorgeous garden. Such a wealth of rose-color and pink, of salmon and pale yellows, with just enough of purple and violet to complete the rainbow, is hard to describe.

And the visitors were most interesting, also, so many of them evidently plant-lovers and connoisseurs, who knew the good points of flowers and regarded them with peculiar affection.

In the foyer was an overflow exhibit. Here were Howard and Smith's gorgeous Delphiniums; here was Aggeler & Musser's exhibit, of which, perhaps, the most notable part was a display of some rarely beautiful sweet peas. Here Richard Diener, hybridist, had a round table covered with small pots of marvelous Petunias—great, beautiful flowers with petals ruffled and fluted, borne on plants so small it seemed as if they would upset their tiny pots. Here, Mrs. Shaw of Azusa had a great basket of very beautiful Watsonias, hybrids of Mrs. W. Bullard, the Los Angeles Watsonia specialist. Here was Germain's striking exhibit; here, also, a charming artificial pool, done by the Glendale Flower and Water Gardens, with pale pink and pale yellow water-lilies growing as contentedly as if under the sky. Here were the Sky Rival Delphiniums in a wonderful range of color, all blues—but such blues. Very interesting was the exhibit of the Department of Elementary Agriculture, not high school, but the grammar school kiddies' work—but such Delphiniums! Such Columbinas! Transvaal Daisies, Gladioli, Watsonias! The children took the prize for a basket of Pansies, but their whole exhibit was lovely, the arrangement extremely good.

All the above were given special awards. A special award also was given to George Warren for a single spike of Joerg's White, and for a single spike of Joerg's Violet; beside this he won an award on the Gladiolus, "Sunnymede." There was an award to E. R. Hunt, for his lovely arrangement of Ferns and Begonias, and an award to Herbert Bateman, a floral decorator, for a basket of mixed flowers which were most artistically arranged. Howard and Smith received an award for their splendid basket of Delphiniums, great spikes of gorgeous color. William Anderson had an award for the best spike shown by an amateur.

Very notable was a new type of Gladiolus, "The Orchid," a flower quite definitely orchid-like in character, exhibited by the Rancho Santa Fe Bulb Gardens. This won a special award. Notable, also, was the display of A. S. Owen, of San Dimas, over 50 dozen spikes of the Prince of Wales Gladiolus were displayed on one table, winning the award as the largest and most imposing display of one variety of Gladiolus. A. C. Edington won a special award for his marvelous new scarlet seedling—"Seedling 127."

The firm, Baake-Edington, of Sawtelle, had a gorgeous display—a long table ablaze with magnificent flowers. To this firm, and

to the Briggs Floral Company, of Encinitas, went the bulk of the prizes. The prize for the best spike in the show went to Mrs. Briggs for her gorgeous "Coronado," grown and originated on the Briggs grounds at Encinitas. It is a splendid spike, the flower palest lavender, with a dark red marking at its heart, very fine. Notable also was Mrs. Briggs' pink seedling, known as "Seedling 6036," which won as the Best Commercial, and best pink seedling. A long table was covered with the Briggs display, gorgeous spikes of the rarest and loveliest sorts. Her "Copper Bronze" is a beauty. The baskets were most artistically arranged.

It must have been hard for the judges to make a decision. But the prize went to C. L. Pedley for a beautiful arrangement of rose-colored Gladioli, Ruhm von Kanneimerland. Baake-Edington showed, among others, a very beautiful great basket of "Rose Ash" blended with others allied which was less conventional and to some, quite as lovely—however they had prizes enough. Two silver cups went to this firm for several of their displays. Briggs won the prize for the best display of Gladiolus; Baake-Edington, first for the most artistically arranged exhibit. The prize for the best seedling exhibition type went to this firm.

Thos. McLoughlin of Encinitas won many prizes, including a first for the best display of Gladiolus under five hundred spikes—and he showed some beautiful individual spikes. Highway Bulb Gardens was another notable prize winner, so was the Vicente Gardens.

Among the amateurs, the notable prize winners were J. N. F. Bischoff, Mrs. W. E. Husser, A. E. Nelson, Gertrude Calvin and O. Goodrich. "O. Goodrich," by the way, is a sixteen-year-old gardener of Redondo, and his assistant was his small brother, but he took his place among veteran gardeners (most of whom were unaware of the youth of the competitor) and carried off no less

than seven prizes—six first and one second—including a prize for the best exhibit staged by an amateur.

Richard Diener, whose splendid Petunias were given a special award, must have felt a little like a parent whose children make notable successes when they have grown up and left home. Repeatedly one noticed that prize-winning varieties were Gladioli of his origination, and rarely beautiful ones they were.

It was also quite evident that varieties of California origin were superior, at least, for this climate, to those originated by Eastern specialists. Also, the coast country seems peculiarly adapted to the growing of Gladioli in very beautiful color. Certainly the Gladiolus Society has put itself on the map with this yearly event, which ranks with the Dahlia Show in interest.

The judges were Mrs. Briggs, of the Briggs Floral Company; J. D. Long, of Colorado; Fred McNab, Richard Diener, Carl Salbach and C. F. Houdyschel. Theirs was no easy job, but they acquitted themselves admirably.

The detailed list of prizes, according to classes, is as follows and will undoubtedly be printed in the excellent little paper of the Gladiolus Society, "Glad Tidings," to which all good Gladiolus fans subscribe.

### Gladioli for Every Pocketbook

It is most cheerful to discover that many of the prize-winning Gladioli, flowers of exceeding beauty, are not prohibitively expensive. The following, which are as beautiful Gladioli as one would care to own, and which were among the notable prize-winners at the recent show, may usually be had at prices that run from five cents to twenty-five cents the bulb.

Among the varieties originated by Kunderd, are Alice Tiplady, whose petals are of a peculiarly luminous pink, listed as "safron tinged with orange." Black Pansy, which is



Looking down on the Gladiolus Show from the balcony of the Biltmore ballroom.







dark red in color but with pansy-like mark  
lines, is also Kunder's; so is E. J. Shaver's  
rose pink in color, pencilled at the throat  
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The Gladiolus Show Bewilderingly Rich in Color

Los Angeles Sunday Times

FARM AND ORCHARD MAGAZINE

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1927.

# What One Grower Thinks of City Wise Guys

FOR fifteen years I have been a grower of deciduous fruits in Yucaipa Valley, at the foot of the San Bernardino Mountains. My ranch is about seventy-five miles from Los Angeles, and within easy reach of many smaller cities and towns. The location, and the network of good roads leading to it led me to try the experiment of selling my product direct to the consumer.

Proximity to cities and towns was not the only advantage that Yucaipa afforded for my purpose. The valley is almost surrounded by the great citrus-fruit belt of Southern California, and citrus fruit-growers seem to have a great liking for deciduous fruit—they want variety, I suppose. Our trees had no sooner begun to bear than people from the surrounding counties besieged us for some of our product.

It can hardly be said that they, at first, were welcomed with open arms. The average grower prefers to dispose of his crops in large quantities, and even feels annoyed by consumers seeking small amounts. Moreover, about the time we began to produce crops in commercial quantities, the World War was in progress, and prices were satisfactory, though it should be added that fruits, and particularly apples, never brought such fancy prices as did other lines of food products. The fact that apples are sought after, to any great extent, for canning purposes had something to do with this. But even during the war a small portion of our fruit was sold to what became known as the "automobile trade." It was confined principally to second and third-grade stock, which could not be profitably packed in the expensive war-time boxes for shipment.

At the close of the war prices immediately dropped, and buyers who, during the preceding years, had fairly camped on our doorsteps, would only accept our crops on a consignment basis. For a grower to consign his crop is generally unsatisfactory. Without entering here into a discussion as to the honesty of the commission merchants, the fact remains that a grower seldom receives anything like an adequate return when he is obliged to consign. In justice to the commission men, however, it should be added, that in Yucaipa, at any rate, what few experiments were made by the growers in pooling their crops, and disposing of them on a co-operative basis, proved just as unsatisfactory.

It was the poor results from consigning, and the failure to obtain any relief through co-operation, that forced the Yucaipa growers to turn to the automobile trade for a market. The individual who drives anywhere from ten to a hundred miles for a box or two of fruit at any rate expects to pay something for it, and the growers apparently felt that a bird in the hand is better than two in the bush.

## IT TAKES PATIENCE

Let no one get the impression that selling direct to consumers is a sinecure. On the contrary, it requires a great deal of patience, which at times all but drives the grower to distraction. He is met with the bargain hunter, the beggar, the trickster and even the snob, and any one of these is just as likely to come in a fancy limousine as in a second-hand flivver.

The jokes and jibes about the antics of country people visiting in the large city are proverbial. There is a virgin field for some writer who can describe the carryings on of some of the city folks in the country. There is an almost unbelievable lack of sympathy and understanding on the part of many city residents when it comes to doing business with their brethren on the farms.

What seems next to impossible for many city people to grasp is the fact that a crop of fruit on the trees, or in the packing-shed, represents the sum total of the grower's return for his industry and investment. All they appear to observe is the fruit on the trees. It just grew there, they apparently reason, and the grower was not obliged to purchase it, as was the city merchant. So why should he not be willing to share his bounty?

The most persistent visitor at the orchards is the bargain hunter. Generally he appears early in the day, especially on the week-end. Before making a purchase, he will halt at many orchards, everywhere he tells the same story.

"I can buy better apples for less money right from my grocer," he will say. When asked what he expected to pay, and why, in

Specimens Encountered by the Orchardist Selling Direct to the Consumer—  
The Bargain Hunter and His Yarns—The Alms Seekers—The Tricksters—Wage Earners Most Reasonable Customers

By J. A. CRECELIOUS

the face of such prices as he quotes, he has made a special trip to the country, his answer is generally something like this: "I wanted to help you fellows out. I've heard how the middleman's robbing you and thought I'd buy direct from the producer. But if you don't appreciate my driving away out from the city enough to quote me a decent price. I'll go back empty."

## SAME OLD STORY

That he can purchase fruit for less in the stores is a set phrase of the bargain hunter. That will be his reply when a grower

offers him a box for a dollar. If at the next orchard, a box of the same grade and variety should be offered for half that amount, his retort would be the same. In fact, such instances have been checked up so often among growers that they no longer occasion any surprise. At the close of the day the bargain hunter, having stopped at nearly every orchard in the neighborhood, will, perchance, halt where he first bargained, and make a small purchase, with the parting shot that never again will he grace the neighborhood with his presence.



Every orchardist selling "direct to the consumer" has met this bird.

## Hands Long Turned to Dust Planted San Gabriel and San Marino Trees

By C. C. HURLEY

FOR the purpose of photographing the ancient fruit trees of the interesting place and adding them to the historical collection of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, agents of the department recently made a visit to the home-stand of Mrs. Jervais Purcell, on West Mission street, San Gabriel. It is believed by students of horticulture that orange, olive, lime, pecan and other trees on the Purcell place are the oldest in the State, and that they may run back as far as 100 years. Mrs. Purcell and her son, Col. L. M. Purcell, himself a student of fruit culture, are doing their best to preserve these patriarchs, which are still bearing fruit.

Details of the establishment of the navel orange industry in California are well known. But there is considerable dispute as to when and where and by whom the first seedling orange trees and olive trees were planted. Col. Purcell believes that the trees on their place, which still furnish shade to an old adobe house said to antedate the San Gabriel Mission, are older than the famous orange and olive trees of the Cuati place (now the residence of George D. Patton) at San Marino, and the trees planted around the old missions at San Diego and San Fernando.

Mrs. Jervais Purcell and her children have owned and lived in the beautiful and historic adobe, with its extensive garden of fruit trees and flowers, for 47 years. She purchased it from Volney Howard who bought it from the Hildreth estate, and the Hildreths secured it from the Daltons. It was the old Las Tunas rancho, and contained 1200 acres at one time. This was after the partition of the mission lands. The homestead itself was a part of the mission property, and is believed to have been used as one of the mission buildings and to have been built by

Father Jose Zalvidea, who took charge of the San Gabriel mission in 1806. Just when the fruit trees were set out is a matter hidden in the obscurity of the early days of the mission. At least the trees were there when the Daltons took charge of the old Las Tunas rancho house in 1848. Records in the possession of the Purcell family show that bearing orange trees were named as part of the rancho when it was first transferred from the original Mexican grantees in the above year.

## THE PATRIARCHS

The old trees consist of four seedling orange trees, several olive trees, one lime, one pecan, and a Jubea chilensis palm, the last named a tremendously old plant, said to be one of three in the United States, that has attracted widespread attention. It has fruit which resembles a small cocoon, and is delicious. The tree is now 45 feet high, and is supposed to have been planted by the mission padres, who brought the seed or the plant from Chili. Numerous attempts to get the seed of this patriarch to sprout have proved unavailing.

The pecan at the rear of the residence is interesting. This, too is supposed to have been planted in the early days of the mission. It bears nuts which are smaller than those produced commercially nowadays, and the shell is mottled brown, and black. Col. Purcell says this tree invariably produces a fair crop of nuts of good quality. It is more than 60 feet high, and is 30 inches through at one foot from the ground.

The largest of the olive trees is at the rear porch of the old adobe. It is probably the oldest of the group on the Purcell estate, but, being in a position convenient to the kitchen, it probably received much of the waste water in the old days, and this

(Continued on Page Six)

When not too busy, I have often attempted to reason with prospective purchasers of this kind. I have pointed out how long it takes to grow the trees, the cost of the land, the expense and labor of thinning out the clusters so that the fruit can attain the proper size, the cost of spraying against the ravages of the ever-persistent codling moth.

"What's that got to do with me?" was the answer of one bargain hunter in a large eight-cylinder sedan. "This is a question of business. I can get them for less in the stores in Pasadena. You fellows out here in the country don't know anything about expenses. You don't have any rents to pay. Your taxes don't amount to much; you grow what you need to eat, or if you don't it's your own fault. Your clothes certainly can't cost much; all you need is a pair of overalls and a shirt and some shoes. Does it ever occur to you what it costs to maintain a family in the city? High rents and expensive clothing are absolutely necessary, to say nothing about other things you wouldn't appreciate if I told you about 'em." To my reply that our wives and daughters would perhaps appreciate an occasional new gown, and a seat at the opera, his retort was, "What for?"

I stood aghast at the outbursts of this particular individual, for it had never occurred to me that anyone held such views in regard to country life. It should be added that his remarks were heard by several smartly dressed women, who accompanied him, and that not one of them offered a protest—possibly because they were too busy sampling the different varieties of apples in the packing shed. I do not want to create the impression that this was a typical instance, for during all my experience in selling fruit I never heard another such brutal tirade against what this man evidently regarded as an impudent demand for better conditions on the part of the agriculturist. But there were many manifestations of the same spirit of a milder nature while I was in the business of catering to the automobile trade for fruit.

## SPLITTING PROFITS

Most of my customers were apparently familiar with the wide margin that existed between the prices received by the producer, and those paid by the consumer. It was the aim of the Yucaipa growers to allow those who drove direct to the orchards to share about equally with them in what went to the middleman when the fruit was consigned. I soon learned, however, that the familiar assertion that, in consigning, the grower received nothing for his product, was taken literally by the direct consumer. Neither did it occur to him that the grower could, at best, dispose of but a comparatively small portion of his crop at the orchard, that he was forced to consign the rest, and that to accept the ridiculously low prices often offered by the bargain hunter would be like cutting his own throat.

Early in my career as a grower, I learned that the wage worker was the most desirable customer. He usually appeared, with his family, at the orchards on the week-end. Having found the kind of fruit he desired, he seldom quibbled about prices. Often he would tell, with a chuckle, how he was beating the middle man by going to the orchard. His wife usually brought a bounteous luncheon, and the entire family was appreciative of any little courtesy shown by the grower, in the way of offering the use of empty fruit-boxes for tables and chairs. The lunch being disposed of, and the usual questions asked about the occupation of fruit growing, he would make his departure, with a parting word of cheer and good will.

Early one Sunday morning there halted in front of my packing shed an expensive-looking car, and in due time, an entire family, husband, wife and children were rumaging through some of the fruit boxes.

"How much for your apples?" asked the head of the family.

"Depends upon the grade and variety," was my reply. "What kind do you wish?"

My question resulted in every member of the family sampling every grade and variety of apple in the shed. Then, after a lengthy conference, a box was decided on, for which the price was one dollar. But before it was placed in the car, the man asked: "What is the empty box worth?"

It happened to be a new, heavy picking box, bought at a time when the prices were the highest during the war. "That box couldn't be reproduced for less than forty cents," was my unsuspecting answer.

(Continued on Page Eleven)



## Recommended List Has One Name

What members of the California Avocado Association declare to have been the most successful annual meeting of that organization was held May 27 and 28 at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. Everything at this twelfth gathering pointed to an increased activity, a closer relation among the growers and a clearer concept of the real problems before the avocado industry.

A particularly fine display of various types of the fruit was the center of continued interest among those attending the meeting. J. M. Elliott exhibited forty different varieties grown in his orchard on North Whittier Heights, this being the largest single showing made. The next in size was the display of Thomas H. Shedden of Monrovia, who showed about thirty-five varieties.

The report of the Variety Committee was a feature of interest to the members and was read at the session held the second day. Five lists were given. One, of "Recommended Commercial Varieties," rather surprisingly was composed of a single name—the Fuerte. In list number two, "Varieties of Proven Merit, Candidates for Commercial Rating," the Nabel, Puebla, Queen and Taft

were named. The other lists were of varieties suited to "Amateur Collections and Experimental Plantings" and "Varieties most Hardy to Cold suggested for Amateur Growers," and a list of "Condemned Varieties."

In a most interesting talk, at the banquet the opening night Prof. Robert W. Hodgson of the University of California, touched upon the conditions obtaining in the avocado industry of Florida, Cuba and South America. Due to severe storms which extensively damaged the groves in Cuba and Florida, Prof. Hodgson, declared, this State has little competition to contend with from these quarters. Much of constructive value along cultural lines was given in a talk by F. O. Popenoe, who reviewed the industry in California and made suggestions relative to the future.

The deep interest members of the association are taking in all scientific work pertaining to the avocado was evidenced by the 100 per cent vote to have some means devised which would provide for the return of Dr. A. B. Stout to California for a continuation of the research work along pollination instituted by this eminent eastern scientist in 1923.

Turn weeds and cover crops under as soon as possible. The trees need all available moisture.

## Finds Turkeys Are An Interesting Study

SAN FERNANDO.—While this part of San Fernando Valley is an established poultry center, the raising of turkeys has hardly passed the experimental stage. At the Lake View Ranch, overlooking the San Fernando reservoirs, the proprietor, J. A. Richardson, has been raising turkeys for several years and he says he is still learning things about them every day. The ranch, which is 300 acres in extent, is ideal for turkeys. Rolling ground with plenty of shade and with a good share of grasshoppers, of which turkeys are specially fond, and above all plenty of room for range, help to make the enterprise a success. Some of the trees had to be eliminated at the start, the region being semiwild with many coyotes, wildcats and skunks, none of which make good neighbors for baby turks.

Mr. Richardson has tried various modes of housing his flocks and is now satisfied that the small house with ample yard space is best for the turkey hens that are the layers, and of special importance. Each of these houses, and there are a number of them, houses six turkey hens and one gobbler. Mr. Richardson has found that keeping the birds in small flocks with but one gobbler is an advantage. With two or more gobblers running in the same yard and occupying the same house, there is bound to be fighting, and this, he says, lowers the vitality of the eggs produced. These small houses have cement floors in front, with the nests on the ground in the back.

Various methods of feeding the baby turks have been tried. At present the first feed given is sand, followed by ground wheat and oats in equal proportions, semisolid buttermilk, onion tops and black pepper. This is fed for the first week. After that steel-cut oats and wheat are the chief item on the bill of fare. A strict rule is "no

corn" in baby turk fattening. Mortality among young turkeys is a serious factor at times. This year 325 chicks have been hatched on the ranch. At the time of this writing 375 were thriving, with the first few weeks past, and a good chance for raising most of them.

Of the 10,675 dairy herds in California examined for tuberculosis last year, 82.5 per cent were found free from any evidence of the disease.



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OUR CHICKS, DUCKLINGS, TURKS bring daily praise. "Best ever," "Largest, finest," "Raised 95%," "Two months weigh 2½ pounds," "Laid 70% during winter," "Won egg-laying contest." My chick brokerage business, with many of same strains yearly improved, covers decade. My poultry breeding dates from boyhood. Formerly directed Government Experiment Station. I supply husky chicks for meat, laying, show through several specialist breeders and hatcheries (Electric, Mammoth, etc.) Leghorns, Reds, Rocks, Anconas, Minorcas, Wyandottes, Andalusians, Giants, Ducks, Turkeys. Large capacity. Hatching every week. Most go to regular customers, boosters. Interesting particulars. BEESON, STATION K, BOX 51, LOS ANGELES.

WHITE LEGHORN BABY CHIX—Farm Bureau accredited. We prepay all express or parcel post charges, and guarantee 100% safe arrival. Write for prices and interesting literature. THE PIONEER HATCHERY, 410 Sixth Street, Petaluma, California.

I X L WHITE LEGHORN BABY CHIX are bred for vitality and productivity. All Farm Bureau Accredited Chix of Grades "AAA" and "AAA." Write for attractive prices and free literature. I X L HATCHERY, Petaluma, Calif.

ACCREDITED WHITE LEGHORN CHIX bred for egg production and good quality all the year 'round. SALES HATCHERY, Petaluma, Calif.

WANTED BY HATCHERY—Rhode Island Red Hatching Eggs in case lots. Address FARM & ORCHARD, BOX NO. X.

HATCHING—W. L. and R. I. R. BABY CHIX—selected stock—each week during May and June. H. A. FERRY, 540 W. 145th St., Gardena, Calif.

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POULTRY DISEASE CONTROL—Only University and Government recommendations. Chicken Pox Vaccine. University Round Worm and Tapeworm Capsules and Delousing Grease. B.W.D. blood testing from your samples. Prices right. Free literature. CLIFF D. CARPENTER PRODUCTS, Petaluma Laboratory, Petaluma, Calif. (Calif. State License No. 567.)

SEND for our Summer Prices on the kind of White Leghorns you need to build up a profitable laying flock. Sonoma County Accredited. OAK HILL HATCHERY, Petaluma, Calif. ("Our rigid inspection is your protection")

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CHICKEN AND FENCE WIRE—2ft., \$2.20; 2ft., \$2.00; 4 ft., \$4.00; 5 ft., \$5.00; 6 ft., \$5.75 per roll 150 ft. NAILS 20 common \$2.40, 100 lbs.; 8 box \$2.55, 100 lbs. Wire for rabbit hutches ½", 5¢ per sq. ft.; ¾", 7¢ per sq. ft. in rolls ¼¢ less per sq. ft. FEED GRINDER, \$18.75. Hardware and Tools of all kinds. CARTER HARDWARE CO., Cor. 1st and Los Angeles Sts., Los Angeles.

CHARTERS ELECTRIC DRY HEAT BROODERS. Thermostatically controlled. Capacity 250, 500, 1000 chicks. Allows for 6 square inches per chick under hover. "The Brooder That Remembers When You Forget." WARREN J. WOOD, 431-A No. Orange St., Glendale. Phone Glendale 2340M.

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PHEASANT EGGS—15 varieties. Fertility guaranteed. Book orders now. KINGSWICK PHEASANTRY, Whittier. Phone 411-133.

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FUR RABBITS—\$2.00 to \$7.50 BUYS FINEST pure-bred Chinchillas, Silvers and other breeds most profitable for fur, meat and prizes. WE BUY RABBIT SKINS AT HIGHEST PRICES. Rabbit supplies, remedies and books. Agents wanted. Price lists and full particulars Free. AMERICAN RABBIT ASSOCIATION, Desk "V," 447 SO. HEWITT ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

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TWENTY-FOUR BEAUTIFUL FLOWERING CANNAS, twelve varieties, named. Dollar prepaid. Twenty perennials, ten varieties; twenty Chrysanthemums, ten sorts; ten Shrubs, all different; choice each assortment, named. Dollar prepaid. Catalog. WILLIAM JORDAN, BALDWIN PARK, CALIF.

PLANT RHUBARB—Padma Rhubarb, \$10 hundred. Giant crimson, \$7 hundred; 20 mixed Dahlias, \$1.00; 25 Cannas or Iris, assorted, \$1.00; Wagner's Giant Bantam Corn, 20¢ pound. Complete list of garden and field seed. Write for quality prices. WAGNER NURSERIES, Pasadena, Cal.

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## CAPRI FIGS

FOR SALE—CAPRI FIGS TO FERTILIZE YOUR Calamyrans and Smyrnas 50¢ per dozen. MRS. L. M. DOWLING, 424 W. 120th St., Los Angeles. Phone Thorne 1931-RS.

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NO PAYMENTS! NO INTEREST! for 5 years. 20,000 acres of fertile cut-over soil. Dairying, fruit, diversified farming; ample rainfall; mild climate, good markets; 4 railroads, near Spokane. Wood, water, plentiful. Low prices. 15 years. Humboldt Lumber Co., Box 14, Sandpoint, Idaho.

## FERTILIZER

FAMOUS decomposed Marine Shell Lime "D.M.S." from your dealer in small quantities, from us in 5 tons or more. TORRANCE LIME AND FERTILIZER CO., Torrance, Cal. Phone 31-J. Don't Merely Say Lime, Say D.M.S. LIME.

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FEED CUTTER, \$19. Engine, 2½-H.P., \$30. Sprayer \$6. Buck Rake \$32. Mower \$38. Bean Thresher \$150. Tractor Plow \$85. Harrow \$15. All new. Also used. Write or call. Free parking. Estab. 1892. ARNOTT & CO., INC., 114 South Los Angeles St.

## FRUIT TREES

AVOCADO TREES—Pedigreed Fuertes. Closing out a few hundred ready for immediate planting. Plant now and save a year. G. P. LUX, CLOVER CREST, MONROVIA.

## CIGARS, TOBACCO

CIGARS FROM FACTORY—Cuban Twisters 5-inch \$2.00 for 50. Havana Panetelas 5-inch, \$2.50 for 50. Havana Sports 4½-inch, \$2.00 for 50. FRANK MILLER, 1208 W. 8TH ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA HAT—Latest Movie Star Sensation. Men and women wanted in every county. FREE SAMPLE. Enclose addressed envelope. 5521 SUNSET BLVD., Hollywood, Calif.

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FOR SALE—CARDBOARD PAPER STEREO-TYPE MATS—Excellent as tree protectors or for lining sheds and cabins, also for use under orchard heaters to keep leakage of oil from soil. Price \$1.00 per hundred. Size 18x22 inches each. Phone or write Purchasing Dept. The Times, 1st and Broadway. Metropolitan 5706.

BELTING—Used leather and canvas. Guaranteed. Repairing a specialty. SAM HUFFMAN, 1238 E. 9TH ST., LOS ANGELES.

## WOULD CONSERVE MANURE

TULARE.—Conservation of farm fertilizer will be stressed throughout the year by the Tulare County Farm Bureau dairy committee. A campaign to keep fertilizer on the farms is to be launched. Six tours for dairymen and ten feeding meets are scheduled. M. A. Lindsay, assistant farm adviser, is supervising the fertilizer conservation campaign. The dairy committee includes Frank Hopkins, chairman; Ray Wallace, W. F. Mitchell, Albert Nagel, Merle Soules and Clarence Topham.

## 2 AND 3 WEEKS OLD Peters Strain White Leghorn Chicks at practically day old chick prices

This is a real buy for poultrymen who appreciate the fact that egg prices are certain to be good this fall. Come and see for yourself before you buy, or write or phone. We deliver free.

Also R. I. Reds and Barred Rocks from Kansas breeding, priced at real prices.

## SUPERIOR EGG FARM

Ranch Located at Hansen Station, 6½ Miles West of Anaheim on Ball Road  
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## FEATHER-HILL CHICKS

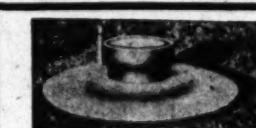
Production Bred S.C.W. Leghorns

Chicks sired by Pedigreed Cockerels directly related to our Pomona contest pen. Few open dates left for April and May. Now booking orders for Fall delivery, no deposit necessary.

Send for Circular and Price List

## Feather-Hill Poultry Ranch

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Santa Barbara, Cal.



## SANITARY FOUNTAINS FOR POULTRY

Something New in the Poultry Line  
Keeps water cleaner and cooler than any fountain ever invented. First cost is only cost. The stand is of Vitrified Clay. Bowl has a high finish and can be cleaned in 10 seconds. Inside Fountains, \$2.00 each. Outside Runs \$1.50 each F.O.B. Los Angeles. Now on display and can be had at Poultrymen's 1513 Miramonte St., Los Angeles, Calif., and the following branches: El Monte, Riverdale, Van Nuys and Foothill. Also Escondido Valley Poultrymen's Association, Escondido and Highland Ranch, Wilson Ave., Upland. Write for folder.

S. A. CONNER, Sanitary Fountain Co. R. R. 1, Box 229 Upland, Calif.



## BABY CHICKS THAT WILL LIVE AND GROW

Raise R. I. REDS for FRYERS. Our R. I. Red Chicks are from very carefully selected breeding stock. Will attain fryer weight quickly. Standard bred White Rocks, Barred Rocks and White Leghorns from our best breeding stock.

Write for Circular. Visitors always welcome.  
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Corner Baldwin and Lemon Aves.



## PERFECT CHICKS—Guaranteed Full Count

KING'S UTILITY W. LEGHORNS \$110 per 1000 delivered or prepaid. We also supply excellent quality R. I. REDS, WHITE and BARRED ROCKS and BUFF ORPINGTONS in any quantity. Orders for small lots given special attention. Mail orders promptly filled, shipments usually reaching customer in few hours after we receive order.

Drew's Premier Strain White Rocks \$20 per 100 at hatchery. We retail at hatchery, any amount.

## KING'S HATCHERY

P. O. BOX 63, LANKERSHIM, CALIF. PHONE LANKERSHIM 49-J.  
Mile west of Lankershim on Chandler Blvd., formerly Sherman Way

## ACCREDITED CHICKS

White Leghorn Chicks, Farm Bureau Accredited, Grades 2A, 3A and 4A. From Vigorous, Heavy Producing Flocks, properly hatched in our Buckeye Mammoth Incubators. 100% Live Chicks. Full Count Guaranteed on all shipments.

OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST ON REQUEST

## ESCONDIDO HATCHERY

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ESCONDIDO, CAL.



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Devoted to the southern agricultural in-  
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issued every week with the world's  
biggest Sunday newspaper.

Good clear photographs of interesting farm and garden activities are always welcomed. The Los Angeles Times Farm and Orchard Magazine is the only farm journal in the West printing illustrations in the incomparable rotogravure process.

"the poor banished insects whose intent  
Although they did harm, was innocent."  
Advice is not always relished from one

**Mulch Paper Report**

Dr. Alfred Smith, assistant professor of soil technology in the University of California in the College of Agriculture, has been experimenting with commercial mulch paper. Many agriculturists have believed that mulch paper would increase soil temperatures to a degree detrimental to crops. Dr. Smith declares that such is not the case, but that the effect of mulch paper was greatly influenced by variations in color and by the presence or absence of perforations. Black, non-perforated paper produced the warmest soil temperature, while the coolest was produced by using gray perforated paper. The report does not include the effect on crops, as that work has not been completed at this time.

to and beyond Lemore, thus far there has been practically no flood damage and if the snow water from the High Sierras comes down slowly, as seems likely, all the vast grain area will be harvested without loss from flood. There is some very heavy grain in the Lewis and other reclamation districts east of here and the total grain tonnage from the lake area promises to be immense.

**LIKE RABBIT BUSINESS**  
BALDWIN PARK.—F. H. Krausnick is developing a rabbitry on a small place here and expects to increase his stock as rapidly as possible. He and his son have about forty breeding does at present, including Chinchillas, Checkered Giants, and New Zealand Reds and Whites. A small flock of White Leghorns is kept for table eggs, but the rabbit business is regarded as the real profit maker.

**BRAWLEY.**—Dry and cool winds were prevalent during May in Imperial Valley and it is said that this has proved a last important check on the possible spread of mildew in the cantaloupe fields. At the same time the cooler resultant weather held back production. Crown sets are light, but second and third settings are heavy. The quality of melons has been excellent, and this, together with a comparatively light shipment was keeping the prices up to very satisfactory figures as the month ended.

**WOULD UTILIZE HEMP**  
SAN DIEGO.—It is reported that the Imperial Linen Products Company has purchased a site in San Diego and will soon break ground for a factory to handle hemp grown in Imperial Valley. Wall board, rugs and insulating material are to be made, according to the announcement. It has long been known that Imperial Valley could produce excellent hemp, the question of a satisfactory market for the product being the only drawback. The factory, if it is built, is expected to offer an outlet for a considerable production of the fiber.

**SEEK INDEMNITY**—Local dairymen are interested in the movement recently started among dairymen in the southeastern part of Los Angeles County and in San Bernardino county to secure State indemnity on milk cows branded as tubercular and on those killed after State inspection. The present system of branding and killing cows listed as tubercular, without compensating the owners, is considered by many dairymen as unjust and as too heavy a strain on the dairy industry. Committees are being formed to circulate petitions bearing on the matter in this and other dairy districts of the State, so that these may be presented to the Legislature at its next session.

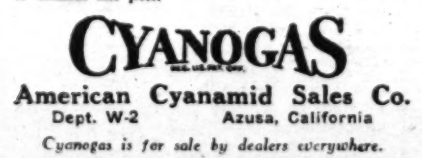
**APPLES DAMAGED**  
**REDLANDS.**—Just how much damage was done to the apples at Oakglen, and in the upper Santa Ana mountain districts by the frost late in May is not known, but it is certain that there was some loss. Most of the growers feel, however, that they will have an average crop and that is about all that could be expected since there was such a heavy crop last year. It was cold enough in Bear Valley to freeze water and in all the mountain districts there was cold enough to damage bloom on trees.

**PORTERVILLE.**—Harvesting of grain in the Porterville district is in full swing. El S. Thompson, east of Strathmore, in the Frazier Valley, has contracted to deliver 8000 sacks of barley to a local warehouse, this concern shipping the grain to markets in the south and east. Farmers throughout the district have prepared for the harvester. The hot spell which visited this section some weeks ago slightly "hit" the grain.

**MELONS ON MENU**  
BRAWLEY.—Dining car menus on Southern Pacific trains are featuring Imperial cantaloupes. These cards show a picture of a valley melon field and give a brief story of the industry here, stating among other things that the Imperial Valley produces two melons a year for every man, woman and child in the United States.

**A BUSY CENTER**—Harvesting of the big wheat crop of the Tulare Lake bed east of here, now under way, is going to make things busy in this town for several months to come, with a huge amount of grain being hauled here to the railroad and the warehouse. While there is a big backup of water from Tulare Lake bed near here and

The Cyanogas method of wireworm control is the simplest and most effective means of controlling this pest ever developed. It has been used successfully by hundreds of growers throughout the West. By using a trap crop only a small portion of the field need be treated and a high percentage kill is secured. Cyanogas is also used extensively for treating gardens and other small areas infested with wireworms. Write for our illustrated booklet which tells in detail about the activities of the Wireworm and how to combat this pest.



**RED SPIDERS AND MILDEW** are easily controlled by the strong fumes given off from Anchor Sulphur. **EAGLE BRAND SUBLIMED FLOWERS OF SULPHUR** is also used with excellent results **FOR FRUIT CURING—ANCHOR BRAND and EAGLE BRAND SULPHURS** are preferred everywhere. They burn freely, preserve bright color of fruit and leave no ash.

**SAN FRANCISCO SULPHUR CO.**  
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**FLOWERING PLANTS**—Zinnia, Aster, Snapdragon, English Daisy, Pentstemon, Marigold, Pansy  
25c Per Dozen. \$1.75 Per 100

**BUCKET SPRAY PUMPS**—Solid brass. Reg. value \$5, Special \$3.50.

**COMPRESSED AIR SPRAYER**—Complete with extension. Special \$5.00.

**BULB GARDEN SEEDS**—100 each. **MADEIRA VINE ROOTS**—11 for 50c.

**CINNAMON VINE ROOTS**—10c each. **MADEIRA VINE ROOTS**—10c each.

**GLADIOLUS BULBS**—12 named varieties and values to \$1.50 per dozen. Special 50c per dozen.

**KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS**—Fresh, bulk, weedless. First grade seed, 50c lb. White Clover, 60c lb.

**SHEEP MANURE FULFURIZED**—100 lbs. 10c.

**WINSEL CIBBS SEED CO.**

**WINSEL-GIBBS SEED CO.**  
Nursery, Cor. 49th and Main Streets. Estab. 243 S. Main St., Los Angeles.  
Nursery Open Sunday 9 to 4. 1887 Phone VAndike 9532.

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Combined With a Revolutionary  
Scientific Principle—Guaranteed!  
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**A**NTROL is not a paste, nor a powder but an entirely new method of destroying Argentine and all honey-dew loving species of ants. A new invention, based on scientific study of many years, and now recognised by experts as the most effective weapon known for this purpose.

Not merely a repellent, but a poisonous food that these pests eat. Destroys the entire ant colony. Quick, efficient, certain.

All good dealers have ANTROL.  
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**Antrol Laboratories, Inc.**  
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**NEW LOW PRICES**  
**Antrol Cottage Set - - \$1.60**  
 (Permanent equipment consisting of 9 glass containers with green tops and one bottle of syrup).  
**Extra Containers**  
 for larger homes, each .15  
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*Visitors Welcome*  
**ALLEN'S WATER  
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Complete Line of Insecticides  
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**853 So. San Pedro St.**  
Free Parking in Our Own Lot  
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**OVERSTOCK SALE**  
Selected garden flower plants \$1.00 per 100.  
All kinds of selected plants in 1 Gal. container 15c to 25c.  
Many thousands 3 to 6 years old plants at sacrifice price.

**NEW GARDEN NURSERY**  
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Western Ave., Hollywood, Phone HOLLY 1511.

**Pioneer Nursery of  
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*Opp. Santa Fe Depot. Main 421*

**BIG ALMANAC 104**  
 JANUARY 10. CURRENTS—BEST FISHING—OR, BEST DATE  
 HOW TO PLANT IN THE MOON, WEATHER FORECAST,  
 HOW TO MAKE MEDICINE FROM ROOTS AND HERBS  
 HERBALIST P.O. BOX 5 HAMMOND, IND.

1927  
SIXTH 25. COMMENTS: BEST FISHING DIES, BEST DATE,  
HOW TO PLANT ON THE MOON, WEATHER FORECAST,  
HOW TO MAKE MEDICINE FROM ROOTS AND HERBS  
HERBALIST P.O. BOX 5 HAMMAMID, IND.



# BAWLING HENS.

should be kept clean. But the place should have a rustic appearance, and should look cozy. Above all, it should be kept clean.

[Sunday, June 12, 1927]

Los Angeles Times

12

## Baby Chicks Thrive on Fresh Air

WESTMORELAND.—Two thousand baby chicks are being raised on the John Cox ranch a mile north of this place by the out-of-door method. Pans separated by wooden panels house the little birds. Fifty are put into each pen, at the end of which is a box hung with strips of cloth. This serves as "mother" for the babies. For several nights they must be taught to enter the box and are confined. Soon they get accustomed to such brooding and thereafter the box is left open so that the chicks may make their own choice of sleeping quarters. With warm nights, they soon leave the box altogether and choose the outside.

This type of brooding is particularly successful during the late spring months when both nights and days are warm. With a place of sun or shade to choose from by day, and the box available, if needed, by night, the chicks come through with a very low mortality.

Another element in the successful raising of so many chicks in this manner is the care given them. Not only are the best of feeds provided, but drinking fountains are cleaned and sterilized each morning. Disease has hard work finding any chance under such conditions.

The Cox ranch usually maintains a flock of from 1200 to 1500 mature hens. The eggs are contracted by restaurant men, who are willing to pay a premium for the fresh, delivered product. The last laying season, from October 1 to July 1, returns from eggs alone are given by Mr. Cox as \$2200, \$900 had to be charged out for feed, although this feed included that given a number of young chickens. The sum of \$500 was realized from the young chickens sold while the good pullets were maintained on the ranch.

This year accounts are being kept through the university extension plan, and returns are not available for any length of time. However, on monthly reports, the flock shows up very well.

Mrs. Cox is manager of the chicken department of the ranch, the men folk of the family being fairly well occupied with other work. She says a considerable number of hens can be cared for by a farm woman with occasional assistance. Open-air living is an established practice with the Cox chickens, mature hens as well as chicks living outside. Winter and summer they have only outdoor roosts.

## Develops Fine Poultry Plant in Grove

EL MONTE.—A new form of an old industry is becoming of major importance in the El Monte farming section. For thirty years the walnut industry has been the great producer in this community. Of late the owners of the walnut groves, particularly north and east of the town, have begun making their groves pay additional revenue by developing chicken ranches under their trees.

One of the best examples of the walnut-poultry combination is to be found on the H. S. Killian ranch two miles north of El Monte, one of the large walnut groves of the county. Mr. Killian has sixty acres in soft shells and this season he has developed housing capacity for 14,000 chickens on seven acres of his ranch and brooded something over 16,000 baby chicks. He started with good stock purchased from reliable hatcheries and the chicks were run through brooding houses built along the latest patterns approved by the agricultural extension department of the State University. The place is equipped with colony houses of the sectional type, there being four divisions with sixteen houses to the section.

Shade is a great factor in warm weather and Mr. Killian gets it in his grove. In winter, of course, there will be plenty of sunshine. His total loss out of the chicks brooded was extremely small, he says, and

A narrative about my experience in fruit-ranching. They wish to see where the products they are purchasing are grown. But the place should have a rustic appearance, and should look cozy. Above all, it should be kept clean.

he has a remarkably strong back coming along. The old idea of walnut being the only money-making industry for the El Monte district is fast dying out, and on the larger places such as the Killian ranch there is an abundance of room for expansion in poultry. Mr. Killian plans to build units on five-acre tracts, with an average of 4000 birds to each five acres. In his opinion, the days of excessive profits are gone, and in the future money in egg production will be made through volume of output and along recognized business lines and not on crowded bits of ground such as have been sold to so many as poultry ranches.

BRAWLEY.—The American Legion post of this city is growing a number of pecan trees in front of its home here and the trees are developing into handsome specimens. It is believed that pecans may become useful ornamentals and shade trees in the Imperial Valley.

est fruit from the trees than by gathering from the ground as they promise to do. It is astonishing how persistent those who are determined to do something are. Most of them have been in the office, and would think it beneath their dignity to ask names where they are known. It is not difficult for the grower to dis-tinguish between those who are really in-terested in the fruit, and those who are feign- ing. The former seldom need to drive away with empty sacks. Of the latter, many do not even go to the trouble of tell- ing. "Well, then, if you'll bring them here, I'll see whether I can find anything to suit us."

## Rabbit Interests Seek New Station

POMONA.—At a recent meeting of more than two hundred breeders of Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties held at the local Y. M. C. A. auditorium, unanimous in- dorsement was given the proposed estab- lishment here of a United States govern- ment rabbit experiment station. Those present expressed the belief that this district is the logical place for such a station, due to the magnitude of the industry in Pomona Valley, especially on the grounds of Chaffey Union since the plan of having it on the grounds of Chaffey Union High School at Ontario has been given up. At the session W. A. Bixler, A. McCall Smith and D. W. Moyer were named a committee to represent the rabbit interests in co-opera-

EL CENTRO.—Some 200 cantaloupe ship- pers and growers met in El Centro the lat- est of May to form the "Imperial Val- ley Cantaloupe Exchange," the aim of which is to establish a stable market on a ship- ment. A price of \$15 a car is to be charged away with empty sacks. Of the latter, many do not even go to the trouble of tell- ing. "Well, then, if you'll bring them here, I'll see whether I can find anything to suit us."

## Seek Stable Market on F.O.B. Shipments

The government has appropriated \$10,000 for the work, providing that the land and a suitable building properly equipped be fur- nished free. The biological bureau will keep a trained rabbit expert in charge of the work and will bear all the expense of operations of the station. D. Monroe Green of the bureau who has been here be- fore in connection with the project, is again in Pomona and was the principal speaker at the recent annual picnic of the Associated Rabbit Breeders of Southern California at Ganesha Park.

PHOENIX (Ariz).—For the first time cot- tony cushion scale has appeared in the Salt River Valley. Workers from the office of the State Entomologist expect to combat the pest with Australian ladybirds. Only a few of these beetles are available here at pres- ent, but the supply is to be increased as rapidly as possible.

# A Complete Poultry Ranch with 2500 Baby Chicks



## at GRANADA

"I Made \$2200 Last Year"

Says Mrs. E. L. Dodd: "I cleared \$2200 last year on 1100 hens of the Milligan Strain. I attribute this success entirely to the phenomenally high-laying average of the Milligan hens and to the co-operation and expert guid- ance of Mr. Milligan."

## J. T. Milligan Shows You How

J. T. Milligan, president and general manager of Granada's mammoth nine-acre poultry plant, is Poultry Supervisor. He instructs you willingly, helping you solve all your problems—gives you the expert guidance that assures your suc- cess in the poultry industry at Granada. Milligan's reputation as a breeder of White Leghorns is nation wide; his fa- mous strain of chickens won 23 silver cups last year in official State and Na- tional Contests. Talk with this noted poultryman at Granada.

WE start you on a basis that gives you a substantial, legitimate foundation for success—an opportunity to have a comfort- able income at Granada. For a small down payment you get a complete poultry ranch with 2500 baby chicks of the famous Milligan Strain from Granada's great poultry ranch, the Califor- nia White Leghorn Breeding Farms; this offer includes land, modern home, garage and complete, scientifically designed poul- try plant for 1000 birds.

From the 2500 selected baby chicks you may easily plan on having 1000 fine pullets, which start laying at 5 months. These chicks are of the same nationally famous Milligan Strain chickens that have won so many official egg-laying contests. Ten Milligan pullets are now lead- ing the California Farm Bureau Egg-Laying Contest at Santa Cruz, Calif., with a record of 1425 eggs in six months.

## Real Activity! . . . Great Progress!

Tremendous progress has been made on the vast building and improvement program at Granada. Fifteen homes completed—many of them occupied. Thirty more nearing completion—construction started on others. . . . Granada's \$50,000 business block, the Granada Building, is in the last stages of construction at the corner of Chatsworth and White Oaks Boulevards. . . . All streets have been graded. Laying of pavements, side- walks and curbs is being rushed! 483 persons have purchased at Granada. Pro- gress is the word! Granada takes its place as one of the great communities of the Sa- n Fernando Valley.

### HOLLY HATCHERY

Capacity 225,000 eggs  
Established Commercially 1910.  
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# Seek Rabbit Interests

Use with chambers of commerce and other civic bodies in securing the station.

# Baby Chicks Thrive on Fresh Air

The old idea of waiving the baby money-making industry for the hillside is fast dying out, and on the larger places such as the Killman ranch there is an abundance of room for expansion in poultry raising. Mr. Killman plans to build units on the acre tract, with an acreage of 4000 birds to each five acres. In his opinion, the days of excessive profits are gone, and in the future each house the little birds. Poultry are put in the open air, and the birds are raised in the open air. The birds are raised in the open air, and the birds are raised in the open air.

# Seek Stable Market on F.O.B. Shipments

EL CENTRO.—Some 200 cantaloupe shippers and growers met in El Centro the latter part of May to form the "Imperial Valley Cantaloupe Exchange," the aim of which is to establish a stable market on f.o.b. shipments. A price of \$15 a car is to be charged against shippers for the service, which will handle all but consignment shipments. Expenses are estimated at \$7500, and should the money received aggregate more than this shippers are to be rebated pro rata on their shipments.

Claude Brown was made manager of the organization and an arbitration board was appointed, consisting of Elmer Sears, Brawley; M. C. Wahl, El Centro; W. L. Garrett, El Centro; George Mann, Heber, and Miles Yourman, Calexico. About 90 per cent of the total acreage had recently been signed up to operate under this new plan.

# California is Leader in Testing

California leads all the other States in cow testing, according to G. E. Gordon, Extension dairy specialist of the University of California. At this time, it is stated, 10 per cent of the dairy cows of the State are under test. Wisconsin, with more cows and more testing associations than California, has but 3.2 per cent of its cows on test. California stands second in the actual number of cows being so handled. It is set forth.

Mr. Gordon declares that there has been a marked increase in testing work throughout the United States during the past year, with California showing an increase of 19.6 per cent in the number of cows on test in 1926, and that this advancement in the quality of testing work is showing results in the increased production of the herds, proving a more efficient dairying.

The report sets forth the following comparative figures: "In percentage of cows on test, California leads with 10. Nevada is second with 7.2 per cent, which represents 1450 cows, there being only three associations in the State. New Jersey is third, with 4.7 per cent, Arizona is fourth with 3.9 per cent, Vermont is fifth with 3.7 per cent, and Wisconsin and Michigan each have 3.2 per cent. Wisconsin leads in the total number of associations and number of cows on test. California is second in total cows on test, with Iowa third, Minnesota fourth, and Michigan fifth."

Cow testing work is being carried on according to uniform methods officially recognized by the American Dairy Science Association and the United States Department of Agriculture.

# THE CITY WISE GUYS

(Continued from Page Eleven)

we call them, are sometimes of only small value to the grower, but they are the object of much solicitation on the part of transients. They are generally gathered and sold to by-product factories—something the grower is obliged to do for his own protection. If he allowed every transient, who comes along, to pick up drops, he would make very few sales. All would eventually fall to the ground, and prospective purchasers would take advantage of that fact. Moreover, experience has taught the grower that when transients are allowed to enter the orchards, they more often fill their sacks by picking the choice

est fruit from the trees than by gathering from the ground as they promise to do. It is astonishing how persistent those beggars become. Most of them hail from the cities, and would think it beneath their dignity to ask alms where they are known. It is not difficult for the grower to distinguish between those who are really in desperate straits, and those who are feigning. The former seldom need to drive away with empty sacks. Of the latter, many do not even go to the trouble of telling hard-luck stories, and cause no little annoyance.

"I drove all the way from Los Angeles to pick some windfalls," casually remarked a healthy-looking young man, as he stepped from his machine. "Of course you won't object to my picking that stuff on the ground. It's no good to you, and it'll help me out. I have four children, and it takes a lot to keep them fed."

I looked at the man in astonishment. I observed that he was puffing away a big black cigar. He was well dressed. He drove a much better car than I could afford, and his wife, who had in the meantime joined him, wore far more expensive clothes than my wife was accustomed to wearing. "I know nothing about your condition," I said, finally, "but if you can prove to me that you are an object of charity, I'll help you to the extent of a few boxes."

"I'm not an object of charity, perhaps as much as you are," he answered tersely; "but I don't mind telling you that you are acting the dog in the manger. That stuff is certainly no good to you. Why should you object to us having it? Last year I went to (mentioning another apple district) and came away with all I could load in my car. They even helped me pick them up; said they were glad to get the stuff out of the way."

My answer to his last remark was that if it was a matter of getting the apples out of the way, I wouldn't grow them in the first place.

"You can't force people to buy them," was his final shot.

"Right you are," I answered. "Neither can people force me to give them away."

# A PAIR OF TRICKSTERS

In an orchard the trickster corresponds to the high-grader in a mining camp. Bargains never interest him. He has not the courage to steal outright, and considers it beneath his dignity to beg. His method is to get into an orchard on any plausible excuse that may occur to him and help himself to what he wants. The following example will illustrate:

On a rather chilly afternoon a car halted along the road where I was picking apples. It was during the most critical period of the war, when help was scarce, and I was picking alone. Two middle-aged men alighted from the machine, and as they approached me, one of them remarked, pleasantly: "Looks as if you needed help, judging from all the apples you still have on the trees."

"You guessed it," I said. "Looking for a job?"

"Oh, not exactly," he replied in the most casual manner. "We're willing to help, though seeing you're alone. Food's going to win the war, you know. We want to do our bit to help the cause."

"My, these are fine apples!" exclaimed the other man. Then, turning toward the automobile, he called: "Come over and see the fine apples they grow in Yucaipa."

A minute later two women and several children, who had remained in the car, joined the men, and soon all were exuberant in their praise of the fruit. "I could pick apples all day, without getting tired," said one of the men. "I like to handle them."

Other exclamations of a like nature followed, but I soon noticed that the men were slipping some of the finest specimens into their overcoat pockets, while the women were equally active in filling their handbags. It seemed that even the children had received their instruction, for when the party left the orchard, the men's overcoat pockets bulged, likewise the women's handbags, and the children were carrying what they could hold in their hands.

"See you in the morning," said one of the men as they walked away. "We'll have our old clothes on when we come back."

"What about wages?" I suggested. "Better have some understanding, hadn't we?"

"Never mind the wages," said both men at the same time. "What we want is to help out; you can pay us what you think we're worth."

"And if they aren't worth anything, don't pay 'em anything," added one of the women, jestingly.

It was the last I saw of that party. It would have been interesting to have followed them in their drive through the valley, for it's hardly likely my orchard was the only one where they worked this shenanigan.

A narrative about my experience in fruit-picking would not be complete without mentioning the snob.

"Well, my good woman, I see you have apples to sell," said a rather imposing middle-aged man, as he drove into my neighbor's yard, with his entire family, in a fine car. I got this straight, although it's a little worse than ever happened to me personally. "Yes, I have," answered my neighbor, a frail little woman.

"Well then; if you'll bring them here, I'll see whether I can find anything to suit us."

A filled apple box weighs from forty to fifty pounds, according to pack and variety. For the next half hour this elderly woman was kept busy carrying one box after another to the car for the occupant's inspection. A box was finally chosen, and after it was placed in the car, the head of the family asked: "Now, my good woman, how much money do you want?"

"Four dollars," answered my neighbor, without batting an eye. The customer paid the amount specified, but squirmed a bit.

"Not that I care for the money," he remarked, "but don't you think you charged me a big price for that box of apples?"

"The apples were \$2," was her reply. "The balance was for servility."

Another neighbor, who made no effort to sell to consumers, but shipped all his product to commission merchants, was visited by a man who wanted a box of apples.

"Ship all my stuff," said this grower, "but don't object to your taking a box."

"Oh, I'll pay you for them," quickly answered the customer. "I know you fellows out here are having a pretty hard time; I want to help you out."

"Very well, help yourself," said the grower. Then the visitor got busy. He sorted the very choicest fruit from a half dozen boxes, until he had one that would have brought two dollars in any market. He offered the grower fifty cents.

"Nothing doing," said my neighbor. "I offered to give them to you but you insisted on paying for them. Now, you'll either add three times what you are offering, or leave them alone." A minute later the customer left the premises without any apples.

Perhaps the most interesting purchasers who appear at the packing sheds are the peddlers. They are usually young men or boys, and buy only second or third-grade stock. They never beg, but the prices they offer are often ridiculous in the extreme. They, however, give no offense, and more often than not gain their point by cajoling and arguing until the grower gives in from sheer exhaustion. They spin long yarns about their inside knowledge of market conditions, and parade under imposing firm names, apparently intending thereby to impress the unsophisticated orchardist. One can not but admire the tactics of some of those chaps, and feel that if they can bring the same power of persuasion to disposing of their wares, as in making purchases, they are bound to make their mark in the business world.

# THE OTHER SIDE

I have related only the dark side of my experience in selling fruit, but that does not mean that there is no bright side. I have already spoken of the wage worker, who appears at the orchards and fairly reverberates cheer and good will. The same can be said of the citrus fruit grower, as well as of the country people from non-fruit-growing districts. Nor would I leave the impression that all customers from the cities, or even a majority of them, are bargain-hunters of the kinds I have pictured. A large per cent of them motor to the orchards with the intention of paying reasonable prices for what they purchase, and seldom fail to express their appreciation for good service. Many of them soon become regular customers. Personally, I was always glad to see them aside from what I might gain from their purchases.

Everything considered, I can say that my efforts in disposing of a part of my product, direct to the consumer, turned out satisfactorily. Despite all its annoyances, successful orchard marketing is a goal worth striving for, and in this conclusion, I doubt not, I will be substantiated by my neighbors. With the ever-increasing use of the automobile, and the building of more roads, I fail to see why the condition of the farmer should not, in a measure at least, be improved by continuous cultivation of the automobile trade. There is no doubt that many people in the cities, especially those with children, enjoy driving to the ranches, if only for the outing, and that they make liberal purchases, having found desirable places to go.

The farmer should take pains to make things look inviting around his place. In matters of cleanliness cities and towns have progressed more rapidly than many of the rural communities, and city dwellers are reluctant to stop for purchases where things are thrown pell mell, and where chickens and other barnyard animals are allowed a free range. It is not here inferred that the farmer need to provide anything "fancy." On the contrary, experience has proven that those who have erected regular fruit stands along the main highways, have not been the ones who have done the greatest volume of business. Customers prefer to go direct to the

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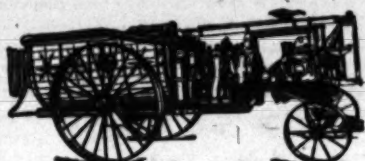
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**Santa Monica Dairy Company**  
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to purchase a son of Fabot Korndyke Star is Mr. A. D. Mott of Manteca, who took the one from the family of show-ring winners which we advertised two weeks ago. Only one other bull on hand over six months old, but we have a lot of wonderfully well-bred young bulls that are priced lower than they ever will be again.  
**Los Angeles County Farm, Livestock Dept., Hondo, Calif.**  
3 miles south of Downey on the Long Beach Road.



## Bureau Head Predicts a Good Year

EL MONTE.—General agricultural conditions in Los Angeles County are the best in its history, according to T. H. Lambert, president of the Los Angeles County Farm Bureau, and one of the pioneer farmers of this community. The walnut groves around El Monte, according to Mr. Lambert, have one of the largest and most uniform settings he



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has seen in almost forty years of farming here. Prospects for total yields of berries for the year are also excellent, he says. The early rainfalls and the mild winter, he declares, have both helped.

On his own farm Mr. Lambert has been conducting experiments in wire worm control, using calcium cyanide as the destructive agent. Last season he controlled twenty-five acres planted to beans with remarkable results, the crop there being fully one hundred per cent better than on adjoining land on which none of the preparation was used. Mr. Lambert was so much impressed with the results obtained that this year he donated to the M. S. Department of Agriculture the use of a portion of his farm for experimental purposes along lines of pest control. This work is under the supervision of Ray E. Campbell, department entomologist stationed at Alhambra, who is using the calcium cyanide as Mr. Lambert did.

The cost of the work averages about \$15 an acre, according to Mr. Lambert, but can be pro-rated over a period of three years, which includes the life cycle of the wire worm. This makes the yearly acreage cost only \$5 and, with the results obtained last year, Mr. Lambert is of the opinion that the treatment will be of great benefit to farmers in general.

## HEAVY FIRE DAMAGE

HANFORD.—Most of the \$60,000 worth of grain destroyed by fire near Coalinga and Hanford, in Southern Fresno county, the last week in May, was insured, but at that the loss was extremely heavy to growers, Kings County Fire Warden Griswold declares. There was, however, practically no insurance on the 120,000 acres of fine wild feed burned, as the insurance companies had several weeks before this fire, probably the most destructive in this part of the State, refused to take policies thereon. This was because of the unusual heaviness of the wild hay crop and its dry condition since the latter part of April.

## SOME OLD TREES

(Continued from Page Three)

may account for its great size. The tree is of the Mission variety, as are all the old trees on the place, and about half a crop of olives of fair size is ordinarily produced from it. The other olive trees do not do so well, having their "off" years and generally bearing very meagerly.

The lime tree—it is called a "sweet" lime by the family—stands near the northwest corner of the residence. It has a trunk about twenty inches through. Its trunk years ago, just how many Mrs. Purcell does not know, as it was done before she came to the place—was cut about eighteen inches above the ground, and the present tree has come from the old trunk. The fruit produced is very good in quality, sweeter than the average lime, and not so acid. The skin is like that of a lemon, and is not smooth, like the ordinary lime's.

The orange trees are about the same diameter near the base of the trunk as the lime. One tree may be twenty inches through a foot from the ground. All of these trees were topped a quarter of a century ago, and they have been well cared for in the matter of irrigation, cultivation and pest disease control, with the result that they are in excellent condition, considering their supposed age, and that they bear very good crops of oranges of small size, but excellent flavor, each fruit having a dozen or so seeds. Mrs. Purcell says that when she took possession of the ranch in 1880, these trees were already very old and thick at the base. She found them in poor state of health, and pruned and cared for them until they regained their health somewhat. The trees stand near the road, at the right of the entrance.

## MISSION HISTORY

Information elicited at the mission itself is to the effect that the first seedling orange trees were planted by the mission fathers on a part of the one-time lands that is now known as the Mike Silvas place. Feodor Silvas, now occupies the place, which is nearly opposite the mission. He told the writer that the oldest orange trees of the place died about fifteen years ago, and were removed by him. He does not know their history.

At the mission it was also learned that the very first fruit trees to be planted by Father Zalvidea, who started the first orchards, were pears, and that these trees were set in the grounds of the first mission, near the San Gabriel River, one and one half miles northeast of the present old structure. A visit to the site of this old orchard disclosed that these old pear trees have disappeared, the present owners of the place having removed the dead trunks to make way for a subdivision. That was in 1922.

There are several old trees on property, which was outside the San Gabriel mission lands. The most interesting and perhaps the oldest of these are on the estate of Mrs. George D. Patton, at San Marino. Mrs. Patton is a daughter of B. D. Wilson, who was one of those fostering the early development of agriculture in Southern California.

The Patton place of seventy acres was once a ranch of several thousand acres, including a large part of what is now Pasadena. B. D. Wilson acquired it in 1852 from Victoria Reid, the Indian wife of Hugo Reid, who had purchased it a few years before from the original Mexican grantees. This was known as the Cuati grant.

Mrs. Patton's records show that some old orange and olive trees, as well as large grape vines were on the place when her father purchased the property. The Mexican government made the grant to Cuati in 1826, and the story goes that the grantee procured orange, olive and other trees from the San Gabriel mission and set them out during the second year he occupied the place.

B. D. Wilson found the demand for wine greater than that for oranges and extended the vineyard. He also built a winery and a vast wine cellar under his old adobe house, which was torn down because of decay many years ago. But he took special care of the old orange and olive trees, which appear of nearly or quite the same age as those on the Purcell place, and bear fruit in about the same proportion.

There are some old stumps of orange trees near the old mill at San Marino, built in 1812-1813, but the records of the Huntington estate do not show just when these were planted. The trunks are but eight or nine inches through, and the trees have been dead for many years.

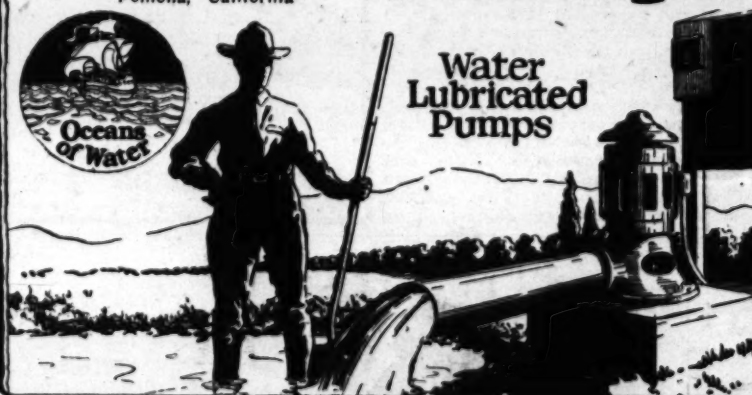
Pomona.—Cutler-Lobingler and Pasadena-Sunset canneries will reopen for the season late in June or early in July, dependent upon ripening conditions of the apricot crop. Alterations are being made and additional equipment installed at both plants preparatory to a busy season with apricots and peaches. The prospects are for splendid crops of both fruits, but prices are not expected to rule at top notch, because there is a large supply of last year's pack as yet unsold.

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(Illustrating article by Willard D. Morgan)

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Los Angeles Times

Farm and Orchard Magazine

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Send for Catalogue No. 539.

**A GOOD FOUNDATION**  
**WOODLAKE**—Six heifers from the  
pure-bred Holstein dairy herd of Robert T.  
Curtis and Son of this place were recently  
sold to Roy Mills of Visalia and will be  
used by him as the foundation for a pure-  
bred herd. The animals are all daughters  
of King Prilly Mead and are bred to Ma-  
ador Gelsche Segs, sire of some of the  
heavy milking cows of the breed.

## Cows, Oranges and Poultry Prove Good Combination on Five-Acre Place

By WILLARD D. MORGAN

**A** DAIRY ranch and orange grove com-  
plete in five acres is the method of in-  
tensive farming being carried on by  
C. M. Morgan, whose place is about a mile  
north of the main part of Pomona. By in-  
corporating dairying with orange growing,  
Mr. Morgan says he has hit upon a plan  
which is already paying dividends on an  
initial investment in twenty cows. And to  
complete the possibilities of live-stock in-  
come on the place, there is a large flock of  
chickens and several hundred rabbits.

By removing four old orange trees which  
were poor producers, Mr. Morgan made  
room enough for the construction of a dairy  
barn with stanchions for thirty cows. Every  
convenience for efficiency and the care of  
the stock has been planned out and used.  
Electric lights furnish plenty of illumination  
during the winter days when the milking is  
done, or for other times when the stock  
must be fed or cared for during the night. A  
manure carrier is to be installed so that the  
time spent in barn-cleaning operations will  
be cut to a minimum. There is space enough  
in the center of the building to store over  
sixty tons of hay besides the bran, cotton-  
seed meal and other sacked feed.

"Convenience is half the game," said Mr.  
Morgan recently in speaking about his dairy.  
"I must have everything in perfect working  
order and above all easy to operate. Milk-  
ing almost ceases to be drudgery when one  
can have such conveniences as cement  
floors in the barn, conveyors to speed up the  
cleaning operations, and hay and feed close  
to the mangers. After working all day in  
the orange grove the work of caring for  
twenty isn't really half the work one would  
think when everything has been convenient-  
ly arranged."

### A FAMILY AFFAIR

Mr. Morgan has the good fortune to have  
three boys who help all around in the care  
of the dairy. For their efforts he gives them  
a share of the profits. They do their work  
for about an hour before and an hour after  
school hours. Norman, the eldest of the  
three, is taking an agricultural course at  
Chaffey Junior High School, Ontario, and  
giving his book knowledge an actual test in  
his father's dairy. Thomas does his share of  
the milking, while Glynn, the third brother,  
is known as the "stripper," and milks the  
cows which are about to go dry. LeRoy,  
a fourth brother, although too young to help  
with the milking, does his share in the milk  
house by helping with the bottling. Louise  
is the one girl of the family and her job is  
in helping her mother with the chickens  
and rabbits or about the house.

The milk house is thoroughly modern in  
its provisions for sanitation and for economy  
in preparing the fresh milk for the bottles.  
A large steam sterilizer has been installed  
in one corner of the cement-floored build-  
ing and after every milking all the cans,  
brushes and bottles are placed in this steril-  
izer and left until used again. So far Mr.  
Morgan is only bottling about forty quarts  
of the milk for the retail trade, while the re-  
mainder goes to the local creamery in bulk.  
The total daily milk supply from the twenty  
cows is such as to show that there can't be  
many poor producers in the bunch.

The feed is all purchased outside and  
costs around two hundred dollars a month.  
The total income from the sale of milk  
ranges between four and five hundred dol-  
lars per month, the owner states. "The al-  
falfa leaves are scraped up in the barn and  
given to the rabbits, thus adding another  
method of utilizing all the hay. However,  
one of the most profitable items comes in  
using the fertilizer in the orange grove."

### FERTILIZER BIG ASSET

Mr. Morgan has figured that he can  
completely cover his grove with this dairy  
fertilizer in about six months. To buy the  
same stuff would mean an expenditure of  
over \$1000. Several of the neighboring or-  
ange growers have already contracted for  
the fertilizer which will be sold the remain-  
ing six months of the year.

In the near future Mr. Morgan is planning  
on bottling all the milk and establishing a  
regular route, which should mean that his  
profits will be greatly increased from the  
same quantity of milk. At present he is get-  
ting everything prepared for the additional  
bottling work.

The cows are always fed in the barn so  
that there will be no feed waste and that  
every animal may receive its full share.  
Another advantage of the barn feeding, of  
course, is that the rations of different cows  
may be varied in order to make them pro-  
duce at their maximum. During the re-  
mainder of the day the cows are turned  
loose in two large corrals, one for the dry  
stock and the other for the milk cows. Glynn  
usually drives the cows back and forth from  
the barn to the corrals. Besides this task,  
he looks after the young calves and also sees  
to it that there is always plenty of drink-  
ing water for the stock.

In figuring up the advantages of a dairy  
on an orange grove Mr. Morgan says: "In-

stead of four old orange trees which would  
only produce about \$25 a year, I  
now have cows which produce many  
times that amount in about the same space.  
And besides the regular milk sales, the con-  
tinual fertilizing of the orange grove is of  
great importance. An orange tree must  
have a regular diet, and if it doesn't get the  
best, its production will not be up to stand-  
ard. My trees are already showing the bene-  
ficial effects of proper care and feeding and  
in the next few years I expect to have an  
exceptional orange grove.

"The first expenses are naturally a little  
high in establishing a dairy, with cows to  
buy, cans and other milk-house equipment  
to purchase, and barns, fences and corrals to  
build. However, the returns will gradually  
repay the amount invested. After the cows  
are completely paid for and the first lumber  
and building costs are over these will be a  
larger income which may be used for other  
purposes."

This unique combination of cows, oranges,  
chickens and rabbits on five acres of land  
has become a practical money-making propo-  
sition which will undoubtedly increase in  
value in the future. Some ranchers usually  
feel that a farm of forty or more acres is  
necessary to supply a dairy alone, but Mr.  
Morgan has eliminated the feed-growing end  
of the business and concentrated his efforts  
on just five acres. A visit to this place is  
calculated to convince the most skeptical  
that intensive farming is possible on an or-  
ange grove.

## THE CITY WISE GUYS

(Continued from Page Three)

"Considering the price of lumber I'd think  
it would be worth all of that," he said, then  
added: "But I won't need the box; have a  
sack in the car."

"The box isn't for sale, anyhow, and a  
sack is the most convenient thing to carry  
apples in," I suggested.

### WANTED HIS "CHANGE"

In the meantime I had transferred the  
fruit from the box to his sack, and placed it  
in the car. He handed me a dollar. After  
thanking him, I put the money in my  
pocket, and proceeded to wait on another  
customer.

"My change," demanded the man whom  
I had just thanked.

"I think we're even," I answered. "I said  
one dollar; and that's what you gave me."

"But, you said the box was worth forty  
cents, and I didn't get it," he replied.

"Then you expect me to pay for my own  
box?" I said. "No, thanks!"

"All right, take your apples, and give me  
my money!" he fairly shouted.

I complied with his request, and threw  
the empty sack into his car, never expect-  
ing to see him again. Imagine my surprise,  
a few hours later, when the same car halted  
at the shed.

"Guess we'll take that box of apples, after  
all," said the man. "My apples have gone up  
200 per cent since you were here this morn-  
ing," I said without looking up. I was too  
busy to listen to his opinion of me, which  
it took him several minutes to deliver.

Among the annoyances a grower has to  
face, is the desire of some people to pur-  
chase fruit in ridiculously small quantities.

On a rainy afternoon four well-dressed  
young people halted at my shed, and asked  
if I had some good eating apples. After  
sampling every variety I had in the shed,  
they declared there was nothing to suit  
them. I always made the effort to accom-  
modate every prospective buyer, and not  
being busy, on account of the rain, I re-  
marked that I still had a few apples, of an  
earlier variety, on the trees, which I would  
like to have them sample.

"What kind are they?" asked one of the  
young women of the party.

"King Davids," I answered.

"That's my apple," answered the other  
three all at the same time.

I slipped into my slicker, and ten min-  
utes later returned to the shed with a box  
of luscious red apples, my boots dragging  
through the mud, and rainwater trickling  
down my back. Each of the four grabbed  
an apple, and after much tasting and  
smacking of lips, one of the men an-  
nounced: "We'll take ten cents worth of  
these."

I told them that I was not in the retail  
business, but would make them a present  
of ten cents' worth, if they did not think  
they had already had that many. Imme-  
diately all four again delved into the box.  
I don't remember how many apples they  
took, but after thanking me cordially, they  
stepped into their car and drove away.

### THE ALMS-SEEKERS

No fruit grower, regardless of how he  
attempts to dispose of his crop, will get  
by without meeting his quota of beggars.  
He may be ever so careful about picking

## REDUCE LABOR From HOURS TO MINUTES

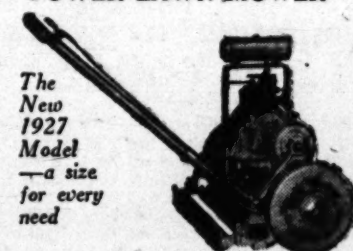
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LAWN  
SWEEPER

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Broom or Rake



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grounds.

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14-inch Coldwell (4 blades).....	9.00
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All Pennsylvania Mowers at ten percent discount,  
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Mowers sharpened by machinery, overhauled, oiled and  
adjusted for \$1.00. We call for and deliver free.

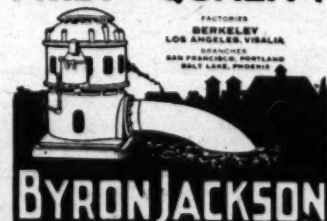
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GALVANIZED Wire Fence  
for every farm and ranch purpose  
Write for FREE FENCE BOOK  
to  
**Harry Bayless**  
241 San Francisco Bldg., Los Angeles

at the right time, yet, he will meet with a  
considerable loss from what falls to the  
ground, prematurely. These "drops," as  
(Continued on Page Twelve)



## A black and white photograph showing a group of men and horses working in a field, likely harvesting or plowing. The scene is outdoors, with a line of trees or a fence in the background.

A black and white photograph of a donkey standing in a field, harnessed to a simple wooden plow. The image is framed by a thick black oval border. The donkey is facing left, and the plow is positioned behind it, ready for use. The background shows a flat, open landscape under a bright sky.

"Whoa, Maud!" The mule is well adapted to cultivation and the mule-power single walking cultivator is still very commonly used.

Planting cantaloupes with mules in Imperial Valley. This animal is well suited to conditions in the region.



Digging potatoes by mule power in Kern County. This is heavy work requiring considerable power.



Mules have proved well suited to pulling potato graders about the fields in the San Joaquin Valley.

# THE MARTIN Incinerator

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**Bungalow and Residence Sizes, \$10 and \$15  
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**REDUCE LABOR**  
From  
**HOURS TO MINUTES**  
WITH THE  
"SPRINGFIELD"  
LAWN  
SWEEPER

**Cows, Oranges and Poultry Prove Good Combination on Five-Acre Place**  
BY WILLARD D. MORGAN  
DAIRY ranch and orange grove com-  
bination is the method of in-  
crease that is being used by  
C. M. Morgan, whose place is about a mile  
north of the main part of Pomona. By so  
doing he has been able to produce a large  
quantity of milk and oranges. An orange tree  
produces about 200 pounds of fruit a year.  
The milk is sold to the local market.

**HEAT YOUR RANGE**  
WITH GAS MADE  
FROM COAL OIL

## They're Out to Get the Limit from a Small Place

(Illustrating article by Willard D. Morgan)



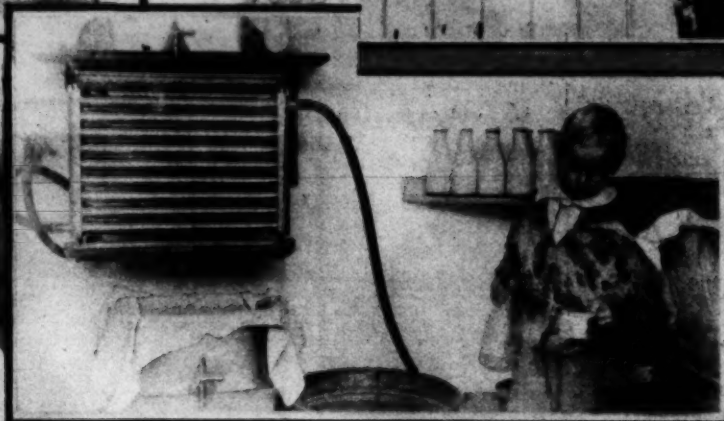
C. M. Morgan combines dairying with fruit production on his intensively farmed five-acre citrus grove near Pomona, with chickens and rabbits as "side lines." Here is a part of his herd in a corral surrounded by orange trees.



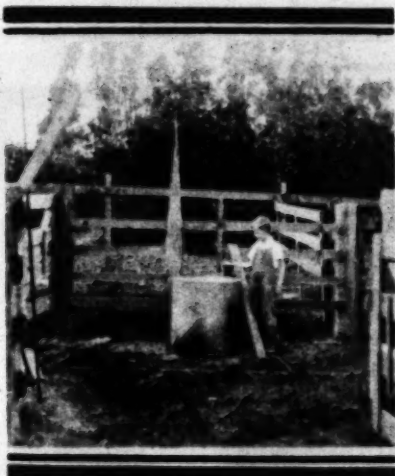
Mr. Morgan in his milking shed. Half the fertilizer from his dairy goes onto his own grove, the rest is sold to neighboring orchardists.



Mr. Morgan's dairy barn was built in the place of four old orange trees which were poor producers.



Four sons and a daughter help their father out of school hours and receive regular wages for doing it. Even this little lad, Lee Roy, the youngest, has his job laid out for him, helping very capably with the dairy bottling operations.



Clynn, the brother who drives the cows to and from the corrals and sees that there is always plenty of water for them.



"Sis" knows her stuff, too, for she helps care for the chickens and gather the eggs. Her name is Louise and she is here pictured with the busy youngster, Clynn.



**INTERNATIONAL SPEED TRUCK**  
Fast, economical, comfortable,  
easy-loading for all loads

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**WHEN** you come to buy the motor truck that will put your farm hauling on a fast modern basis, remember that **INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER** is equipped to help the farmer as no other organization can!

International Trucks range from the light International, the 4-ton "Special Delivery," up to the big 5-ton Heavy-Duty unit. They include the most complete line of Speed Trucks on the market, both 4 and 6-cylinder, for 14 and 16-ton loads. If the truck you want is a handy, economical, long-lasting truck for loads of moderate size, one of the Speed Trucks will suit you to a "T."

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Read what a California user has to say about International Trucks at the right hand column of this ad.

### INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

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OF AMERICA  
(Incorporated)

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San Francisco, Calif.

### Here is a Californian's Opinion

317-331 North Myers Street  
Los Angeles, Calif.

September 2, 1926  
International Harvester Company  
of America,  
734 Lawrence Street,  
Los Angeles, California.

Gentlemen:  
After many years in the Transportation business, during which time I have had occasion to investigate various makes of trucks, I have selected International Trucks for use in the general drayage business.

It is my belief that International Trucks are the best that money can buy when things that are essential in the transportation business are taken into consideration, some of which are as follows:

First—Economic cost of operation in which every truck owner is interested.

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Third—Something many operators overlook is the satisfaction to a driver in driving an International. The ease with which they are operated has brought continual reports of praise from our drivers, and this is primarily the reason that prompts me to write this letter.

We are quite certain that you would be vitally interested in having this information as the writer has never before received such favorable comment from his employees.

Yours very truly,  
WESTERN TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

AM/HR

A. Meyers.

**INTERNATIONAL  
HARVESTER  
TRUCKS  
COMPANY**





MONDAY MORNING, JULY 12  
**JACK BENNETT LIVES IN**  
*Missing Broker of Being Wounded*  
*Julian Case*

PARIS, June 12. (Exclusive) — Daniel, wanted in Los Angeles, was located here by Chew, a New York lawyer, who is now in the city for a short stay.

THE accused man appeared greatly surprised when he was told that he had been preferred against his own wishes to the position of chief of the Los Angeles police department.

THE accused man appeared greatly surprised when he was told that he had been preferred against his own wishes to the position of chief of the Los Angeles police department.

# Some Popular Summer and Winter Squash Varieties

(Illustrating article by Ross H. Goss)



The Italian squash, or Zucchini, one of the most popular sorts for both the home and commercial garden.



Summer squash on a Southern California truck farm.



A market lug of Italian squash.



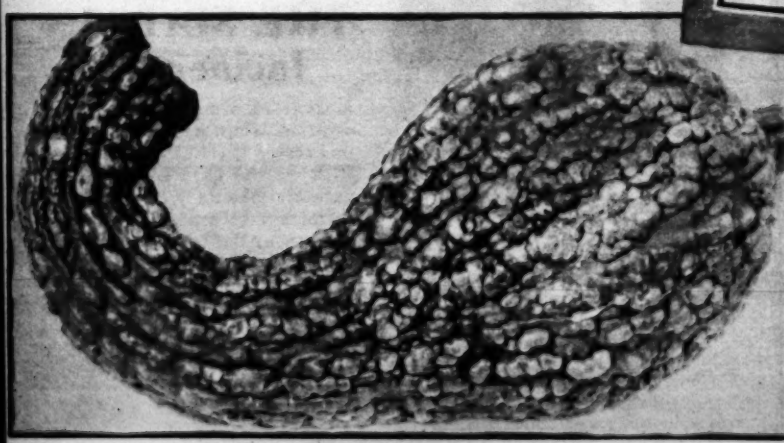
The trailing types of squash can be used to cover fences and out-buildings. This gardener has Banana squash on his pear tree.



A big patch of early White Bush Scallop Summer squash.



The Des Moines squash, a new variety which has become a market favorite in the East during recent years.



For flavor, the Crook-neck is believed by many to surpass some of the better known summer squash varieties.



The Banana squash, the popular winter type.



Squash and pumpkins on the Los Angeles Market. This is a familiar scene during the fall and winter months. The squash is increasing in popularity with the housewife.

Her can-  
 est olive  
 Jervais  
 Cabriel,  
 a patri-  
 feels ce-  
 the fam-  
 the Pat-  
 Marino  
 Diego

This  
 on  
 can  
 trunk  
 the

Col-  
 side  
 thou-



No one knows when this old pecan was planted, although it is supposed to date back to the mission. The nest shows a handful of the small mottled nuts from the tree.